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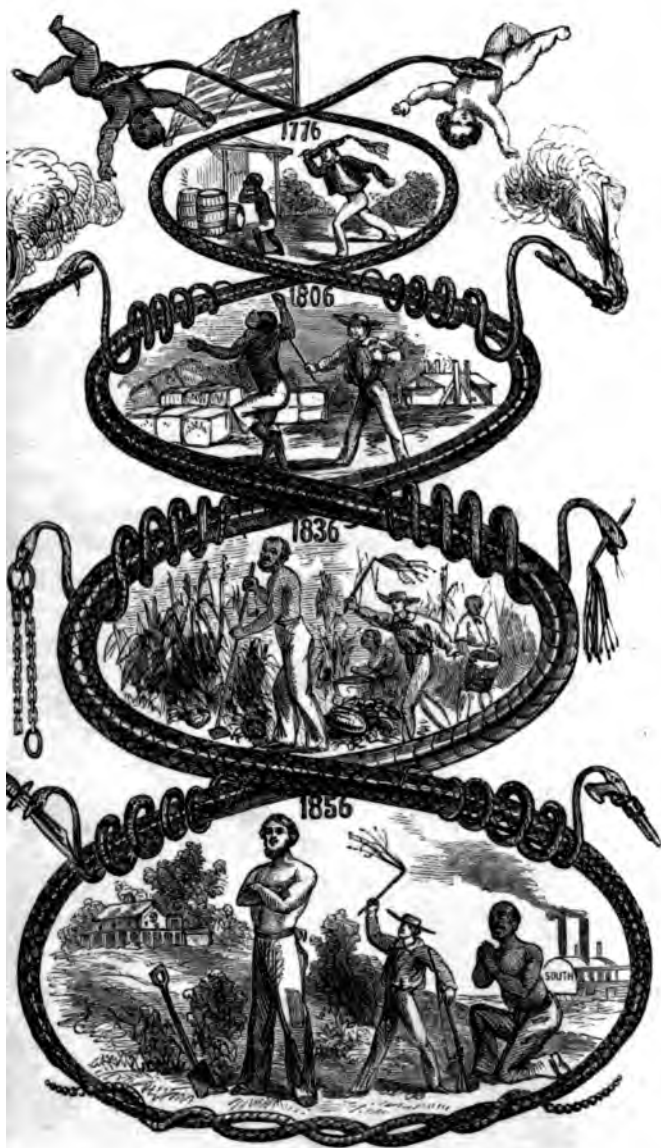








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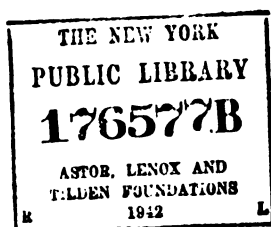
BY
HARRIET HAMLINE BIGELOW.

"Wo unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but within are full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness."

BOSTON:
WENTWORTH AND COMPANY.
CLEVELAND, OHIO: ISAAC I. BIGELOW.

1857.

EXF



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PREFACE.

THE author of this work desires no one to excuse or applaud, nor has she any apologies to offer for writing the book. She would, however, remark, that she conscientiously believes that the book was written under the same pressure that the Apostle Paul felt, when he exclaimed: "I have nothing to glory of: for necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel!"

Feeling that God demanded it, and humanity required it, she has simply done her duty, in becoming a medium of truth and sympathy between heart and heart.

She hopes every reader will feel his own responsibility in relation to the sin of slavery.

The author would say to those who, on reading it, may find themselves alluded to, that no harm is intended to them; and, if they say nothing about it, no harm will result.

H. H. B.

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THE CURSE ENTAILED.

CHAPTER I.

MRS. LE CLARE AND EDWARD. — MOTHER AND SON.

OF his father, Edward Le Clare knew but little. From his earliest remembrance he had resided in one of the Western States. He had a faint recollection of a man coming to the house, taking him upon his knee, and, in a caressing manner, calling him his little son. He also recollected that there was one who shared with him the caresses of his mother. His mother had informed him that it was his father who visited them, and also, that Edith was his sister, older by three years than himself. He remembered seeing her no more after the visit of his father. As he grew older, and questioned his mother, she had informed him that, at that time, it had been the will of Mr. Le Clare that they should remain at their present residence, while Edith should go with him, until his business permitted him to join them; that he afterwards informed her by letter, that he found it necessary for him to visit France; that he thought it best to leave Edith in the care of a friend, until his return to take up his residence with his family.

This for a while satisfied Edward; but, when he arrived at the age of twelve years, and still questioned her about his father and Edith, it had caused her to weep, and she had replied: "That vessels were sometimes lost at sea; that she had heard nothing from Mr. Le Clare since his sailing for France; and as she did not know in what vessel he had sailed, she might perhaps never know his fate."

Neither had she been informed where he had left Edith. "All," she would say, "seems lost to us, my son: let us, Edward, kneel before God, and ask him to protect the widow and the orphan." At such times, she would pour out her soul in such fervent supplications, that it fell like inspiration upon the young heart of Edward. She was known only as the Widow Le Clare, and as a widow she prayed.

And yet, whence came the pecuniary aid which she received? She had a small cottage-house with some ten acres attached, but this Mr. Le Clare had failed to secure to her by deed. There was also an annual remittance from a firm in Louisiana; but yet with that firm she held no correspondence.

All was dark to Mrs. Le Clare. But still more agonized was she, when she perceived that Edward's perceptive mind was already devising ways and means to arrive at the fate of his lost father and sister. "I have," he would say, "but to write to the firm to learn my father's fate." "No, my son," she would say, "that would not be best." At times he would become impatient at the refusal; but, as he beheld the pale and agonized face of his mother, he would throw himself upon her bosom and exclaim, "O mother! when I am older I will travel; I will not leave you alone, you

will go with me; we will at last find our dear Edith." "If God wills it," was always the reply of Mrs. Le Clare. And well was it for her that she could trust in God. She was at this time some thirty-five years of age. Edward one day said, "Did sister Edith look like you, mother?"

"No, my son, she looked like your father."

"Well, then, I am afraid she is not handsome; I do not believe my father could have been as handsome as you are. I am always so proud of you when we walk to church — you look so sweet and appear so genteel. Richard Wise says, he cannot help loving you, you always smile so sweetly on him. But why, mother, do you always wear that plain dress when you have so many nice ones? And why do you not wear those jewels?" "It is not proper, my son, to wear those to the house of God. I never wore them in America. I never shall wear them more." She started as the last word escaped her, cast a look at Edward, and with some tremulousness said: "I had designed them for Edith; but if they never grace her person, and fortune does not otherwise direct, they must adorn your bride."

Edward sprang towards her, as he observed the pallor of her face, and caught her falling from her chair. On recovering, Mrs. Le Clare retired to her room, telling Edward that she would seek rest. But, although this was her design, the tumult in her breast forbade it. Throwing herself upon a sofa, she gave way to an agony of tears. "Alas! Alas!" she sobbed, "my poor boy! How unconscious you are of the agony which I endure, or the cause of my grief. Those jewels will yet demand an explanation; would that you had never seen them. Father in heaven, lead thou the

way; let me not run too fast, nor withhold from my son what he should know. Oh! how weak is man in his own strength. O God, be thou my strength."

Edward was distressed. Surely there was some mystery, or perhaps it *might* be grief at the thought of his father; at least, it distressed his mother, and he would be very careful, in future, how he made remarks.

When Mrs. Le Clare again made her appearance, there was a smile upon her face. She had communed with God. After a few turns in the garden, which was arranged with great care and taste, she prepared their evening meal, as she always did, with her own hands, and Edward felt happy. Mrs. Le Clare's manners were such as are acquired by mixing in the society of the highly cultivated. At this time she mingled but little in any society, although her company was sought and appreciated; she had a taste for reading, and her works were well selected.

Edward had always been the star in their school; and Mr. Gleason, the teacher of the high school, was often heard to say, that, "if Mrs. Le Clare's means were not too limited, and Edward could receive an education fitting, he bid fair to rise high as a man and scholar."

So thought Edward himself; in fact, there was a determination upon the subject in his own mind. Mrs. Le Clare saw it, and pride would sometimes steal into her heart, when she thought of what her Edward *might* become; and yet, with a shade of melancholy upon her face, she would tell him, that to be wise was to be good. Edward had become a good scholar of his age.

Mrs. Le Clare was thinking of some active employment for him, when she unexpectedly received the following communication :

"NEW ORLEANS, * * *

"DEAR MADAM,— It was the will of Mr. Le Clare that, at the age of seventeen, his son Edward should receive, through me, means to prosecute his studies in some college at the North. You will here find enclosed sufficient to bear his expenses the present year, and at the expiration of the year, another remittance will be forwarded."

Mrs. Le Clare knew not whether to weep or rejoice. Surely, thought she, there might have been one word of Le Clare and Edith. 'Tis cruel! And yet perhaps they do not live. O God! strengthen me; I know not how bitter is the cup I may have to drink. Such were her reflections, when Edward entered. Scarcely knowing what she did, she handed him the letter. As Edward read, his face presented a mixture of wonder and joy. "O mother!" he said, as he finished; but turning to look upon her, he beheld her not only pale as death, but motionless as a statue. "O my God!" he exclaimed, "why is this?" Mrs. Le Clare had been partially reclining upon a sofa, and had fallen back. "Mother! mother!" he said, "speak to me."

Mrs. Le Clare had fainted. He threw water in her face, and she soon revived; but there was a languor and weakness followed, and for several days Edward saw her much prostrated. Finding that she could not recover herself, she consented that he might call a physician. Dr. Freeman was called, and found her suffering much from nervous prostration, and informed

Edward that "he feared she had some deep-seated disease. It may be," said he, "disease of the heart; at all events, her mind must be kept calm." Mrs. Le Clare had always objected to having a domestic in the family, but had relied upon Mrs. Wise, the mother of Richard, a neighbor and playmate of Edward.

Mrs. Le Clare had shown Mrs. Wise many kindnesses, and she now spent several hours with her kind friend, as upon her she called each day. Edward tried to be cheerful, but there was a weight at his heart. Is it possible, thought he, that I am about to lose my dear mother? The thought would almost overwhelm him.

He read often to her from the Bible. "Turn to the Psalms, my son," she would say. "Yes; the Lord is *my* strength; I will fear no evil. May he be *thy* strength, Edward, forever and ever." Edward had foreborne to make any remarks in regard to the letter, and so silent had his mother been upon the subject, that he sometimes thought that it was not remembered by her.

Six weeks after the receipt of the letter, however, upon entering the house, after a walk in the yard, leaning upon Edward's arm, she said with much apparent cheerfulness, "I wish to visit our good clergyman this afternoon. I would like to consult him in regard to your studies. I am not myself sufficiently informed upon the subject. We will ride over and ask his advice; you will, if you please, hand me the letter."

Edward's hand trembled as he complied with her request; but she remained calm.

Mother and son passed a pleasant afternoon. Their minister, Mr. Brownson, recommended his going to

college. Edward expressed regret at leaving his mother. Mr. Brownson said, that it would doubtless be a sore trial to her, yet he thought she could be happy in the prospect of her son becoming useful in after life. And to Edward, he said, "We will do all in our power, to have your mother's time pass pleasantly in your absence."

It was arranged that Edward should leave in the autumn. At the request of Edward, it was also arranged that Mrs. Wise and her son Richard should reside with his mother. Richard could supply Edward's place in out-of-door affairs. Mrs. Wise was dependent upon her own and Richard's labor, and Mrs. Le Clare could offer them a remuneration, which was satisfactory to them both.

Many and severe were the struggles in that mother's heart, but Edward knew it not. He knew not that there was a canker in the heart of her upon whom he loved to lean. Many were the lessons which he received from that dear mother. Often and long did she exhort him to walk in wisdom's ways. "Seek the Lord, my son; he alone can be thy support in the day of trial." Edward felt an increasing desire to ask and know more of his father; but his lips were sealed; he dared not venture upon the subject. Of all things, he wished most to know why he could not know.

Sitting with his mother one evening, about a week before his departure, gazing into her face, he was led to remark more particularly the gloom and paleness of her countenance. Mrs. Le Clare was busily engaged in laying the plaits in the bosom of a linen for Edward, and did not notice his fixed and anxious look.

"Mother," he at length said, "you are ill, I know you are very ill; I must not, I *will* not, leave you."

Mrs. Le Clare started at the sound of his voice, accompanied with such a sudden burst of feeling. Looking up, and observing how fixedly his gaze was riveted upon her, she was agitated, but instantly recovering herself, said mildly, and with a smile:

"All but the *will not*, my son; you must learn to use those words only when they are proper."

"Well, dear mother," said Edward, "when are they proper?"

"After a candid and prayerful investigation, when you come to the solemn conclusion that a thing is wrong, then say you *will not* do it; and you will seldom have reason to repent your decision. But, in the present case, I think you have spoken too hastily."

Edward arose and paced the room. His agitation was too great to be unobserved by his mother; her anxiety on his account produced an excitement which enabled her to speak in a clear firm voice.

"Edward, my son, I shall not ask you whence that sigh. I have long read your heart; yes, even better I fear than I have my *own*. Sit down by me.

Edward obeyed. Mrs. Le Clare took his hand and said:

"It is only when I look upon you, and read manhood in your face, that I am enabled to realize that you have arrived at the age of seventeen. Perhaps there is a selfishness in it, but I seem to hold you back to boyhood's days. I shall not try to disguise from you the fact, that I find myself weaker in body than formerly."

Edward raised his head; their eyes met. All of his

desire was in that look. She bent her eyes steadily upon him, and said :

“ It is no more than I expected.”

She arose and went to the window. At length, seating herself, she said :

“ Edward! Heaven be my witness, that there is nothing of selfishness in my withholding from you what you desire, and doubtless think is your right, to know; that is, more of your father’s and of your mother’s early life — yes, more of yourself. Heaven *again* be my witness, that there is no act of my life which I dare not meet in time or in eternity. Let this, my dear son, comfort you. I know of no guilt attached to your father. But, if he be yet in the land of the living, and not incarcerated within the walls of a prison, as an exile, where his voice cannot be heard, then, my son, is he *awfully* guilty; for then has he betrayed and deserted us.”

Her voice faltered; her strength seemed to fail. Edward sprang from his seat in alarm.

“ No, my son! I shall have strength. Fear not.” After a few minutes, she continued: “ At the age of seventeen, I went with your father to France. Edith was born on the passage thither. There we mixed in the society which your father’s station demanded. I had every reason to believe that your father not only loved, but was proud of me. He did everything in his power to make me happy. Private teachers were employed to teach me music, drawing, and dancing; I also learned the French language, and spoke it fluently.”

Edward was surprised; for he had never known that his mother understood French.

“ There is,” continued Mrs. Le Clare, “much dissipa-

tion among the higher circles in France; but I was not aware that your father indulged in it. I felt that he lavished too much money upon my person; but I was not aware that he expended beyond his means. 'There is but one star in Paris,' he would say, 'which rises higher and shines brighter than you, and I am determined that you shall outshine her yet.' I knew not why this made me feel sad, but so it was. For some two months before your birth, I was a recluse. Your father continued his round of pleasure as usual. A severe sickness followed my confinement. Your father was attentive to me, and almost gave up society for weeks.

"I at length recovered, but had lost, as your father called it, much of my bloom and elasticity. It was irksome for me to think of mixing in society again, and your father went without me, although I *sometimes* attended him. 'That star has only grown brighter in your absence,' he would say.

"Your sister Edith was a lovely child. Your father called her an angel, a cherub, his darling, the pride of his life, in short, everything by turns which could express loveliness. O Edward! I cannot tell you how *I* loved her. Often have I heard your father say that from her he could never be separated. Thus we lived, until you were two years old, when I sometimes thought that there was less of cheerfulness in your father's manners, although not less of love.

"One night, after returning from the theatre, whither I had not accompanied him, he was evidently much depressed; and the next morning he informed me that we must sail for America within one week. 'This was said without any explanation whatever.

"We sailed on board the Navarre, and had a pleasant passage. Your father seemed in a state of abstraction; and I feared he was unhappy, or that some great misfortune had, or was about to fall upon us.

"I suffered much from sea-sickness, and had there been less of kindness on his part, my forebodings would have broken my heart; but that was not the case. He administered to me every comfort, in his power; yet maintained a perfect silence in regard to his depression of mind or his future course. He would walk the deck for hours with Edith by the hand or in his arms, then seat himself, take her upon his knee, and caress her. He one day entered my cabin, and with his own hands adjusted my dress, and hurrying on my bonnet, said, with a smile which made my heart leap with joy, 'Come, dearest, we are entering a Northern port in America.' Hastening me upon deck, he seated himself by my side, and taking Edith upon his knee, pointed out to me the beauties of the place. We were conveyed to a hotel, and provided with every comfort.

"The next morning, he informed me that he had business in the country. He left, and was absent some weeks. A strange anxiety took possession of my mind. I could not throw it off. On his return, he informed me, without reserve, 'that he had, while in France, lived in such a manner as to outstrip his income; that it was necessary for him to retrench his expenses; that he had therefore made purchase of a small cottage-house, at which place he thought we could be happy. Surely, thought I, is this all? We will *indeed* be happy. After our removal to our cottage, he spent about three weeks in ordering and arranging our things; and I thought he seemed happy, and I was truly so.

"One evening, after returning from the village, he told me that he had received a letter, and that it would be necessary for him to leave me on the morrow for the South, adding, 'I want you to make yourself happy in my absence.'

"He was much agitated. 'Oh!' said I, as I threw my arms around his neck, while the tears coursed down my cheeks, 'surely you will not leave us long?' 'Certainly not,' said he, 'my dear; you must become more of a stoic, Emily. We are not in France now, and my business must be attended to.' In spite of all my efforts to rally, I still wept; and Edith, seeing my distress, added her tears to mine. This was more than he could bear. 'See,' said he, 'Emily, you pain the child; be calm, I beseech you.' Then, placing me upon the sofa, he took Edith in his arms; but he could not control his own feelings; he also wept. He rushed into the garden; but, ere he passed the outer door, I heard him say what I had so often heard before, 'I will never be separated from Edith.' But, for the first time, the remark sent a chill to my heart, and it still rings in my ears.

"The next day he left. 'My stay,' said he, 'will be so short, and my time so entirely devoted to business, that it will not be convenient or necessary for me to write.' At the end of six weeks, however, I received a letter, informing me that his stay would necessarily be protracted. In the letter was enclosed money sufficient for our comforts in the mean time. The letter was couched in the most affectionate terms, and spoke of his love for me and the children. In spite of all my efforts, I became gloomy.

"At this time, Edward, I had not learned to cast my

cares upon the Lord. It was by a sermon preached by Mr. Brownson that I was awakened to the subject, and was enabled to cast my cares upon the Lord; and, from that hour to this, religion has been my only solace. I longed to write to your father, but he had not given me his address. He returned, however. You was then a little more than three years old. You have a faint recollection of his visit. He was still the same kind, affectionate father and husband. He did much to render our home more comfortable. After a stay of three weeks, he again left. The day before leaving, he informed me of his intention to take Edith with him. 'Emily,' said he, 'you know my resolution not to be separated from Edith. My business will keep me some time longer at the South. My sister desires to take charge of her in the mean time, and I can see her every day. Think how lonely I must be, separated from you all; you have Edward, and selfishness is not a part of your nature. I do not expect to hear a single word of objection.' Nor did he, although I had many forebodings of evil; and it nearly broke my heart, to part with my lovely Edith."

"O mother!" said Edward, "do you not know the address of that sister? Surely we can yet learn all" —. A deep groan escaped from Mrs. Le Clare, as she said "O God!" and fell back upon the sofa.

A groan, and "My God!" cried Edward, as he sprang in alarm to her side. Mrs. Le Clare had only swooned, and was soon again restored to consciousness. After taking some restoratives, which had been left by Dr. Freeman, she again spoke.

"Edward, I have but little more to say; but that, to you, will, I fear, be the most painful of all."

“Wait, dear mother,” said Edward, “until you have more strength. Do not speak more now; you are certainly too feeble.”

“God will give me strength,” said Mrs. Le Clare.

Then fixing her eyes steadily, but calmly upon him, she said: “Edward Le Clare, unless God in his mercy, and in his own wise purpose, interfere, you know all now that you or I can ever know of your father or Edith. For the sake of her who bore you, whom I know you love better than you do yourself, as well as for your own happiness, dismiss the subject from your mind. Live to the glory of God.”

Again she paused, and her soul rose in fervent supplication and prayer. She prayed long and earnestly for Edward. That prayer was heard and answered. Before rising from his knees, Edward Le Clare prayed—prayed aloud—prayed as a Christian prays—prayed in humbleness of spirit—and from his inmost soul—“Father in heaven, not my will, but thine be done.”

“You will keep me advised of your health?” were the last words of Edward to his mother, at parting with her to enter on his college course.

“Yes, my son. Pray much, pray earnestly, and in faith, and God will bless you,” were the last words of Mrs. Le Clare, as she imprinted a warm kiss upon Edward’s lips.

CHAPTER II.

EDWARD LE CLARE IN COLLEGE.

AT college, Edward Le Clare found himself in a new atmosphere. One object alone engrossed his mind, aside from the great object of life, a preparation for an eternal existence, and that was study. "I must not disappoint the expectation of my mother. I must make myself useful, in order to be happy in this world or in the world to come;" was from the first his motto.

Among the subjects discussed at the institution, was that of American slavery. This more particularly interested Edward, from the fact that, in his boyhood, he had heard his mother speak of it in such a manner as to awaken all his sensitiveness. There were a few who dared to speak out boldly; but they were immediately branded as fanatics and disturbers of the peace. Edward had never given the subject an examination. In spite of the denunciation of the faculty, the subject of slavery became the topic of the day; documents were obtained, and facts made known in regard to it heretofore not understood.

For a while, Edward kept aloof, except to make it a subject of prayer; but, before he was aware of it, he found his whole soul aroused.

He examined, and soon became one of the strongest of the party termed abolitionists. There were Southerners in the institution, and Southern blood was

up. Insult and taunt were their weapons; but Edward feared them not. It needed but his calm, dignified look, and they slunk away. Firm as a rock he stood, still examining, and still obtaining new light.

In a letter to his mother, he writes :

“ The wrongs of an enslaved race hang heavily upon me. You have often spoken to me upon the subject. I had learned to view it as a wrong, or rather, as an evil; but I did not know that it had so entwined itself around the heart of the nation, and, like a serpent, was poisoning its life's blood. You, my dear mother, do not know the extent of the wrong. But I now believe, what you have so often told me, that the country is about to wipe out this foul stain.”

Mrs. Le Clare wrote often and long to Edward, and he was punctual in answering. He endeavored to cast off all unpleasant thoughts concerning his father; but the remark of his mother, “ Unless God in his mercy interfere,” had sunk deep into his heart. He had great faith in prayer, and he carried his burden to the Throne of Grace. His prayer was, “ Father in Heaven, if it be thy will, let me know more of my father and sister.”

At the expiration of one year, Edward visited home. He had now spent one year in the preparatory class; but, before leaving, he entered upon his regular college course. His mother beheld him much improved, and many were the remarks in the neighborhood in regard to his gentlemanly appearance. ★

“ I have always thought,” said Mrs. Wise, “ that Edward would be a good man, and a comfort to you; but I did not expect to see him come home with so much of the gentleman in his manners.”

"I have always hoped," replied Mrs. Le Clare, "that he would be good, and I bless the Lord that, thus far, I am not disappointed."

Edward called upon Mr. Brownson, expressing himself freely against slavery, and expected that his minister would reciprocate his feelings against so great a sin; but he was met only with the cold remark: "You had better let that subject alone, Edward; it is entirely a Southern question. The Northern abolitionists are doing the slaves a great injury." Edward, astonished at his ignorance, or wickedness, forbore further remarks.

His mother seemed still of the opinion, that slavery would soon be done away. "At least, my son," she would say, "do not give yourself uneasiness upon the the subject, as that can do no good." He found that she was still exceedingly sensitive upon the subject of slavery, and he resolved to speak of it to her no more. Six weeks seemed very short to Mrs. Le Clare and her son; but it had passed, and Edward must return to college.

"You are certainly in better health, mother, than when I left you, one year ago," said Edward, the evening before his departure. "Your countenance is better, and you seem more cheerful."

"I am certainly in better health," replied his mother, "and you are the cause of it, my son. You have more than fulfilled my expectations: you are my all in this world. To see you good, wise, happy, and useful, has been, still is, and, I trust, ever will be, my most earnest prayer."

Again they knelt at the Throne of Grace. Edward prayed for the slave. Mrs. Le Clare followed: she also prayed for the slave. Edward thought he had never

heard her pray so earnestly; it seemed to him that her soul grasped the whole wrong at once, and lifted it up before her Father in heaven. Surely, thought he, my mother does understand, even better than myself, the wrongs and sufferings of the poor slave. Mrs. La Clare and her son parted the next morning. They were both cheerful. "Think how short the last year has seemed," said Edward.

"It will ever be so," replied his mother, "while we are in the path of duty. Farewell, my son; Heaven protect you."



CHAPTER III.

SOUTHERN CHIVALRY — EDWARD PUBLICLY ASSAULTED.

ONWARD, onward, went Edward Le Clare in the path of science. In his freshman year he won laurels, such as worth ever wins in the search after knowledge, while the watchword is God and humanity.

True, Edward Le Clare was surrounded with temptation; but he did not forget the prayer, "Keep me from temptation, and deliver me from evil." He had also a praying mother. Edward had promised to send his mother anti-slavery documents; he did so, but he did not know how earnestly she perused their pages.

From the day of his leaving her, Mrs. Le Clare spent most of her time in retirement, and Mrs. Wise often found her writing. "You do not need my interference in the kitchen," she would say to her; "you will sit with me when you please; I am always glad of your company." In fact, Mrs. Wise was very companionable.

Great was the dismay of the college faculty, doctors of divinity, pro-slavery men, and students in C——, when it was announced that, on the next Wednesday evening, Mr. G——, would deliver an anti-slavery lecture. Meetings were called. Excitement ran high. Houses must be denied. The church was in danger from fanatics. Amalgamation dreaded. Again, Southern blood was up. Edward was quietly

masticating his food at the dinner-table; anti-slavery and pro-slavery men pursuing the same course as himself.

There was much loud and boisterous talk by a young Southerner, Frank Le Rux, who sat next to Edward. Suddenly, he sprang from his seat, and seizing Edward by the collar, exclaimed, "You are a d——d abolitionist."

Edward was taken by surprise. But, rising to his feet, with one powerful effort he freed himself from his grasp. Immediately his arm was raised to strike him down. "Strike! Strike! Don't take that insult," came from some twenty of the students, as they simultaneously sprang to their feet. But Edward did not strike. He looked at his foe, and said, in a clear, firm voice:

"He who strikes a fool or a villain, puts himself upon a level with him."

Then, from one end of the hall to the other, came forth cheers for Edward Le Clare; and hiss after hiss for Southern slaveholders followed.

Our Southerner foamed and frothed. Edward led the way from the hall, and, as he neared the door, a hurried oath, and, "we shall meet again," sounded in his ears.

Edward turned. "Where?" said he, "I trust never, unless honor takes possession of your soul—until we meet with an assembled multitude at the judgment."

And what was done in that institution with that Southerner? O nothing; but he was permitted to go on threatening. "We must be careful," said the president; so said all the trustees, and all concerned. "We must not offend the South; she sends her sons here to be educated. We have no business with her *peculiar*

institution. Agitation must stop;" and thus they strove. But much sooner might they have stayed the proud Niagara in her onward course, than stopped the mighty current of humanity, set in motion by God, in the hearts of men.

Edward, in a letter to his mother, says:

"My heart is sick. There is no mockery in Jesus Christ's religion; but what do I see and hear? Professed ministers of the gospel of Christ defending slavery! Would you have believed it, dear mother? We are forbidden to pray publicly, for the abolition of American slavery. Alas! what is honor? what religion?—if, to be a statesman, we must bow down to slavery; or, if we enter the sacred desk, we must become like dumb dogs, in reference to the abominations of earth.

"I long, dear mother, to pour out my whole heart to you. But I must and will be patient. The time rolls rapidly round for my return; nothing has occurred to retard me in my studies. I am (it will do to tell it to you) always at the head of my class, as we call it in C——."

CHAPTER IV.

THE MOTHER'S TRIALS. — EDWARD AT HOME.

AGAIN rolled round the autumn, and again Edward Le Clare stood before his mother, with the bold manly face of one who had done no wrong; more, had manfully opposed it.

"God be praised," said she, "my Edward; he has heard my prayer, and returned you to me in safety. But this is not all; you have come back to me uncontaminated with vice, I read it in your looks." Edward had grown larger, and his bearing was still more manly. As Mrs. Le Clare gazed upon him, she said mentally, "Father in heaven, deliver me from pride. Let thankfulness fill my heart."

But how was it with Mrs. Le Clare? Again Edward beheld her pale and feeble.

"I have not felt well for some weeks," was Mrs. Le Clare's reply to his inquiry. "I have been somewhat troubled with nervousness, and have missed you much; but you will soon see me happy, and I hope well again."

Edward took the earliest opportunity to inquire of Mrs. Wise; and she informed him, "that Mrs. Le Clare had seen a notice of the assault upon him, by a Southerner, in the papers; and that, at the time, it had affected her very much: that she came near fainting." Edward saw the whole truth at once. He was not aware

before that it had appeared in print; but so it was, and it had caused a return of that prostration so much dreaded by him.

The thing pained him exceedingly. But that mother had still another cause of anxiety. She had often feared lest the remittance which she received for her support might fail. Edward's means were expended; would he receive further aid?

Edward had anticipated his mother's feelings, but had resolved to wait for her to break the subject to him. This she dreaded to do, as she feared the result.

"I had thought," remarked Edward one day, "that our good clergyman would have become an abolitionist before this time, but I find him more pro-slavery than when I left him, one year ago; now, instead of thinking slavery wrong, and that it ought to be abolished, he claims it to be an institution of the Bible, and sanctioned by God."

"I was bold enough to tell him, that *I* considered it an institution of the devil."

Mrs. Le Clare was surprised at Edward's boldness. "Have you not been hasty, my son? Perhaps he was hurt at your freedom of expression."

"My dear mother," said Edward, "I cannot have patience when I hear such remarks from such men; they must know better."

"But you must not fall out with Mr. Brownson; he has been a good friend to us," said his mother.

"And I am a good friend to the slave," replied Edward; "and I am determined to obey the command of my Saviour. If I were a slave, mother" —; but he was interrupted. "It will be done away," came faintly from Mrs. Le Clare, as she fainted in her chair

Past scenes rushed upon the recollection of Edward. "I should not have spoken upon this subject," thought he. He used restoratives; but it was a long time before his mother recovered her consciousness. When she did revive, she seemed bewildered. Her lips moved; he bent his ear, and heard her say, "Slave! Slave!" Then, opening her eyes, she said, "Edward, dear Edward, slavery will be done away — *he* told me so."

When recovering herself still more, she said, "I am very weak, Edward; will you send Mrs. Wise to me?" He obeyed.

"I hope my mother will soon recover," said he, as Mrs. Wise entered his mother's room, and closed the door after her.

"Oh!" thought Edward, "what have I done?" He pressed his hand upon his heart. "Father in heaven," he murmured. A thousand thoughts seemed to press upon his mind at once. He listened at the door. Would she recover, or was he about to lose his dear mother?

At length he prayed mentally, but fervently; a calmness came over him. All was still within. "I know that thou art God," he said aloud. Again he listened at the door.

"Where is Edward?" he heard her say. Instantly he was by her side.

"Edward," said she, as she took his hand, "do not be alarmed; I am better now."

• Edward was calm; he knelt by her side, and kissed her pale lips.

"Oh!" said she, "if all else of earth is gone, I am happy in having such a son. Pray, Edward."

Edward did pray, and it was prayer indeed. For several days, Mrs. Le Clare was confined to her room. Edward scarcely left her. At length she was able to ride out and call upon Dr. Freeman.

"I will rest here, while you call at the Post-office," said Mrs. Le Clare to Edward.

"Is my mother in danger of death from these attacks?" asked Edward, as he accompanied the doctor to the office.

"It is impossible for me to say," replied the doctor. "If there is disease of the heart, she certainly is in danger: and yet she may live for years."

"And how am I to act in this case?" continued Edward. "I fear to leave her, and return to college."

"I should be guided entirely by her decision," replied the doctor.

"Here is a letter, mother," said Edward, on his return.

Mrs. Le Clare merely glanced at the superscription. "We will return home, my son," said she, as if fearful of betraying her agitation.

On arriving at home, she broke the seal. It was a check with simply the following:

"We advise the young man to be prudent in his expenditures."

This letter Mrs. Le Clare handed to Edward as she said, "My mind is much relieved. God will not forsake us. You are now at an age to have, I trust, sufficient wisdom to become your own banker. This is to be devoted entirely to your education; and I do not feel that it is necessary for me to tell you to be prudent; I am sure that you will be so. That advice in the letter, however, was not made without a mean-

ing, which, although *we* do not now understand, will probably be understood at some future time. You have but about two weeks before your departure to college."

"And must I leave you in your present state of health, dear mother?"

"Certainly, my son. Were there a less object before you, I might, perhaps, consent to your remaining at home for the present; but my health is improving."

"But the thought that I may lose you, mother, is distressing to me."

"Edward," she said calmly, "I am aware of my situation. My health is seriously impaired; death may be near, even at the door; God alone knows. I am not conscious, however, that I am more seriously ill than when you left me, two years ago. Were you now through with your education, I should not cling to life. You can therefore see how anxious I am that you should not be delayed in your studies. I have an assurance in my mind that you will advance in wisdom as you advance in years. I have asked that I might be spared until you have finished your course in college. We may yet, my son, spend many years together; at any rate, may we both be enabled to say from the heart, God's will be done."

CHAPTER V.

EDWARD RETURNS TO COLLEGE. — THE CORRESPONDENCE.

MRS. LE CLARE and Edward again parted, but with a more intense interest in each other's welfare — fervently, yet submissively, commending each other to him who was able to direct and support them under all their trials.

Earnestly had Edward commended his mother to the care of good Mrs. Wise, and solemnly had she promised to do all in her power to render her comfortable and happy. Heretofore we have seen Edward, as it were, a boy. We now behold him nineteen years of age, manly and noble. He is large in stature, and would be taken for twenty-one. We will give you a part of his correspondence :

“DEAR MOTHER, — I feel that I have great reason to bless God. If I know my own heart, I do most sincerely bless him for all his loving kindness, and for all his tender mercies, which surround me. I am pursuing my studies successfully. I see many here whose external appearance is much calculated to please. But, alas! what shall I say of their minds: they do not seem to grasp for that which is good; they seem to live only for their present enjoyment. From my inmost soul I pity them.

“Mother, I feel how much I owe you — you who led me in the paths of virtue — you who taught me truth;

who led me to the Throne of Grace; who taught me to obey God rather than man. I feel that there is a high destiny for those who do not suffer the mind to starve. While I despise and detest the acts of many, I still desire to do them good.

"But I am casting too dark a shadow; believe me, there are some here whom I love and respect, with whom I hold sweet converse. Mother, reform is the watchword and beacon-light of many a heart at the present time. Mr. Mason is my classmate; his soul is fired for the release of the slave. The true spirit of philanthropy fills his breast. Methinks it will take but a few such men as he is to sound a note of alarm which will reach the heart of the nation."

But how was Mrs. Le Clare affected by his letter?—she, who had been so sensitive; she, who had been so excited when Edward had spoken of his conversation with Mr. Brownson. We will also extract from her letter to Edward:

"There was much in your last letter, my dear Edward, which pleased me. Do, Edward, be frank and open in all things. You have seen me so sensitive upon the subject of slavery, that I fear you think you must be silent upon the subject. Do not be so. I desire to know all that occurs. You will oblige me by forwarding me anti-slavery publications. If you like, take the *Liberator*; and after perusing it yourself, send it to me, and I will read and circulate it here.

"Mr. Brownson is becoming very sensitive upon the subject of slavery. I do not think his mind is easy. We have had an anti-slavery lecturer here. I am sorry to say, that there was a good deal of opposition here. The use of the church was denied; but Mr. Hanson

invited the lecturer to speak in his barn, which is a large new one, not yet finished.

"Pro-slavery men attended, and went away, some angry, but more, I believe, determined to give the subject an examination. And shall I meet you again, my dear son, and be permitted to see and hear you speak of the wrongs of slavery? I have, and do still believe, that it will soon be done away; yes, that there is many a poor heart, now bleeding in bondage, which will yet taste of freedom; but my trust is in God. Believing this, I have formerly felt as if I would much rather that you would *remain passive upon the subject*; but I had forgotten that *God works by means*. A new light has broken upon my mind. I now feel that God has raised you up for great good. You have heretofore read my desire in my silence, and have endeavored to conform to it. But now, my dear son, you need fear this no more. Work, Edward, work in the 'vineyard of the Lord,' for the good time is coming. 'Do with thy might whatsoever thy hands find to do.' Pray for the downtrodden sons and daughters of America. Hasten, O Lord, that glorious day! (Does it not, my son, already dawn upon us?) That bright and glorious boon of freedom — freedom from the worst of oppressions, American slavery! Oh! how I long to commune with you as I do with my own heart."

True, Edward had read much in his mother's silence; but this was not all. He had read also the agony of her heart; and he believed there was something connected with it, which he did not understand, and which he greatly feared would hasten her dissolution. Can it be, he sometimes thought, that her father was, or is a slaveholder, and that, upon that account, she has sepa-

rated from her family, as did the Misses G——? There was a burden removed from his heart, and he resolved that, in the strength of the Lord, he would perform his duty.

Passing over events, which might perhaps be profitable, we come to the year 18—. The nation was aroused. The hearts of good men trembled. Southern slaveholders were loud and boisterous wherever they were. Edward had complied with the request of his mother. She received the *Liberator* weekly, and invaluable was it to her. Its holy principles and undying zeal strengthened her faith.

In her answer to Edward, she says :

“ I was right, my dear son ; slavery is tottering ; it cannot long exist. Pray, Edward, pray ! Oh ! you know not how long I have prayed for its overthrow ; truth and justice will triumph.”

In Edward's reply, he says :

“ I am rejoiced in spirit on the perusal of your last ; it rejoices me that you are able to write. The good cause is gaining ground rapidly. My friend, Wilson, is well posted upon the past abolition movements. You may well be assured that God is in the work. I would like to have you hear him relate a few facts which occurred, from 1832 to 1840, in the first anti-slavery agitation, and were never published ; but, as you cannot hear them from him, let me relate some of them to you, from memory ; for they will illustrate what great changes have taken place in the nation since those times in relation to human freedom. Said the lecturer : ‘ I *never can* forget with what mingled emotions of horror, sorrow, and sympathy, I received this account from the pen of the sufferer himself :

“It would be difficult to find a more noble, humble, and zealous follower of Christ, than was my young friend, and schoolmate, Augustus E——, of G——, Massachusetts. He was a beloved member of the Orthodox church, an able scholar, and studying, with a view to the ministry, in Yale College. This young gentleman, the son of a learned and successful physician, had a *deformity*, which affected his *scalp*; the consequence was, that a part of his hair was of a naturally soft, fine texture and brown color, while another part of the hair was black, coarse and curly. For this slight deformity, he was constantly tortured by the finger of scorn and contempt, and his ears saluted with humiliating and disgusting epithets. And when the young *Southern chivalry* found that this kind of persecution would not crush his lofty soul, and make him give up his *holy enterprise*, and leave the institution, they called large and excited meetings of the students, and brought their influence to bear on the faculty and officers of the institution, demanding his expulsion on the ground, that, (although they were assured that his parents were both white,) his coarse and curly hair *must*, in some way and in some degree, be caused by African taint. And so great was the excitement, that the faculty were forced to energetic and humiliating labors, in procuring testimonies to make it perfectly clear and undoubted, to their minds, that such a deformity *could*, and in this case *did*, originate from another cause than African taint.’

“Dear mother, only think of the state of *public sentiment* that could produce such a fact! I ask, in what benighted corner of God’s earth, at this day, could a similar row be raised, on similar grounds?

“ ‘ Again,’ said the lecturer, ‘ in those early days of anti-slavery excitement, in what is now Summit county, of the anti-slavery State of Ohio, there was a student in college, whose light on the subject of human freedom he was unwilling to put under a bushel. Going, therefore, to a neighboring town, he gave notice that he would address the people on the subject of American slavery. The evening came ; those who wished to hear, had entered the house. When about to commence his remarks, the house was surrounded by an *infuriated mob*, under the command of Col. C. They forced themselves into the house, threatening to take the lecturer out, give him a coat of “ *tar and feathers*,” which they said was all *ready*, and then escort him to his own home. The student, not being able to speak to the people, told the colonel and his men, that, although they, that evening, were all-powerful, and were able to have it all their own way, yet they might as well make up their minds to let the subject be examined and discussed first as last, for that the subject *would be discussed*—if not by others, it would be by him, throughout the county. They answered him, *very positively*, that he would never live to do it.

“ ‘ They moreover assured him, that they had firmly resolved that he should not *there*, nor *anywhere* in the county, hold a meeting on the subject. (This high ground was not eventually fully sustained. He held some twelve or fourteen meetings, and was mobbed some six or seven times.)

“ ‘ After much had been said and done by the mob, the student said, “ Friends, we will bring *these exercises* to a close with prayers.” He commenced praying, and the mob commenced leaving the house and preparing

for out-door exercises. They arranged their plans, mounted their horses, and rode round the building, yelling like savages, blowing horns, and smashing in the windows. When the prayer closed, the young man took a light in his hand; while two *young ladies*, who feared nothing in a good cause, taking each an arm, escorted the young man out into the midst of the mob — and, thus supported and shielded, he passed safely through a mob of prancing steeds and raging men. When it was ascertained that he had not been taken, they sought out and surrounded the house where he had entered, and declared they would take him at all hazards. But, when they went into the tavern “*to liquor up*,” the young man left for a place of safety.

“ ‘ The mob, a few evenings after, *played* that they had him in their power. Taking his effigy, they bore it through the streets, took it to the place of execution, and bound it to a stake, planted on the common, before the door of the church, where, with faggots and fire, it was consumed. A large monument of stones was placed upon the spot, and above it this inscription:

“ Sacred to the memory of ———, the Apostle of Abolition, and friend of the Nigger Wenches; who died a martyr at the stake, June —, 18 —, in the 23d year of his age.”

“ ‘ And when, by these *exhibitions of folly*, they supposed they had put a *stop* to abolition doctrines, they were astonished to see them spread with still greater rapidity. At *that time*, so entirely was the public sentiment of the whole nation under the *control of slaveholders*, that there were no laws in any part of the United States able or willing to prevent a lawless mob from wreaking their vengeance on an *abolitionist*, or to *punish them*, when they had done it.

“ ‘ Few are at this day *so ignorant* as not to perceive the *mighty achievement* resulting from anti-slavery agitation.’ Said the lecturer: ‘ So late as the presidential election of ’48, when Northern freemen were making extraordinary efforts to elect a Southern slaveholder and warrior to the presidency, I attended a mass meeting in the northern part of Ohio, where is located one of the oldest colleges of the State, and where Southern patronage had placed a few sprigs of young chivalry to be nurtured. Being well acquainted in the place, having formerly been a member of the same institution, and feeling very much at home, I sat in one of the public resorts with some old friends, discussing familiarly the merits of the slave power as entitled to rule the nation. I soon noticed a young man, having airs of importance, listening to our conversation ; but, as he was a perfect stranger to me, there was no particular deference paid to him. I remarked that, as there *could not be two fair, rightful owners* to the same thing, at the same time, consequently, where two claimants brought forward claims for the same thing, *one of course could only be a thief’s or robber’s title*. And, said I, as none but a *fool or knave* will deny that every *human being* is accountable to God for his actions — *has the original God given right to use for himself his own powers of body and mind*—it follows, that, whenever *another person* lays claim to *his neighbor’s body and mind as owner*, he has preferred only a thief’s claim or title ; and, if he persists in depriving the *original owners of themselves*, he should be *prosecuted* and condemned as a *robber of his fellow man*, and punished accordingly. ‘ *That’s right,*’ said the ’squire ; ‘ that proposition cannot be overthrown — *it’s truth.*’ “ It is a d——d lie,” said

the young stranger; "if that proposition is true, Gen. Taylor, and many great men, are thieves and robbers." "I know that it proves *every one*, who claims to own his fellow man, to be a thief and robber," said I. "You are a liar," said the boy; "and, if you will take *that*, you are a *coward*; and if you don't take that proposition back, I will split your head open; for I would have you to understand that I am a *slaveholder myself*; that I own slaves, and I won't take such insults." "I don't know but you are a slaveholder, sir," said I; "you are a stranger to me, and I have said nothing that I intended for you; but if my proposition meets your case, you must show that it is fallacious, or own to its truth." "Don't you insinuate that I am a *thief and robber*?" said he. "Take it all back; swallow your words, or I will knock your teeth down your throat; for I would have you to *understand* that I am the *owner* of a smarter man than you are, if he is *black*." "I do not deny what you say," said I; "but, if such be the *fact*, would it not be good policy in you to change places with him?"

"I sat quietly in my chair, in very good humor; when, in a great rage, he sprang to the stove, seized the poker, saying: "Take back what you said, or I shall smash your chops for you." On my hesitating, he struck me with considerable violence across the face with the poker. "There," said he, "take that, and have a mind as to what you say to me." I quietly arose from my seat, went to the stove, and spit the blood from my mouth; after which, I calmly told the youth that I had no doubt he was acting *in accordance* with his bringing up; but that *his teachings* had been *all wrong*; and if he would be calm, and listen to me, I would in-

struct him in the *great truths of human rights*; for I was convinced that he was not so much to blame as were his *superiors*; that I was well aware that his character was but the legitimate formation of the nation's public sentiment. He said he would not disgrace himself so much as to stop to hear my remarks; and immediately left the room, and proceeded to the college.

“ ‘ In a short time after, I discovered that he had again entered the room; and, with his face turned from observation, was apparently unnoticed by others, but was obviously listening to all that was going on around him. I, patting him gently on the shoulder, said to him: “ I do not know your name, sir, but I feel interested in you; and, as you seem to be at leisure, had we not better have some further conversation ? ” He straightened himself to his full height (which, by the way, was not alarming), and said: “ You just shut your mouth, at once — just stop your noise — or I will stop it for you. I will *choke you* till you can't speak.” And, suiting the action to the sentiment, he seized me by the throat, and tugged away; but, as I *stood still*, and offered him no resistance, he, after a while, let go his hold; and, venting his rage in horrid threats, went in search of his comrades. When he had found them, and laid the case before them, they gave it as their opinion, in presence of some of the citizens, that I was a *doomed man*; and so alarmed were some for my safety, that they kept an eye on the doings of the *young slaveholder* till I had left town.

“ ‘ Well, what said *public sentiment* in relation to this particular occurrence? Dr. Ashman and other leading politicians said, “ that the young slaveholder served me

just right; that I had no business to meddle with the institution of slavery; that I had for a *long time* been in the habit of forcing my views on the community in relation to slavery; and I was the one who was the aggressor, and that the young gentleman had done nobly in defending himself.”

“Well, dear mother, have we not great reason to bless God, notwithstanding the still remaining darkness, that there has been so *great an advance in public sentiment* since that day on the subject of human freedom?”

Mrs. Le Clare’s reply :

“MY DEAR SON,— You are anxious to know all about my health. It is certainly much improved. I walked to Mr. Brownson’s yesterday. My heart is sorely tried with that good old man. I cannot prevail upon him to read the *Liberator*. It is very distressing to me to see ministers of the gospel, and members of churches, taking a stand with the slaveholders of the South. Surely, such ministers are no longer ‘watchmen on the walls of Zion.’ But light is breaking in upon us here; I am astonished, however, at the darkness upon people’s minds. ‘The slave is better off where he is,’ is the remark of some. ‘If the slaves were set free, we would be in danger of our lives,’ say others. ‘They are an inferior race, and God designed them for slaves. They have no souls; they are a species of the orang-outang.’

“Beware! O Church of Christ! ‘God will remove thy candlestick from its place.’ Surely he will hold thee in derision in thine hour of distress. When thou criest unto him, he will not hear; for the cry of the oppressed has entered into his ear, and he will avenge their cause. Tremble, O America! Many a nation

has fallen in her pride, and her sons and daughters were left desolate in the land of their fathers."

Edward to his mother:

"Nothing adds more to my happiness, my dear mother, than to learn of your welfare. Be not discouraged. Now, verily, have I found the promise fulfilled: 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shall find it after many days.'

"Frank Le Rux, the Southerner who assaulted me, did not return again to college. He was in the senior class, and certainly was a young man of talent. From the time of the assault, we never spoke with each other. Our eyes sometimes met, and I thought I discovered a sullen doggedness in his look. After a while, however, his manners seemed changed, and I thought there was a look of melancholy upon his face.

"One day I was standing in the hall. The students had mostly passed out. As I turned, I beheld him standing at the opposite side of the room. He was pale and solemn; there he stood like a statue. Our eyes met, and I thought his lips moved. I felt prompted to move towards him. Instantly a warmth filled my soul; all my harshness towards him was forgotten. I could have clasped him affectionately to my heart. I moved towards him, when a classmate touched my shoulder, and said, 'Southern chivalry, truly. Come, Edward, I would not like to leave you here for that fellow's revenge.' I stopped; slowly Frank Le Rux moved across the room, and passed out at the door. 'That was not a look of revenge Le Rux gave me,' said I; 'and, if it had not been for your remark, I should have had him by the hand.'

"'Yes,' said my friend, 'and opened your bosom to his

bowie-knife, or pistol, I suppose? You are too warm-hearted, Edward. That fellow will haunt you to your death. You are in the North now; but meet him in the South, and we shall have a notice in the papers running thus:

"Edward Le Clare was run through the body by a young fire-eater. It seems the grudge originated at the North, during their college course. Good enough for him. This is the way to serve all abolitionists who visit the South with their liberty-loving principles."

"This was natural enough; but then I had wounded my own spirit in not advancing to a reconciliation as I felt inclined to; and, for days, his look haunted me. I felt that it was a look of sorrow and woe.

"Now, mother, read the enclosed, which I received yesterday."

Mrs. Le Clare had been much agitated while perusing this part of Edward's letter. She now retired to her own room. "O God! give me strength," said she, as she opened it, and read as follows:

"NEW ORLEANS, * * *

"EDWARD LE CLARE,—Start not as you peruse this. I have well learned the kindness of your heart, and I fear not to address you; I say, I have well learned. From the hour of the assault in the hall until we left at vacation, I watched you narrowly; and, by reading, learned the nobleness of your every action. Oh! could you but know what I have endured, from that hour until the present time, surely you would pity me from your inmost soul. Of what use was it for me to attribute your conduct to cowardice, or try to make myself the aggrieved one? There you stood before me, a monument to my shame. Ah! those words, 'at the

judgment,' how they sounded in my ears! I had hardly, in my whole life, thought of it. Oh! I was dreadfully unhappy. I went to my Bible; I could not read — every word smote me. I tried to pray — all was dark; I longed to ask your forgiveness. You recollect our meeting in the hall. I had scarcely power to move; I seemed fixed to the spot. Could I have been left alone with you, I might have spoken. Although my lips moved, I could not articulate. It seemed so cruel that George must interfere, with such harsh and cutting remarks to you; and yet it was all natural enough — it was so like the South. I feared that I should fall ere I reached the door. That night I watched long upon the college green; I thought you would come there; but you did not. The next morning I saw you depart, and, with you, all my hope of happiness. I also left. Oh! what anguish was in my soul. Oh! thought I, what a mockery is religion! 'Hypocrites!' I exclaimed, 'ye men of the North, surely you "draw nigh to God with your lips, while your hearts are far from him." Ye who fill the sacred desk, apologizing for the accursed sin of slavery! — ye who have light upon the subject, helping to bind the chain of the poor slave!' All I could see of religion seemed a mockery; and, from my inmost soul, Edward, I loathed and detested all their prayers. I felt that their sermons were a libel upon true religion; if indeed there was true religion. Edward, I hated the North; but, above all, I hated President P — of our college, and all pro-slavery preachers. In all my thoughts, you shone before me as a bright beacon-light. I saw you noble, generous, pure. Ah! thought I, in him shines the image of Jesus Christ. I returned to what

.

I had always thought a pleasant home. All to me was now changed. Even the trees and flowers seemed changed. 'Hated things,' said I, to myself; 'with all your beauty, you are accursed; for the hands of the downtrodden have planted and watered you.' The fruit, once so delicious, now tasted of blood! And blood! blood!! was constantly sounding in my ears.

"My parents said I was sick, and so I was. But what did they know about my sickness? Oh! how I longed to unbosom myself to my mother; but how could I do it?

"'Mother!' said I, one day, as the broom was raised to strike down a faithful mulatto house-servant; but down came the blow upon her unoffending head — for her offence was purely a mistake; and, while the girl staggered a few steps and fell, my mother without looking at her, said, 'Frank! never interfere with me again. Have you become an abolitionist? President P—— has taught you that slavery is an institution of the Bible. We have watched him well on that point; for, had he preached *abolition* from his pulpit, your father would not have permitted you to remain there an hour.' 'Oh!' thought I, 'the blood of the dying slave is on his skirts.' And then came your words to my mind, 'May I never meet you again, unless, you become a better man, until I meet you with an assembled universe, at the judgment.' I shuddered.

"Often have I left the plantation when a slave was to be punished, and gone away to escape the sound of the lash, and the groans and screams of the poor victims. But, alas! what mattered it? The murmur of the brook, as it wound along, was a groan in my ears; and the wind, as it whistled through the trees, seemed a

wail. O Edward! could you but see our sunny South, so beautiful, and yet so cursed with that foulest of spots, slavery. There is a leprosy upon her, but she clings to it with a death grasp. She finds no physician, she seeks none. It is madness. Ah! Edward; if the North were all like you, there would be hope. But I tell you their pro-slaveryism binds the thing stronger. Alas! alas! I feel pained in mind; my heart is sick at the sight of the wrongs and outrages of this guilty land.

“Do write me, Edward, that I am forgiven.

“Farewell, FRANK LE RUX.”

A deep groan escaped from Mrs. Le Clare as she finished reading the letter. She arose and walked the room, while the tears followed each other in quick succession down her pale cheeks. “Yes,” she murmured; “he is right. Blood! blood!! It is everywhere. At the *North*, and at the *South*; and long has it cried from the ground for vengeance. The hour of redemption for the oppressed is coming; but when, I know not.”

For a while it seemed to her that the cords of life would snap. “It will be done away,” said she, as she lifted her eyes to heaven, and cried, “Father in heaven! let this bitter cup of slavery pass from this nation before it overflows, and they be forced to drink it to the dregs.” She fell upon her knees and poured out her soul in fervent supplication to God. She prayed for the slave, and for the slaveholder. She prayed for this young man. “Father,” she said, “show him thyself, and he will find peace.” She prayed for Edward, that God would give him wisdom; but the *burden* of her prayer was for pro-slavery ministers and pro-slavery Christians at the North.

"O Lord, let them not stand in the way of the slave's redemption, lest they become a stumblingblock, a hissing, and a byword among thine enemies."

Mrs. Le Clare arose from her knees calm and refreshed, and taking her pen, wrote to Edward as follows:

"MY DEAR EDWARD,— May God give you wisdom and strength equal to your day. I am humbled before the Lord for what mine eyes see and mine ears hear. The good time is coming, and God has made you an instrument in his hand to hasten it. That young man is also destined to do much good; I have carried him to the Lord in the arms of faith. For the present, dear Edward, you seem to be the staff upon which he leans. You must point him to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. He greatly needs support; and there is but one rock upon which his feet can stand. Pray, then; let every word you write to him be directed by God."

Edward was deeply impressed with the truth of his mother's remarks. How could he direct Frank? But at length his heart was moved; and, without reserve, he wrote to him as follows:

"MY DEAR SIR,— With joy do I hasten to greet you in the name of our common Father—in the name of Him who has made of one blood all nations. I also greet you in body; for I seem to hold you by the hand, and fold you to my heart. Doing this, as I do, fresh from the throne of grace—having felt the assurance—I say, from henceforth thou art the Lord's; he has found thee. Relinquish thyself, soul and body, into his hands; consecrate thyself wholly to him. 'Praise the Lord, O my soul, for what he has done!' that he hath opened thine eyes to behold the light of divine

truth. There comes from the East and from the West, from the North, and, I can now say, from the South, a voice crying, 'Loose every yoke, and let the oppressed go free.'

"I grieved my own spirit, dear Frank, at the time we last met in the hall; for I was drawn towards you in tenderness. I have been sorely tried here with pro-slaveryism; but it is past—the spell is broken which bound me. Neither am I possessed of a man-fearing spirit, which serves greatly to retard one's progression.

"Pro-slavery men are awfully guilty; God will judge them. To their own Master they stand or fall. God is raising up men from every sect for his holy work. There is a religion which is pure and holy; it is a fountain from which every one can drink:

"'Tis a fountain of love, full of waters of life;
It is sent from above; it subdues every strife;
It softens hard hearts in answer to prayer;
Who drinks from that stream can never despair.

"I long to meet you, and hold sweet converse with you; and here let me ask you to open your heart freely to me, at all times and under all circumstances. Let us, from this time, be as were Jonathan and David."

Edward was much struck with Frank's remarks respecting the guilt of pro-slavery preachers; and, before leaving his seat, after finishing his letter to Frank, he wrote a letter to Rev. Mr. Brownson, from which we extract the following:

"DEAR SIR,—I have just received a letter from a young man living at the South, who is convinced of the sin of slavery. This communication has more than ever convinced *me* of the guilt of those who up-

hold this abominable institution. My dear sir, I would speak freely. I was taught by my mother to reverence you.

"My young friend's letter says, 'that you bind the chain tighter on the neck of the slave every time you quote the Bible in its support; and that he hopes never to meet another pro-slavery preacher, until he meets him, with an assembled universe, at the judgment of the Great Day.' My dear sir, are you a watchman on the walls of Zion? If so, will you write and tell me, 'what of the night?' and what its signs of promise are? Yours, in search of truth,

"EDWARD LE CLARE."

Mrs. Le Clare moved more in society than formerly, and she had the satisfaction of meeting many who reciprocated her feelings in regard to slavery; and, while it warmed her heart, she spoke often upon the subject with a boldness and freedom which almost astonished herself.

The Rev. Mr. Brownson called upon her, exhorting her, as her shepherd, to desist from anti-slavery agitation.

Many months had now elapsed, since Edward's letter was sent to Frank Le Rux, and he had received no answer. The time was drawing near for him to visit home, and he wished much to hear from him. At length he received the following, which we will give *verbatim* :

"NEW ORLEANS POST OFFICE, August —, 18—.

"EDWARD LE CLARE :

MY DEAR FRIEND,—for such you, my more than brother, are willing to acknowledge *me*,—I have been seriously ill. Unfortunately, I was taken sick before your letter arrived; I lost recollection for

some weeks. I am now sitting up, however, and my father has given me your letter. O Edward, had it reached me in time, I think it might have saved me much suffering. My disease was more of mind than body. From what I can learn of others, I think I must have been delirious, and talked of you.

"My father and mother look sad; and poor old Dinah, my faithful nurse, says they have been in a 'terrible taking' about me. On asking her what was said, she replied, 'Oh! mas'r say, ab'lition, or someting like 'im, pizen yer rael bad; and w'en de letter cum, dey look all ober 'im to see what 'im was; and den, oh! how yer mudder groan, and cry; and yer farder, he look bad, an walk 'bout, an' ax de doctor all 'bout yer. An' one day I hearn yer farder cuss all de pizen ab'lition critturs dar was in de world, an' den he say good many tings 'bout you. Dat he rader all de niggers in de world die, den dat you die. He terribel mad wid 'um, 'caze dey didn't stay in Africa whar dey b'longs, an' dat 'twas de English did it; an' he say, he wern't to blame. And 'im say de min'sters up to de North say dat de Lord mean de niggers to be slaves. An' den he git us whar you can't har, an' whip an' frash us dref'ly. He say, if 't warnt for de niggers you wodn't die, an' if you did die, he'd 'nok 'um all to hell; an' I tell yer, Mas'r Frank, we's drefful skar'd, an' we all wish young mas'r lib allers.'

"O Edward! I am too weak to write, but you shall have these few lines. Poor miserable beings! Edward, you know but little about slavery. I shall fly from here; but whither I know not. Oh! how I long to see you. I have just perused your letter. I see you point and direct me to God, through Christ.

"Dear Edward, I must resume my pen, for I have much to tell you. I feel that this land of wrong, of whips and chains—this land of blood, has no God.

"Dinah has just entered my room with my tea; and I find I have spoken aloud what I was writing; for she said—'Law, yes, Mas'r Frank; God be here, he be eb'ry whar; I knows 'im har, 'caze he hern me pray great many times, an' he bless my poor soul too.'

"Ah,' said I, 'Dinah, do you pray?'

"O yes! Mas'r Frank, great many times; guess I does pray.'

"And how do you know God hears your prayer?'

"'Kaze, when my old man tuk sick, an' couldn't work no more, and old mas'r swar'd he could, an' tell de driver to whip him to deaf if he didn't work, an' his old back rael sore. Wal, he say, he wants to go to his Mas'r in de good world. Wal, den he ask me to pray de Lord to take him up dar, before de cruel driver cum in the mornin'. Wal, I prays all night, an' when de driver cum, swarin' he'd bréak his bones dat time, an' I's right behind him, pray'n all de time. Den he kick him; den I say, mas'r, he be dead! Den he kick him 'gin, an' den he say, "Sure 'nuff, Dinah, he be dead." O Mas'r Frank, wusn't I happy den?'

"And will you pray for me, Dinah?' said I.

"Oh, I does pray for you, young Mas'r Frank, and I tells de Lord to let you get well, and lib allers, 'kaze you's good, and so de slaves all say; an' dey all lub you berry much. But, Mas'r Frank, you pray; you can pray rael well.'

"But I am afraid the Lord will not hear me pray,' said I.

"O mercy, yes! de Lord will hear you right off,

'kaze you can pray so good, an' 'kaze you is white. Laws me! you tink de Lord hear old Dinah an' de oder niggers pray, and nebber hear you? Why you needn't pray half so hard — de Lord hear you right off. But, when my old man die, I hab to pray all night. O dear! Why, laws sake! he hear you in one minute, Mas'r Frank.'

"Well, Edward, I had faith in what Dinah said; and when Dinah left me, I tried to pray. But, alas! my faith is not like hers; it does seem to me that God is not here. Pray for me, Edward, that I may find him, and that he may give me rest—rest to my weary spirit. As I said, I am determined to fly from this hated place. But whither I know not. The North can offer me nothing. True, there are many warm and noble spirits there; but I would sooner remain where I am. There is more guilt upon those there who help to rivet the chains of the slave; for they have more light, and therefore are base, detestable hypocrites. Forgive me, Edward, if I wound you; but I must repeat it. President P.—, and all pro-slavery preachers, both North and South, are designing hypocrites; and, were I now an humble follower of Jesus Christ, whom they insult and blaspheme, I would enter the field against them. I would, by God's help, strip them of their pious mask, and hold them up to the scorn and derision of the world. Edward, I have been three days writing this. I believe my father is afraid of my answering your letter, for Dinah informs me that he questioned her upon the subject. I will ride out soon, and drop this letter in the office myself. Pray for me, Edward. Farewell.

"Yours truly, FRANK LE RUX."

Edward had felt somewhat uneasy at the commence-

ment of reading this letter, on account of his having fallen into the hands of Frank's father, lest it might embarrass his correspondence with Frank. But, upon perusing a copy of his own former letter, preserved for his mother's inspection, his mind was relieved. Surely, thought he, it is providential that the incendiary words, slave and abolition, were not in my letter to Frank.

The autumn was approaching, and Edward would soon leave. Now was the time to be very busy; but he would write to Frank. We can sketch but little of his college course, except to say, that it was impossible for any one in the institution not to respect him; but we will give his letter to Frank.

H— COLLEGE, August —, 18—.

"MY DEAR FRANK,— I long to meet you, for it is God who has drawn my heart to you. Now, my dear friend, in this thy distress, when all is so dark, have you not great reason to bless and praise your Father in heaven? You have but to go to him, cast your burden upon him, and light will beam upon you. He is near you; he is waiting upon you. Trust him; it is your only hope. Acknowledge him in all your ways. Resolve to do nothing but in his strength, and he will point the way. Jesus is ever near, and he loves the broken and contrite heart. Let his star go before you and lead the way; for, guided by Jesus, we never can stray.

"Oh, who can tell the amount of good you are destined to do in this world? Surely you will recover your health and finish your studies; but, as I have said, let God point the way.

"Write often, and as long as you please. Dear Frank, I sometimes wish I could bear your burden.

Our Saviour bore the burden and sin of a world. Let this teach us to be humble. He will give us grace to bear our trials, if we put our trust in him. That you may do this, is the prayer of your friend.

“Farewell, EDWARD LE CLARE.”

CHAPTER VI.

THE SERMON AND THE LECTURE.

WARM was the heart of Edward when he embraced his mother. "Ah, my son, this is but the third time in three long years," said Mrs. Le Clare, "that you have visited me. Oh! how wonderfully God has preserved us." She could but gaze upon him, so manly had he become during his absence from her. There he stood before her, with his high and noble forehead, she had almost said, the pride of her life; but she checked herself, lest there might be aught of sin in the thought, and said, "God be praised."

"And you, mother, seem to have grown younger in my absence," said Edward.

"I would sooner grow wiser than younger," said Mrs. Le Clare, with a smile. "Have you no lessons to give me? I at least expect to hear all the news."

Edward smiled in return, as he said, "Yes, mother, you shall not only have all the news, but all my secrets. But is there no news in C——?"

"O yes," replied Mrs. Le Clare. "Two thirds of our ladies have become abolitionists; they were, some of them, your schoolmates, and some have become residents of the place since you left. We have also formed a Ladies' Anti-slavery Society, and they have been looking for your return, with an expectation of your — of your —"

"Well, what, mother?" said Edward.

"Why, I hardly know," said Mrs. Le Clare, "what they expect of you, unless it is that you will give them an address; but," continued she, "as you have now become a young man, you must expect me to bring you out."

"And you will expect to act as my chaperon, mother," said Edward. "Poring over musty books, and keeping up with the classes, is not the thing to make a lady's man."

"I am happy to hear you make that remark," said Mrs. Le Clare. "I would not for the world have you do like too many young men in college, who leave their college duties, and fritter away their golden moments in the society of giddy females, under the delusive expectation that they will get a polish in manners, which will be prized in good society, while thereby they render themselves useless through life."

Edward was warmly greeted by many an old friend. Those whom he had left as boys and girls he now met as young gentlemen and young ladies; some were highly cultivated.

"That Miss Erskine is quite intelligent," remarked Edward to his mother, one evening.

"She certainly is," replied his mother; "they have been here but six months. George Brownson was somewhat particular in his attentions to her at first; but, since she became secretary of our anti-slavery society, he has somewhat neglected her. But I think I can discover that he is the only sufferer; I am sure that she cares nothing about him."

George Brownson was older than Edward by two years. They had been intimate in their boyhood; but

George had been in another institution, and they had seldom met for the last three years. George was now at home, a graduate; and Edward therefore expected that he would call upon him.

"There is something of coldness in Mr. Brownson's manner towards me of late," said Mrs. Le Clare, as Edward spoke of it to her; "but I do not suffer myself to change, or harbor any unkindness towards him."

On Sunday, Edward and his mother were early occupying their usual seats in church.

As Mr. Brownson passed up the aisle, Edward thought his recognition of him was colder than formerly. George entered the house late, and Edward was surprised at his haughty manner. He was certainly very good looking; but his manner and dress were evidently much studied.

Mr. Brownson labored hard in his sermon to convince his hearers that the church was in great danger from fanaticism. That infidelity was abroad in the land, under the guise of religion and a meek philanthropy. Many had fallen victims—many a young man who had promised fair was already blighted. All must be awake, and not suffer the unholy thing to come among them. But his words fell upon his hearers powerless. Oh! thought Edward, "*infidelity*" has already come—that *infidelity* which teaches us that "we should do unto others as we would that they should do unto us." Ah! thought he, though your sermon and prayers are long—your language high flown—your Greek and Latin profuse—and your step as stately and haughty as ever, yet "*infidelity*," has come into thy church, and *dares* to repeat, "that God has made of one blood all nations of the earth." That must

be anew kind of "*infidelity*," surely, that teaches thee to love God supremely, and love thy neighbor as thyself.

"Mr. Brownson stands upon his dignity," said Dr. Freeman to Mr. Erskine, "and thinks no one will dare dispute him — that no one will dare attempt to feed his flock; but, if I am not greatly mistaken, Edward Le Clare will dare to do so; for I take him to be one of those Christian *Infidels*, that Mr. Brownson alluded to in his sermon."

To the utter astonishment of Mr. Brownson, it was announced that Edward Le Clare would speak the next evening upon the soul-stirring subject of American slavery. This was to be done in the very pulpit where Mr. Brownson had made such long prayers the Sabbath before. "But who dared to let him have the house?" This was Mr. Brownson's question to Mr. Erskine.

"Why, sir," replied Mr. Erskine, "the vote of your church has been taken, and the house is to be used. Yes," continued he, "the very man against whom you were warning your hearers is to stand in your pulpit, and quote texts of Scripture, to make what you call *Infidels* — texts which you have so *little used*, that I fear you have forgotten they are in the Bible."

Calm and manly stood Edward Le Clare in that pulpit at the time appointed. Many thought that Mr. Brownson would not attend. But he and his son George were there, proud and haughty, hoping to look Edward down.

Edward commenced; but, in spite of them, he was calm. Still they frowned; but all eyes were upon the speaker as he portrayed the guilt, the sin, the wrong of slavery. On, on, he went, in such a manner as to touch

the heart of every hearer. There was a searching power in his words. Pro-slavery preachers, pro-slavery churches were stripped of their covering, and held up to the gaze of his audience. Mrs. Le Clare thought his power was not of earth. At length, it seemed as though the Spirit of love had descended upon him — all around seemed hallowed. There sat his hearers, gazing into his face, to hear those *facts*, to catch those *eternal truths*, coming, as it were, fresh from the meek and lowly, but now triumphant Saviour. And now his feelings seemed to rise with his subject as he pointed to the remedy; and his hearers arose with him, until their aspirations were high and holy. Many were convinced “of truth, righteousness, and judgment to come”; and upon their seats, with God and angels for their eternal witnesses, they made a firm resolve that, hereafter and forever, they would labor for truth and the oppressed. At the close, Edward read extracts from Frank’s letter. There was scarcely a dry eye in the house. Mr. Brownson appeared like one taken suddenly ill. What he had most dreaded, had come upon him; and it was noticed that, before he reached home, he was obliged to lean upon George’s arm.

“I did not think,” said Mr. Erskine, next morning, to Dr. Freeman, “that Edward Le Clare was so eloquent and powerful a speaker. He is destined, I think, to fill some high station in the service of his country.”

“Slavery must tremble,” said Dr. Freeman, “when such *truths* are proclaimed by such *men*. I think there is a power abroad in the land, among our young sons and daughters, that will sweep slavery, with the ‘besom of destruction,’ from the length and breadth of the nation.”

Edward was to spend an evening with a few friends at the house of Mr. Erskine. George Brownson was there; and he was, as is sometimes said by the ladies, "*in full dress*"; and his manner seemed to say, "who will dare dispute my right to superiority?" "Ah! sir," thought Ella Erskine, "you would have us believe that you belong to the aristocracy."

But what was it to Edward, if George Brownson did put on airs, and was proud and haughty? As to Edward Le Clare, *he* had no pretensions to make; he needed none; for there he was, in all his moral worth and nobleness of soul, and all loved and admired him. He saw, at one glance, that George was his enemy. "I would like," thought he, "to do him good; but he is determined to hold himself aloof from me." All seemed to wish to make themselves agreeable. George took a seat by Ella, and held her in conversation, evidently endeavoring to put on a superiority, on account of his being a *graduate*.

Edward and another gentleman were discussing some political subject at the opposite side of the room, and there was a difference of opinion upon some point of fact.

"We will refer it to George Brownson," said Edward.

With all due gravity, George decided against Edward, at the same time giving him a look of contempt, as much as to say, "I have stopped your career."

This was observed by Ella, and she said: "I beg your pardon, Mr. Brownson; but Mr. Le Clare is right. I can point you to the fact at any time when you will take the trouble to enter my father's library."

George Brownson's eyes flashed. He was embar-

rassed, and his confusion was visible to the whole company; he fairly turned crimson.

"Good evening, Mr. Brownson," said Ella, as George was leaving; "you must be better posted in politics. Call to-morrow, at ten in the morning, and my father will attend you in the library. We have also some valuable *anti-slavery works*, just published, and we will be happy to lend them to you, Mr. Brownson."

George bit his lips with vexation as he bid her "good evening," with a half-suppressed answer.

George Brownson really imagined he was fond of Ella; but he was vexed that she had dared to think for herself, and be an abolitionist. "She cannot," thought he, "be indifferent to my person. Then she is an only child, and there is a fortune; but I will manage the thing; she must first be made to see and feel my superiority."

"I imagine," said Mr. Erskine to Ella, "that George Brownson does not believe in ladies understanding politics."

"But *I* have a decided taste that way," replied Ella. "Poor man!" continued she, "the time has passed for his shining hypocrisy; some ladies *do* think for themselves, and I am one of the number. If George knew *all I think*, it might, perhaps, aid him to cast off that mask, and appear as he really is."

* * * * *

"Shall I read to you this evening, mother?" said Edward. "My friend, Frank, has sent me a paper."

Mrs. Le Clare trembled as she said "Yes."

Edward glanced at the paper a moment, and then read aloud: "Died, of cholera, at Paris, France, Mrs. Annette Le Rux, wife of Edward Le Rux, formerly a

resident of this city." And immediately after was the following: "It is rumored that Mr. Le Rux is in a decline, and will immediately sail for America with his family."

An exclamation, "*O God!*" came from Mrs. Le Clare; and, as Edward turned, she fell senseless upon the floor.

"Father in heaven! help!" said Edward, as Mrs. Wise entered the room. She had heard the words spoken by Mrs. Le Clare, and the fall, and instantly entered with restoratives. The blood was streaming from Mrs. Le Clare's mouth and nose.

"My mother is dead!" cried Edward, as he assisted Mrs. Wise to place her upon the bed.

Richard was immediately dispatched for Dr. Freeman. Mrs. Wise and Edward used all their exertions to restore her to consciousness; and, before the doctor arrived, she had opened her eyes, but instantly closed them again.

Dr. Freeman was much alarmed. "She must be kept perfectly quiet, and carefully watched," said he, "for fear of a return of the bleeding. She must not be permitted to converse."

The third day found Mrs. Le Clare better. Edward had scarcely left her bedside. On the fourth day, Dr. Freeman informed Edward that he had some hope of her recovery, but that it depended upon her not over-exerting herself. On the fifth day, Ella came. Mrs. Wise was not well, and Edward was nearly worn out; she, therefore, proposed remaining with them a few days. This was said in the presence of Dr. Freeman, and he made an effort to find out whether it would be agreeable to Mrs. Le Clare. Although her eyes were

closed, it was evident she had heard the conversation ; for, as he approached close to the bed, she said : " Yes, yes ; God bless her ! "

At the expiration of one week, Mrs. Le Clare was able to answer all necessary questions without danger to herself. Edward saw her eyes often fixed upon him with a mournfulness of expression that went to his heart. At the end of two weeks she sat up, and Edward again read to her words of comfort from the Psalms.

" You have been a most excellent nurse," said she to Ella, as she was about taking her leave ; then added, " God will reward you a thousand fold." And so thought Edward. " You see I am gaining fast," said Mrs. Le Clare to Edward. " How long have you been at home, my son ? I find I have made no account of time."

" It is but two weeks," replied he, " before the commencement of next term."

" You see that you will have to make your own arrangements. I am now able to be left alone ; you will, therefore, take all the time you need," said Mrs. Le Clare.

Edward tried to command himself ; but, in spite of all his efforts, he trembled. Mrs. Le Clare was calm.

" I read your feelings in your countenance, my son ; but I shall be better before you leave. Be comforted, my son ; you know not how unhappy it would make me to have your time encroached upon in the least."

Edward complied with her request, and made such arrangements as were necessary for his departure. Mrs. Le Clare did not in the least refer to the past, and Edward dared not. Dr. Freeman called often to

inquire after Mrs. Le Clare's health ; and, the day before Edward's departure, he pronounced her out of danger.

"I think she can ride with me this afternoon," said Edward, "to stimulate me in my leave-taking."

"If you are going to take leave of Ella Erskine," said the doctor, "you had better take me also ; I fear you will need more stimulus than your mother can give you."

"Nothing more than the assurance I have of Ella's worth," replied Edward.

"Such women as Ella will stimulate any young man to nobleness," said Mrs. Le Clare.

"It is only when she greets them with a smile, and they can bask in the approving light of her countenance," said the doctor ; "for I do not see that George Brownson is growing nobler."

Edward met with a warm-hearted good-bye from all upon whom he called. "I will see your mother often," said Ella ; "she shall not miss you when I am with her, I assure you."

The farewell was taken, and Edward and his mother left. Ella was sure that Edward was good ; she would be glad when he returned again, for it was hard for his mother to part with him. And now, indeed, Mrs. Le Clare was more lonely than ever before. Edward had been more active, and had seemed more like a prop to her than at any other period of his life. Ella was true to her promise, and spent many hours with her every week.

CHAPTER VII

THE CORRESPONDENCE.

WHILE Edward Le Clare is again poring over books, and passing through the usual routine of a student's life, we will go to the South, and look in upon Frank Le Rux. He is alone and thoughtful. Suddenly rising to his feet, and pacing the room, he said aloud: "No, I will not go and leave *her*. Her soul revolts at this horrid thing of slavery. I will stand by her; I will stay with her. She may, perhaps, do my mother good." And, taking his pen, he wrote to Edward as follows:

"NEW ORLEANS, October 1, 18—.

"DEAR EDWARD,— By reckoning time, I find that you have probably returned to college. I had thought of meeting you there; but it seems that God otherwise wills. My health is yet poor. My father is not much inclined to have me return North. Edward, I have found the rest of which you spoke; peace has taken possession of my soul; when I say peace, I mean so far as it is possible, where I am obliged to witness so much that is wrong. I have opened my mind freely to my father in regard to slavery. He would fain have me believe that the slaves are better off as they are. He is, I think, under some restraint; he is fearful that I will leave him. I have much more to write, but desire my mind to gather strength.

"I have a friend here now. She has but lately re-

turned from France, whither she went with her father, in her childhood. Slavery is new to her, and her soul detests it. They will have hard work to make her *free spirit* bow to *Southern institutions*. She appears to me to be the purest being to be conceived of upon earth. She soars so high, that it is impossible for me to follow her in her upward flights. No matter where she is, if among the slaves, she is talking of freedom. If with my father, she is talking of God's will to man; of his *design* in creating him and placing him upon this earth; of studying nature, and of the future destiny of the the race. My father, I know, thinks her the most unaccountable being in the world; and she seems to me to have a hold upon his feelings which he cannot account for. Her father seems melancholy; and, although he loves her ardently, he will gaze upon her mournfully, while often I have seen the tears course down his cheeks.

"I will write you again soon, after receiving an answer to this. Pray for me, Edward, and for my parents. Farewell.

"Yours, etc., FRANK LE RUX."

EDWARD TO FRANK.

"MY DEAR FRANK,—Man's accountability to his Maker is but little felt and realized in this world of wrong. Holier, purer, should we become every day of our lives. There is that in the mind of man, which, if not poisoned by evil, would raise him above the sordid things of earth, which so tend to bind him down.

"Selfishness is, in most minds, paramount to everything else. Oh! it is this which kills. 'To do unto others as we would that they should do unto us,' at all

times, and under all circumstances, is the food which gives the true life within us. But, oh ! how many feed only upon husks ?

“ In vain I turn to man for support. I am obliged to keep the stream of communication open between my spirit and the Father of spirits, or I should famish. Thus may it be with you, my brother. Commune with your own spirit, and you will always find your soul refreshed. You will grow stronger and stronger every step you take. Then fear not to meet a host who do battle against the right. Standing as you do now, surrounded with the Goliath of slavery, I think you can only use the sling ; but if your trust be in the living God, and he directs your aim, you will give a deadly blow to the enemy. Despise not the day of small things, nor run before you are sent. God has a work for you to do, and he will point the way.

“ I am much interested in the account you give of the young lady. Perhaps she is sent to become a co-worker with you in the vineyard of the Lord. Write me soon.

“ Farewell.

EDWARD.”

It was the winter of 1850. Congress was in session ; the Fugitive Bill had been introduced into Congress. Good men trembled ; Northern doughfaces were on hand to be bought.

Mrs. Le Clare received the Liberator ; but Edward did not know with what feelings she perused it. Thus wrote Edward to his mother on this subject :

“ They dare not do the unholy thing. It would curse the nation ; it would make a human hunting ground of the North, where thieves and robbers might stalk at large, in broad day, and command our Northern free-

“ But her young sons and daughters are aroused, and will redeem the character of the nation, by dealing justly, and loving mercy. The oppressed shall go free, and rise up and call them blessed. Yes, my mother, if this unholy bill is passed, the oppressed will yet arise in their strength and put off the yoke. Then will there be weeping and wailing through the nation, and the land shall ‘mourn for the desolation which has come upon her.’

“ Oh! that men would arise and learn to know themselves. But let us not dwell upon the dark side, mother. It will be as you have said—slavery will be done away. God sees and abhors human oppression. Human brotherhood will triumph. Let us pray much, dear mother.

Thus had and still thought Mrs. Le Clare; but there was an anxiety upon her mind which she could not overcome. She trembled at the receipt of every new paper; and Mrs. Wise, without knowing the cause, felt that she was suffering much. True, some-

times she was cheerful, but at others she could hardly force a smile. Ella saw her oftener than during the first weeks of Edward's absence; but, in spite of all her efforts, Mrs. Le Clare became more and more abstracted. Ella had learned to love her, and was alarmed at her appearance.

"You are really very ill," said she one day to her. "Have you informed Edward of the state of your health?"

"I have not as yet thought it necessary to do so," replied Mrs. Le Clare. "It would only give him anxiety, and serve to retard him in his studies, which would distress me exceedingly. I am not aware of any immediate danger in my case. It will be time enough to distress him when such appears to be the fact."

CHAPTER VIII.

FRANK LE RUX AND HIS COUSIN EMILY.

SEATED in an elegantly furnished parlor, in the vicinity of New Orleans, sat Frank Le Rux and his cousin, Emily Le Rux. She is the young lady of whom Frank had written to Edward in his last letter. They were both silent and thoughtful. Miss Le Rux's hand was pressed upon her heart. Occasionally she drew a long breath; and, as tears rolled down her cheeks, her head bowed lower and lower, until it rested upon her other hand.

Suddenly, Frank arose and paced the room, apparently in agony, while, occasionally, his eyes were lifted to heaven.

Each seemed unconscious of the other's presence. Suddenly Miss Le Rux sprang from her seat, and exclaimed, "'No way! No law! No hope but in God,' did he say? Then, there can be no God! It is all a mockery, and I shall become an Infidel."

Frank turned, as the words sounded in his ears; and, as she lifted her eyes to his, he said, in a soothing manner, though so mournfully that it sounded to Emily as if from the grave: "No God! No God! my dear cousin?"

"If what you say be true," replied Emily, "there is, there can be, none, or he would rend the heavens and come down. But I shall leave this house of crime,

and quit this place of blood! Better dwell among strangers, or in the wilderness, with poverty, or distress of any kind, as our portion. Yes, Frank," she continued, while a fire kindled in her eye; "these hands can earn my daily bread, or, if need be, I will beg sooner than witness such cruelty. Oh! I would sooner die a thousand deaths than again see what I have seen for the last few hours."

"Cousin," said Frank, "I have felt all that you now feel. Ah more! I have felt until life became a burden, and I longed for death. I have spent wearisome days and sleepless nights; I have spent hours, wandering I hardly knew where, that I might escape from the sight of the accursed thing; I have been sick, and raved in my delirium; I have felt that there was no God, at least, that there was none in this place; and yet I am now here, to tell you *there is a God*, for I feel Him here," (and he placed his hand upon his heart.) "Yes, Emily; there is a holy, just, and pure God, and he will avenge all wrong; for he has said, 'vengeance is mine.' I tremble for this guilty land! I tremble not only for the South, but for the North; for she is equally guilty in sustaining this accursed system of human slavery. But, Emily, I repeat it, there is a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God. I have found him, Emily, and he has been my support in many a trying hour."

Emily was silent for a minute, and then said, "I have been too hasty, Frank; I was taught but little of religion in my childhood; but I never could bear *oppression*. I have read my Bible, and believe we are bound to do right according to the best of our ability. It is not right for me to remain an inmate of this, or any

other house, and be silent when I witness such injustice. Why *my father* is so silent upon the subject, I know not. His only answer to me, when I speak to him upon the subject, is, 'You must shut your eyes and ears, my daughter, to these things. They *exist* all through the South. We are here, and here we must remain; at least, until my health is restored. I do greatly desire, yes, it is absolutely necessary, for your own, as well as my happiness, that you do not interfere with their affairs. Your uncle must love you.'

Emily was silent a minute, and then continued: "Frank, I have prayed, if lifting the heart above, and asking a higher Being than ourselves to keep us in the path of virtue, be prayer. I have always believed in a God, that from him I received all my blessings. And often, yes, *very often*, for the last four years of my life, have I felt that my spirit communed with him. I have viewed him in everything — in the flowers, in the trees, in the murmuring streams, and in the rolling thunders. I have praised him, and felt that I was happy. My step-mother, for you doubtless know," continued she, "that I lost my own mother when I was a child, was a woman of pleasure. Her father was rich, but altogether of a different turn of mind from his child. My father, though at times melancholy, was proud of my mother. He never denied her anything. He was very fond of me, and strove for my happiness. I believe my mother loved me also, for she always treated me with the utmost kindness. It was evidently a grief to her, however, that I had not the same tastes as herself. Often have I attended her and my father in their round of pleasure, because I knew it was their wish, when my heart was not in it, and I would much rather have

been at home alone, or with my grandfather, to whom I am indebted for all the high aspirations of my soul. I was sometimes much flattered, but never thought myself much admired. Frank," she continued, "I never make a firm resolution that I will do a thing until I am convinced I am right; or, as I think, looked up into heaven, and something seems to whisper me it is right; then it is registered in my own heart, and, as I have believed, above. Then I resolve, and keep my resolution."

Frank was distressed; and, in that state of mind, he wrote as follows to Edward:

"How consoling would it be to me, my dear Edward, could I this moment pour out my whole soul to you — you, who have been the instrument, in the hands of God, of pointing me above. But, Edward, I am distressed beyond measure. Oh! would that I could understand my duty in all things. I have a new cause of distress — my dear cousin Emily, of whom I spoke in my last. Well, it is as I suggested; they cannot, they *never will* be able to bring her noble spirit to bow down and be silent at the cruelty and oppression which she is obliged to witness every day while an inmate of this house. Her father seems as if thrown upon us for the present. He is a younger brother of my father's, who has spent several years in France, where his wife died. My father seems fond of him; but he is in very feeble health, and, I think, melancholy — at least, he is abstracted. I fancy he is no friend to our *peculiar institution*; but he maintains a perfect silence in regard to it. He is, I think, constrained in all his movements. I cannot but observe him narrowly; and,

as he refuses medical advice, I have come to the conclusion that his disease is more of mind than body.

"But, Edward, we have had a scene, and such a scene! I thought to have wrote it out before, but my heart and hand seemed to refuse. My father brought home a very light mulatto girl, about seventeen years of age. She had been a house-servant in one of the best families in the city, and much petted by her mistress, who died about one year ago, leaving the request that she might never be sold. Her master, Mr. Devony, took it into his head to marry again. His wife proved much the reverse in disposition to the former mistress—very cruel to the slaves. Julia would not brook it. Mrs. Devony had brought a house-servant of her own, and poor Julia was turned over to the tender mercies of the overseer, for a field hand. There she was unmanageable—spending her time in weeping, and, of course, falling behind the other hands. Well, as I said, my father bought her; and here, also, she was turned over to the overseer.

"Emily was much interested in the girl, and had had several conversations with her. It seems that the overseer had offered her some insult, at which she was very indignant. This she had communicated to Emily, and she was on the look-out.

"Emily and myself were sitting on the veranda, about ten in the evening. The moon was at her full, when we heard screams in the direction of the negroes' quarters.

"'Villain!' said Emily, as she sprang to her feet, and flew, almost with the speed of lightning, in the direction from which the screams proceeded. I followed, but she was there before me. When I arrived,

Julia was lying on the ground, about one rod from the door; and in the cabin was Emily, with a club in her hand, with which she had felled the overseer to the ground. He was partially intoxicated, and was lying upon his face. As we turned to lift up the girl, Julia, we beheld my father; he was pale; but I knew not whether from anger, or from what cause.

“‘You can retire, Miss Le Rux,’ said he.

“But Emily had already the head of the poor girl in her lap; and, without noticing my father’s remarks, commenced chafing her hands, and, at the same time, saying, ‘Water, Frank! water!’

“This was brought, and poured into her mouth, and over her. She revived, opened her eyes, looked at Emily, and said, ‘Death! death!’

“‘Yes,’ said Emily, ‘death before——’ She stopped; but, oh! how her eyes flashed as she fixed them upon my father. I know not what he felt, but he did not speak.

“By this time, the slaves had some of them gathered on the spot; and Emily, without even looking at my father, said, with a firm voice: ‘Take Julia to my chamber.’ Still my father spoke not. Two of the negroes took up Julia, and Emily led the way to the house.

“I was left alone with my father. He folded his arms, and, for some minutes, paced back and forth. His appearance betrayed contending emotions. Oh! how I longed to hear him speak words of right. I gazed upon him; I tried to lift up my heart in his behalf; but an agony was in my soul, and I only groaned in spirit. At length, he turned to enter the cabin, and, as he passed me, said: ‘I can dispense

with your company, sir.' And then muttered to himself, 'She — ah! She dare -- ah! lady — French education — high life — airs — she — she can ——' And his words died away as he entered the cabin.

"Slowly I went to my room, and spent such a night! O Edward, I shall not attempt to describe it! Suffice it to say, my room joined Emily's; I could hear her pace the room; I could hear the groans of the poor slave girl, and I could hear Emily's in return. I could hear her as she passed out and in, and down the stairs, to procure such restoratives for Julia as were necessary. I trembled lest, upon my father's return, he would go to the room; but I was relieved when, at about eleven o'clock, he entered the house, and went straight to his own room.

"Emily appeared at breakfast as usual. My father did not give her the usual 'good morning,' but remained silent during the meal. Emily apologized for the absence of her father. 'He was not well — she would take him his coffee.' Oh! could you have seen with what *dignity* she met my father's offended look. Her eyes betrayed a sleepless night, and were somewhat reddened by weeping. O Edward, heaven was in that face. 'She has surely,' thought I, 'been strengthened from above.' It appeared to me that she was about to be offered up for her poor victim, and that she was ready. I tried to pray that 'the bitter cup might pass.'

"I have learned from Joe that Julia had a terrible struggle with the overseer; that she fought him until exhausted; that, getting the advantage for the moment, she gave the screams, and fled from the cabin; that he again seized and choked her; that, on our approach,

he let go his hold, and she fell upon the ground, where we found her.

"I had an interview with Emily to-day; she is in great agitation. I know not what will be the end of these things. My health is yet impaired. My letter is long, but I hardly know when to close. There is a comfort in writing to you which I find in nothing else, except communing with my God. Farewell, dear Edward. Pray for us all; pray, for I know you have access to the throne of grace. I know that with you prayer is not a mockery. The farewell lingers, but I must say it.

FRANK LE RUX."

And what were Edward Le Clare's feelings as he perused this letter? For a few minutes he seemed to stand side by side with Frank, in the room with Emily, gazing upon that noble-minded but broken-hearted girl, and bending with them over her couch, to offer words of comfort and hope, while he pointed to the North, telling her to fly. And then his mind reverted to the *accursed Fugitive Bill* before Congress. And he seemed to stand with those who were discussing that bill, pointing them to this very scene, and calling upon them by their *manhood*; and then came the thought, they *have none*. Again, from this, he seemed pointing them to the final scene, where they would meet this, their *sister*, in *another world*. "Conscience," thought he, "they have none. Hope," thought he, "there is none. O *guilty nation*!" he exclaimed, "guilt is in all thy borders! Corruption and debauchery is in the hearts of thy rulers. Thy sanctuaries are defiled by those who should break the bread of life to the starving. *Rise! rise!*" he said, as he paced the

room. "Rise in thy strength, all ye who love mercy, and would deal justly." At length he said,

"Up to the work! Oppression bold is stalking through our land!
Up to the rescue! one and all, and form a *mighty band*.
Gird on the armor of the Lord; then we are sure to win.
No longer let us yield the power to those who live by sin."

Work manfully in the great cause, and the Lord will be thy strength."

At length he became calm; but what could he say to Frank? How could he comfort him? But he would write,

"DEAR FRANK,—I do indeed pity you, and Emily, your cousin. You, doubtless, suffer much. But what are your sufferings compared with that poor sufferer, the slave girl, Julia? And then to think that there are thousands in similar circumstances—those, too, for whom Christ died—his own redeemed ones. I wish to possess the peaceful spirit of Him of whom I speak; and yet I sometimes feel as if, should this accursed Fugitive Bill pass the House, I would fight with carnal weapons. I long to have you come North. You might do much good here lecturing; but you cannot leave Emily; and her father, you say, is ill. Well, I can offer you no advice, except to stand fast in the strength of the Lord, and let him point the way.

"You say nothing of your mother's feelings in regard to Julia's case. It seems strange to me that women do not arouse themselves to the wrongs inflicted upon their own sex. Are the hearts of the mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters of the South 'clean gone forever?' Are all their nobler feelings prostituted to the sustaining of such damnable wrongs? Dear Frank, do they not blush at such acts? Why not

put sackcloth and ashes upon their heads, and go mourning all the day long, in view of their humiliation and shame? Methinks, my dear Frank, there can be no true virtue in the South. How long would it take to undo this abomination, if the hearts of all the *women* were aroused and right? How *dare* they thus be still? How dare they look in the face of a world? But still more, how dare they look in the face of their *Maker*? Do slaveholding women ever attempt to pray? 'Tis mockery. What! ask for salvation, and live with such a sin resting upon their guilty souls? Do they dare to die? No, they dare not, unless they expect to meet only a God of slavery, corruption, and licentiousness. No, I repeat, they have an imaginary God; but, let them have but one glimpse of the true God—of his character, his holiness, his purity, his justice—and 'despair would seize upon them'; their strength would utterly fail them; they would 'cry mightily unto the Lord', until they saw the accursed thing done away from among them. O Frank, would that the women of America might consider, and learn for what they were created!—that it was for immortality—that the slave-women are their sisters, created like them, in the image of their Maker—that they must meet them in eternity, and give an account of all which they have done unto them! Let the women of the South remember that there is no '*peculiar institution*' in heaven, and that however much ministers may preach smooth things to them here, yet 'to their own Master they must stand or fall.'

"Northern doughfaces and pro-slavery ministers will be dumb there. There will be no pro-slavery sermons preached, no pro-slavery votes cast. There they will

stand, face to face, with that Almighty Being who has said, that he 'made of one blood all nations, to dwell on the face of the earth.' There they will stand, face to face, with that oppressed race, whose cries, whose tears, whose groans have so long 'gone up, and entered into the ear of the Lord God of Sabaoth.' And yet, Frank, I have a hope that there will yet be noble women at the South, who, with the light of truth now before their eyes, will 'come up to the help of the Lord.'

"God grant that it may be so. Farewell.

EDWARD."

"But what of Mrs. Le Clare?" Thus thought Edward, for it had been a long time since he had heard from her. He was anxious, and he wrote to her as follows :

"Faint not by the way, dear mother; but keep your mind strengthened in the Lord. I am anxious about your health, but trust that you are well and happy. My time is much occupied at present. I am stimulated in all my exertions by feeling that I am fulfilling your pleasure, and by the hope I have of soon meeting you, also in the hope of becoming useful. There is much talk among the students about professions — of becoming statesmen, and being honorable. I will not deny that I, too, have thought of a profession — have thought that I would like to stand in the legislative halls of my country, and there proclaim eternal truth. I have thought of honor; but how is honor won in America, at the present time? I will answer. By perjury — by base hypocrisy — by bowing down to the Mammon of slavery — by prostituting every noble faculty of the soul — by making ourselves subservient

to all wickedness — by casting votes to bind the chains of slavery — by bowing low to every vice which ever stained this beautiful earth.

“From my soul, I abhor and detest it. I would sooner stand side by side with the miserable slave, and clank my chains at the veriest verge of the South, than occupy the *White House*, or stand upon the floor of the Senate with a perjured soul, or lick the spittle of Southern slaveholders.

“I look upon my fellow men as they stand forth to the eye of the world, and admire the workmanship of the Creator. I behold his acts upon the drama of life, and my heart grows sick. Tell me, my dear mother, why do men become brutes? With all the faculties of soul which God has given him, why does he ever become a mere animal?

“In this letter, my dear mother, you may read your Edward’s heart; but ’t is you who have taught me to know myself, and I bless you for it. Farewell.

EDWARD LE CLARE.”

(MRS. LE CLARE TO EDWARD.)

“DEAR EDWARD,— You say truly that we need strength, lest we faint by the way; to obtain which we should pray always and without ceasing: thus we will keep our minds so staid upon God that we can, at all times, commune with him. And yet, my son, when I read the Congressional news, I almost faint by the way.

“You ask me when, and how it is, that men, created in the image of their Maker, debase themselves so low? It is a solemn question, and one that I would like to hear answered by the men who are now ruling

the nation ; for, from what I have read of their acts, I am convinced they are morally rotten to the very core.

“ Be watchful, my son, of thy nobler part—the mind. Men fall from rectitude by littles, not at once.

“ I see but little of our minister, Mr. Brownson ; he is of late becoming very unpopular here. George Brownson, I am told, is studying divinity.

“ Ella visits me often, and, I think, comes the nearest filling your place of any one, as she reads to me, talks to me, and is always anxious for my welfare. I think she is a treasure.

“ Now, my dear son, I must say farewell.”

This letter from Mrs. Le Clare was unusually short ; but there was an anxiety in her mind, which she feared to betray to Edward, on the subject on which he had written.

CHAPTER IX.

FRANK LE RUX TO EDWARD LE CLARE—MORE ABOUT THE
SLAVE JULIA.

“MY DEAR EDWARD,—What were we poor creatures without sympathy? Those words in your last letter, ‘Pity you, and Emily, your cousin, also,’ how they went to my heart! But, Edward, I know not whether the word pity can properly be applied to her. If the word envy can be used without sin, then, let me say, I envy her. Oh! there is a purity that dwells in her soul, welling up, like an overflowing fountain, to soothe and refresh the weary spirit, so that our very life is spiritualized. And yet, Edward, there are minds so depraved, so steeped in wrongs, that, although surrounded with its vitalizing influence, they cannot inhale it. Oh! how lost are such! But you want to know, and I will tell you, what has occurred here since my last letter.

“Emily, you recollect, took her father his coffee, and remained with him half an hour.

“‘Is your father seriously ill?’ I inquired, as she made her appearance.

“‘I find that he has had a bad night,’ said she; ‘and I was afraid he was much worse; but he seems more comfortable just now.’

“She looked pale. Giving her my arm, we ascended the stairs. At the door of her room stood Dinah.

Opening the door noiselessly, Emily bade me enter. I did so, and stood before the bed of the sufferer, Julia. Her slightly waving hair had been combed carefully back by Emily. There was a napkin laying across her forehead ; and, as Emily removed it, I was struck with her noble brow. Her eyes were closed. There was an occasional tremor of the hands, and her lips moved convulsively. She was evidently sleeping. Dinah had also entered the room, and stood at a little distance from the bed. Suddenly, Julia gave a scream, and with one spring, nearly bounded from the bed before Emily had time to speak. She, however, replaced her in the bed.

“Looking at Emily, she said: ‘Oh, yes! you are an angel. God bless you.’ Again her eyes were closed; but one hand was partially raised, as if to heaven. Involuntarily I uttered a deep groan.

“‘Oh! isn’t it rael wicked, Mas’r Frank?’ said Dinah.

“I turned at the sound of her voice. The tears were coursing down her wrinkled cheeks, as she said:

“‘I know’d yer wouldn’t like it a bit, nor dear Miss Em’ly neder. Dey t’ink de niggers hab no feelin’, and no souls neder; but de Lord’ll pay ’em. July’s got jest as much soul’s anybody, an’ most as white too, ’cept Miss Em’ly here; an’ I berily b’lieve she’s jest an angel, only she ain’t got no wings; but de Lord’ll gib her sum wings bim-by, and dat he surely will.”

“At this minute we were startled by the sound of my mother’s voice, at the foot of the stairs, calling, in an angry tone, and telling Dinah to do as she was bid.”

“‘Oh! marcy,’ said Dinah, while she trembled from

foot, 'Missis send me to take July up to de

'can't go,' said Emily; 'she is too feeble; it her.'

Lord! I knows it; but missis is drefful mad ry dis mornin'; an' when I tell her de poor ting ad, she say she'd send me to the oberseer if I mind. But 's no matter if Dinah do die; but I ant dat critter to kill me. I'd like to hab time de Lord, and go away 'joicing, like my ole

in my mother's voice was heard, in a still more me, calling to Dinah. During the interval of speaking, Emily had been leaning over the bed; the sound of my mother's voice, she turned round, and fixed her eyes on me. I thought it appeal to me; and, advancing to the door, I [will meet my mother.' 'No, Frank,' said 'God is just, and the justifier of all those who rill. I will meet your mother; your inteference harm. It will only irritate her, whereas I wish liate her. If you attend her, she will look upon aving been the means of your insubordination

ing me hesitate, she continued, 'Now do, dear go to your room. Come,' said she to Dinah, me; I will stand between you and harm; for I en the cause of your disobedience.'

! de Lord bless you! de Lord bless you!' said as, with a half trusting, half frightened look, owed Emily down the stairs, while I went to m, leaving the door ajar, that I might be on Julia should awake, for that scream still sounded

in my ears. My mother was in the parlor; and, by throwing open the door of my chamber, I could hear the conversation.

“ ‘I have come, my dear aunt,’ said Emily, ‘to inform you that I was the cause of Dinah’s disobeying your orders, in not removing Julia from my room; or to say, that I objected to her being removed, although it would have been out of Dinah’s power to have done it; for she is too weak to be removed. Sympathy for the poor girl made Dinah forget, perhaps, for the minute, your command. As there was no intention on the part of either Dinah or myself to treat your orders with contempt, I trust we have not incurred your displeasure.’

“ ‘You have been raised in France, Miss Le Rux,’ said my mother, ‘and seem ignorant of the course you should pursue in regard to the institution of slavery. You are, therefore, more to be pitied than blamed for your conduct for the last twenty-four hours. It is this alone which has saved you from the displeasure of both myself and Mr. Le Rux, and also from a reprimand from him. It seems,’ continued my mother, ‘that certain fanatics at the North have taken it into their heads that slavery is not an institution of the Bible, or that, if it was, the Lord Jesus Christ preached against it, or in favor of a universal brotherhood of the races, or something of that kind; and, notwithstanding their ministers stand up in the pulpit and defend it, these fellows dare to preach what is termed “abolitionism,” which, our minister says, is no more nor less than that slavery is wicked and should be abolished; and that the negroes should marry with the whites. These people are called “*Infidels*” at the North, by those who know what a good thing slavery is.’

"Emily was silent, and my mother continued: 'We sent Frank North, to the — college; and, the first time he came home, he was so tinctured with "infidelity" that he caused us a great deal of trouble; and you can have no idea how much we endured on his account. He will never go North again, I assure you. And you, Emily, must learn to view the thing in a different light. It is quite beneath your dignity to trouble yourself upon the subject. You will probably marry some time, and you will make a fine mistress, if you view the thing in a right light. The slaves are our own property, you know. How are young ladies to be supported, if we add nothing to our income? That great fuss last night was all for nothing. It is profitable, you see, to raise slaves on the plantation. You understand me, Miss Le Rux?'

"I was trembling from head to foot with indignation. Every minute I had expected to hear the voice of Emily, speaking in the strongest terms possible of the wrong, the guilt, and the wickedness of my mother.

"'And you will permit Julia to remain in my room until she is better?' were the first words she uttered.

"'Oh!' thought I, 'with all her feelings, she has been able to command herself, that she might gain her point. Oh! how nobly has she acted.'

"'Ah! here,' said my mother, 'you do not understand the thing again. These creatures will make an awful fuss about nothing, if they receive the least kindness. Just let them remain in their quarters, and, unless some disease gets among them, they'll come out all right. Julia wants driving up a little, and close training.'

"'But you have not seen Julia, aunt,' said Emily.

"'Me see her?' said my mother. 'I would look

THE CURSE ENTAILED.

running after the creatures! Do you think I
d trouble myself about them? Why, Emily, she
inued, 'you are a strange girl. How shall I go to
k to teach you? You won't hear our ladies talk
t way. I must bring you out soon, if your father is
t able to attend you. Frank will be able soon to
ix in society again.'

"But really, dear aunt," said Emily, 'Julia is very ill,
and I fear, if she is moved, will die.'
"I did not wait for my mother's reply. It seemed to
me that Emily was suffering martyrdom, and I longed
to stand in her place; not that I thought that I could
pass the ordeal better, but I wished to relieve her.
'Now,' thought I, 'is my time;' and, descending the
stairs, I entered the room.

"Frank," said Emily, 'I was just about to offer my
arm to your mother to ascend the stairs, that she might
see Julia, and be able to decide for herself whether it
would be safe for her to be removed.'

"Yes, mother," said I, 'Julia is really very bad.'
"My mother looked vexed, as much as to say, 'How
ungentlemanly, Frank! You would not have asked
me to do it once.' But, in spite of her aristocracy, she
suffered herself to be led from the room. She started
as she beheld Julia; indeed, she was much worse than
in the morning — had a high fever, and was somewhat
delirious. Dinah said she had been drooping ever since
my father bought her; and now my mother was in a
great fret for fear that Julia would die, and thus be
some hundreds of dollars loss to them. She consented
that Julia might stay in Emily's room until my father
returned, who was to be absent one week.
"At dinner, my mother remarked, that Dinah h

better sleep in Emily's room, as Emily must not be kept awake ; it would spoil her pretty face. They could not afford to lose Julia ; she believed she would never be worth to them what Mr. Le Rux paid for her, as her old mistress had spoiled her. Her old mistress was a very weak woman any how, always talking about her duties to her slaves ; she thought their new mistress would teach them what was what."

But we must return to Mrs. Le Clare. Thus writes Edward to her :

"I know not but the Fugitive Bill will pass both houses ; but let true men do their duty, and slavery will yet be abolished. It is light that is needed by the mass ; and then they will shake themselves until they are shorn of their dishonor. The people of the North have been led blindfold by Northern doughfaces, who are but *the tools of Southern aristocratic slaveholders*. Facts must be brought before the people, and it is being done. There are those who are willing to be offered up, if need be.

"Oh ! what a pioneer for liberty has Wm. Lloyd Garrison been ! It is but recently that I have got hold of the facts connected with his first anti-slavery movements. This devoted man, in connection with Benjamin Lundy, published an anti-slavery paper, called the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*, prior to the establishment of the *Liberator*. In Park-street Church, Boston, on the 4th of July, 1829, in his address to the people, on the subject of *American slavery*, he taught the wicked doctrine of *gradual emancipation* ; but in the first number of the *Liberator*, we find him confessing his folly as follows : ' I seize this opportunity of making a full and unequivocal recantation ; and

thus publicly ask pardon of my God, of my country, and of my poor brethren, the slaves, for having uttered a sentiment so full of timidity, injustice, and absurdity.'

" Wm. Lloyd Garrison, as editor, issued the first number of the *Liberator* on Saturday, January 1, 1831. In this paper he says: 'I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—and I will be heard.' And to oppression he said:

" 'I swear, while life's blood warms my throbbing veins,
Still to oppose and thwart, with heart and hand,
Thy brutalizing sway—till Afric's chains
Are burst, and Freedom rules the rescued land,
Trampling oppression and his iron rod;
Such is the vow I take—so help me God!'

" From that day to this, who has ever charged him with losing sight of his heaven-registered vow? No one. From his first entrance into public life, he has been strong in his original purpose—dissipating the mists of blindness, superstition, and bigotry from the minds and hearts of the people. Let ignorance continue to cry down the holy warfare as being '*infidelity!*'—God looketh at the heart. From whence does this cry come? From pro-slavery preachers and churches—from slaveholders who deal in the bodies and souls of men—and from those who, I believe, would gladly make a *slave* of the *Lord Jesus Christ*, were he at the South, and dared preach the same doctrines there that he did eighteen hundred years ago. They would crucify him as a rebel against American institutions. For, verily, they have perverted his teachings, and have enslaved and slain his poor and needy children; and he says, that what they do to his followers they do to him. Can

they tell him that they did not know what his *golden rule* meant ?

E. L. C."

(MRS. LE CLARE TO EDWARD.)

"Verily, my son, it is thou who needest strengthening at this time. "Be not cast down, O my soul,' for God liveth. He has a church on earth ; yes, and *firm* as the *everlasting hills* it stands, 'and the gates of *hell* shall not prevail against it.'

"My heart has been sorely tried with poor Mr. Brownson. I believe I have told you, that it was under his preaching that I was converted. It has been a stumbling-block to me ; for, at that time, I believed him to be a warm-hearted Christian ; but I see how it is : he was not crucified to the world ; and, in the time of temptation, fell away. I fear he is one of those of whom Christ said, 'that their last end would be worse than their first.' I met him a few days ago ; his light has gone out. He seems so dark that it almost makes me shudder. He thought to wound me by remarking, that 'our colleges were being filled with young Infidels.' But Ella was with me, and turned all his shafts, and I had but little to do. He tried to aim deadly blows at Garrison. Ella answered him by saying, that 'slavery and pro-slavery preachers were all the instrumentalities that the devil needed to make the world truly and hopelessly Infidel, both to God and man, and there would be no thanks due to them, if the world did not become Infidel.' She is a dear good girl, Edward, and as bold in the truth as a lion. Mr. Brownson was loud in his commendations of George. Ella remarked, that she wondered he did not turn farmer, for she was sure there would soon be but little need of *pro-slavery preachers*. She was not quite sure but the time had

come, spoken of by Christ, when we needed not that 'any man should teach us.'

"His dignity, too, seems to have proved treacherous; and, instead of the loftiness and high bearing, so much his support in former days, there is an uneasy restlessness in his manner — a looking down, as if he could not brook your eye. Indeed, Edward, it speaks to me thus: '*I have fallen, and you know it.*' Ella says, she 'would sooner be a slave at the South, than slavery's ass at the North.'

"George can yet put on lofty airs, though he will never run the race his father has; it is altogether too late in the day. I believe that the prayers of good men have been heard, and that the Lord is about to answer them. Prayer is a mighty weapon to the pulling down of strongholds. Then let us pray much, my dear Edward; yea, 'pray without ceasing.' Farewell."

Mrs. Le Clare's health, at the time she penned this letter to Edward, seemed waning. She found herself thinner than usual; "but then there is no disease upon me," said she, one morning, to Ella, when Ella expressed anxiety at her appearance; "perhaps I need to take more exercise."

"And will you walk with me?" said Ella.

"I believe I will," replied Mrs. Le Clare, "for the morning is truly inviting."

Ella brought her bonnet and shawl, and gave her arm to Mrs. Le Clare. After a walk of about half an hour, they returned to the house. Mrs. Le Clare found herself invigorated.

"And now, my dear Ella," said she, "I know that I am indebted to you for all these kindnesses; but I am also aware that, with your disposition, you possess a reward

in your own heart. You have been to me a great comfort since my Edward's departure. God will reward you a thousand fold, both in this world and in that which is to come. Had my Edith been here ——," her voice faltered, her lips moved, but Ella did not catch the words. Mrs. Le Clare was greatly agitated.

"Ah!" thought Ella, as a tear trembled in her eye, "she then once had a daughter; but she is dead." And she inwardly resolved that she would be more than ever attentive.

CHAPTER X.

MORE ABOUT THE SLAVE JULIA.

(FRANK TO EDWARD.)

"WELL, the scene is over, dear Edward; and the poor down-trodden, but noble minded Julia, is no more, and her blood is crying from the ground in every part of this, our guilty land. I seem to see the God of the oppressed about to deal out vengeance upon this nation. I seem to see blood, fire, famine, pestilence, and all the various judgments which were ever dealt out upon any guilty nation for their transgressions, hovering over this nation. There is a wail, and it greets me wherever I go. I have no rest; all about, above and below, is blood. Ah! whither shall I fly? The very mother who bore me is a murderess! and my father who begat me a monster! Think! oh, think! what a fate mine must be. One would suppose I should not approach my mother, because she is stained with blood; and that I could not own my father because he is a murderer!

"But, Edward, where was I? Was I not going to tell you about poor Emily? Well, that noble, disinterested creature has been suffering much: she is as pale as death. When I remonstrated with her about her disregard of her own health, she, with her usual kindness, pressed her hand upon my brow, telling me that I was not well myself, that I was feverish, and that

I must not write more until I was more calm. I will not; and shall petition my Father in heaven for firmness to address you.

* * * * *

"Well, Edward, I have been in communion with my Heavenly Father, and I feel more calm. I think I was bewildered when Emily came to my room, and, laying her hand upon my brow, bid me wait until I was more composed.

"Now I will endeavor to tell you my horrid story. The slave, Julia, grew worse, and was delirious. Emily's father was more unwell, and she had to divide her time between her father and Julia. I could discover that she always came from his room with a kind of anxiety, or distress, depicted upon her countenance. Dinah slept in Emily's room, and was with Julia while Emily was with her father.

"My mother was constantly talking of the loss of the girl, pecuniarily, if she should die. 'The slaves are becoming good for nothing,' she said. 'I believe they have all got infected with that miserable abolition; and I think they will all yet run away or die. It appears to me the wicked doctrine has come in the wind, and the slaves as well as some of the white folks have caught it. Some people inform me,' she continued, 'that miserable *Infidels* are prowling all around the country as pedlers and this and that, pretending that they had found a new meaning to the Bible; and that when Christ said, "we must do unto others as we would have others do unto us," he meant niggers too. I should n't wonder, if they went 'round among the niggers at night, trying to make them believe they were just as good, in the sight of God, as their masters and

mistresses; that God meant they should be free, and that it was right for them to run away. A great many of them have already run away; and I have been told, that there is an *underground railroad*, and people placed along the route to feed the slaves and pay their fare. I think it a pretty business, and hope the fanatics will all be caught and hanged upon the first tree.'

" 'The better you treat slaves,' said she, 'the worse they will act. You ought to have seen the slaves on my father's plantation. Why, they did n't know any more than the cattle; they did n't know who made them, or that there was any God. I tell you, *we* did n't have any fuss. I have known them to be whipped till their backs were like a piece of raw beef, except that it turned up in ridges; I have often seen my father laugh, and mimic the wry faces they would make when he put the strong salt-brine on their backs. Perhaps you don't know why this is done, Emily. It is to keep them from dying; for they can't afford to have their slaves die. If it was Julia's back that had been hurt, I would try it on her; but I don't know where she's hurt. I should n't wonder if Mr. Le Rux would say it was wilfulness after all that ails her, and try a few cuts of the whip upon her.'

" Emily had been perfectly dumb during all this horrible recital by my mother, without even lifting her eyes. 'Has she power to speak?' thought I, 'or is she paralyzed?'

" But 'cum, cum quick; do Miss Em'ly,' from Dinah's voice, had power to move her, and she flew like lightning up the stairs, followed by myself.

" Oh! Lo'd, missis,' said Dinah, 'she's got right up in bed; an' her eyes roll all 'bout, an' star' rite at me,

till I's rael skared; an' den she look rite at dat ar gown thar, an' say 't was de oberseer! An den' she holler rite out, "Em'ly;" an' w'en she seed you din't cum, she shake her fist jes' so; an' den lift her eyes rite up to heben. An' den I git thar, an' lay her rite back in bed 'gin; an' now I b'leve she's fas' 'sleep?

"Emily approached the bed. 'She is sleeping. See, cousin, her fever is abating, and she seems better.'

"'But what can life be to her?' said I; 'I had almost hoped that her trials would soon end.'

"'Law, yis; Mas'r Frank?' said Dinah, 'you's all rite 'bout dat. I's wished a t'ousand times I'd died. Why, poor ole Dinah's back's all jes' like bone, from one end to toder. Why, Mas'r Frank, an' good Miss Em'ly, w'en I lib wid ole mas'r, den de niggers 'now'd nothin' down dar; an' dey let me hab one chil', an' den dey sell 'im; an' den noder, an' sell 'im, 'til dey sell six; an' I lub 'em jes' as well's anybody, an' sum ob um mos' white. Den, w'en dey gib me my ole man, den I hab noder, an dey sell 'im too, an' he jes's smart's witch. An' ebry time w'en dey take 'way my chil'-ren, I cry dreff'ly; den dey whip, whip, an' call me fool, an' ebry 'ting else; but I could n't help cry. An' den, w'en your moder git mar'ed, Mas'r Frank, den dey gib my ole man and me tu her; an' den, w'en you born, Mas'r Frank, den I took good car' ob you, but tink all time 'bout my own poor chil'ren, all gone way off, nobody knows whar. An' den my ole man say, sumbody tell 'im 'bout de Lo'd, an' dat he har us w'en we talk; an' dat he make de niggers as well's de white folks; an' den we talk to the Lord eb'ry night, an' my ole man tell 'im make young mas'r good; an' he say he will; an' he tell no lie neder.'

“Emily had been sitting by the bed, apparently having her mind occupied with her own thoughts, so as not to have noticed Dinah’s remarks; but, at this moment, I saw the tears rolling down her cheeks, and Dinah said:

“‘Oh! marcy, dear Miss Em’ly, I’s made you cry. Neber mind, ’kase I’s goin’ puty soon up to de Lord, whar my ole man’s gone; an’ I’ll tell de Lord all ’bout you an’ Mas’r Frank, an’ dat you’s so good. But I hopes, if you stays down here, an’ eber finds my chil’rens, you’ll tell um ’bout de Lo’d, an’ whar we’s gone; ’kase I’m fear’d dey neber know nothin’ ’bout ’im, an’ dey ’ll neber ask ’im to let dem cum up dar, an’ I wants see ’um so bad! I jes’ b’leve I’ll die if dey don’t cum to see me.’

“I arose and paced the room. I could not conceal my emotions, as I said; ‘Yes, Dinah, you will meet your children in heaven; but I shall never meet my parents there, for blood is on their skirts.’

“At this moment, Julia. awoke, looked about the room, and then fixed her eyes upon Emily.

“‘Do you feel better?’ asked Emily.

“‘Yes,’ was her reply; ‘but I have had such a bad dream,’ she continued; ‘I am so happy now, though.’ Her eyes were fairly illuminated. Emily offered her some nourishment. She took some, was silent a few minutes, and then said:

“‘Dear Miss Emily, may I tell you my dream?’

“‘Certainly;’ said Emily; ‘I wish to hear it.’

“‘Well,’ said Julia, ‘let Master Frank, and Dinah stay; I want them to hear it too.’

“Emily bowed in acquiescence, and she began:

“‘I dreamed I was here, Miss Emily, right here, ly-

ing upon this bed. Dinah was here, but you and Master Frank were not here. Suddenly, the door opened, and master entered the room, and with him the overseer. I turned my head away, for I could not bear to look at him. Master Le Rux told me, I need not put on my airs, for he would not have it. He then asked me how I did? I told him that I was some better, still keeping my eyes turned to the wall, so that I could not see the overseer, for it made me feel faint, and my head grew dizzy to look at him. Master then bade me get up, and go to the quarters. I told him I was too weak, but that I was willing to die; and if he would send the overseer away from the plantation, and get a new overseer, I would try to go. At this master looked at me dreadfully, and told the overseer to carry me to the slave quarters. He came towards me; I called for you; but as you did not come, I sprang up in bed, shook my fist at him, uttered a scream, and fell back upon the bed. The overseer was about to lay his hands upon me; I shut my eyes to hide him from my sight, when instantly above me stood my former mistress. She was attended by a shining multitude. "Come, my Julia," said she. Instantly I was by her side. As I flitted up, I saw you and Master Frank entering the room.' Here Julia shut her eyes again, and said, 'My mistress is here yet.'

"Emily did not speak, and I said, 'Your dream has bewildered you, Julia.' Here she shut her eyes again, and, opening them, said:

"'It was a dream in part; but my mistress is here still, for I see her whenever I shut my eyes. She smiles sweetly upon me, and her hand is reaching out

to me. She is as she used to be, only so much brighter.'

"'But you are weak, and have slept too long;' said I, 'and your head——'

"Here I was interrupted by Dinah, who said:

"'O Mas'r Frank; bless de Lord; she's goin' rite up to heben to de Lord puty soon; you'll see, Mas'r Frank. Oh! I wish I's goin' too. Do ask her, July, to let me cum. I'll pray; I'll pray all night. Dey'll neber 'buse you much more, July; for you're goin' off de plantation rite up; an' she's an' angel cum arter ye; an' if I can't go, tell de Lord to let me cum soon. Do, July, shet your eyes 'gin, an' ask her to let me cum; tell her I'm all worn out, an' my back's all sore.'

"Dinah had risen from her seat, and was swaying her body to and fro, with hands and eyes both lifted to heaven. Emily gazed from her to Julia; but did not speak. Again that holy light was in her eye.

"By this time, Dinah had fallen upon her knees, and was praying, not aloud, but to herself, though occasionally we could hear the words: 'Let me cum, O Lord, let me cum! Oh! poor ole Dinah; so ole, so lame. Oh! take me hum.' At length, looking up, she said, while she strained her eyes in an unnatural manner: 'Oh! I jes' wish I could see it.'

"'And she is still here;' said Julia, as she opened her eyes, 'bright as ever, and her hand is still reached towards me.'

"Dinah arose, with the tears coursing down her wrinkled cheeks. At this instant my mother called her.

"'Oh! marcy!' said Dinah, 'I'm all cryin', an' she'll be rael mad; an' she said she'd send me to de

oberseer, if I's sich a fool to cry agin. Oh! Oh?' she continued, 'he's an awful critter, an' I don't want 'im to kill me, 'kase de Lord wont hab nothin' to do wid me arter dat; for the debil's in the oberseer, an' de Lord wont hab me, if de oberseer kills me.'

"In this manner she descended the stairs, but turned to cast a wistful look at Emily, who advanced to the head of the stairs, and stood within hearing.

"'Did I not tell you, Dinah,' said my mother, 'that I would have no more of this whimpering?'

"'Oh! marcy,' said Dinah, 'if you'd been thar, you'd cried yer own self for sartin, for Miss Emily cried; I seen de tears all down her face.'

"'Is Julia worse?' inquired my mother.

"'Oh! laws no, missis, she's better.

"'And were you crying for fear we won't lose the girl, after paying one thousand dollars for her?' asked my mother.

"'Oh! missis,' said Dinah, 'thar's been an angil thar, an' she's thar now, an' she's bec'ning July all de time to cum, an' it's her ole missis that she had 'fore. She wants her to cum dar, an' she's jist smilin' at 'er all de time, an' she's goin' to take her up to de Lord.'

"Here Emily descended the stairs, and stood in their presence.

"'I don't allow my slaves, Emily,' said my mother, 'to be whimpering and crying about the house or plantation. Here is Dinah, coming down from your room, looking as if she had been blubbering all day; and then, to screen herself, is telling me about an angel, and I don't know what. It would take a lawyer to understand her. But I shall send her to the over-seer; I can't have it any longer.'

"Poor Dinah was dumb; but her eyes were fixed imploringly upon Emily, who said: 'Dinah is not to blame, aunt; neither has she told you a lie. You sent her to assist me in taking care of Julia; and she certainly cannot be to blame for an angel's coming.'

"'What ails you, Emily?' said my mother. 'I did not know that you were superstitious. Why, you'll spoil all the niggers on the plantation. Dinah,' she continued, 'go to the kitchen.'

"Dinah obeyed, and my mother said to Emily:

"'I am not half as much afraid of angels coming to my niggers as I am of the devil. I believe they are all more or less possessed of the devil.'

"'Would you not much rather *good angels* would come than *bad ones*?' said Emily.

"'I do not believe they *can*,' said my mother.

"'Don't you think the Lord has as much power as the devil?' said Emily. My mother was silent; and Emily continued: 'But what makes you think the *devil* can come to people?'

"'Because the Bible says, "he goes about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour"; and the niggers act as if they were possessed of the devil.'

"'And the Bible says, also,' said Emily, 'that "He shall give his angels charge concerning thee, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." And there are a great many instances in the Bible of angels coming to persons; and I think that Julia acts as if she were possessed with a good angel.'

"'But the Bible don't tell about angels coming to wicked folks,' said my mother.

"'Was not Saul of Tarsus wicked, at the time there shone round about him a great light from heaven?'

asked Emily. 'Was not Belshazzar wicked, at the time of the handwriting on the wall? The old serpent came to Eve when she knew no wickedness. Satan came also before the Lord, in the case of Job; and the devil tempted our Saviour on an exceedingly high mountain. Now, I think, as I said before, that Julia appears as if she were possessed with an angel; and, furthermore, she says she has seen one, and that it is now in my room.'

"'Have you seen it?' inquired my mother.

"'No,' replied Emily. 'Do you see the devil, when he comes to the niggers, aunt?'

"'You are a strange girl, Emily. No, I do not see him, of course. But how do you know there is an angel in the room?'

"'I did not say I knew it, aunt,' said Emily, 'but I am not afraid to say so; for its presence filled the room, and I felt it in my heart, and it made me feel more holy. If I were obliged to keep slaves (though I would not keep one for worlds), I would want the good angels to come to them, instead of the bad ones; for fear I would feel the bad ones in my heart, and it would make me feel more wicked.'

"'I don't think niggers can see or feel angels,' said my mother.

"'Why, Julia sees one,' replied Emily, 'although I know she is almost white — perhaps about one-eighth negro. But I am sure Dinah felt this one.'

"'What makes you think Dinah felt it?' said my mother.

"'Because her heart answered to my heart,' replied Emily, 'and I felt its presence, and she said she did,

and told what angel it was; and she prayed; continued Emily.

“‘And what did she pray for?’ asked my mother.

“‘That the Lord would let her go up to heaven with Julia; and she told the Lord that her back was dreadful lame, where she had been whipped so much.’

“My mother was silent a minute; and then said, ‘I tell you, Emily, it don’t do to show any mercy to these creatures.’

“‘That is a dreadful thing,’ said Emily; ‘for the Lord Jesus Christ said, that “we must be merciful, if we would obtain mercy.”’

“Again my mother was silent, and Emily continued: ‘Well, if ever I have slaves, (though, as I have said, I would not have them for worlds), I shall try to have good angels come to them, for I wouldn’t want them about me, if the devil possessed them.’

“‘Well,’ said my mother, ‘how would you go to work to have good angels come?’

“‘Oh! I would tell the slaves that the Good Spirit made them; and that they had souls to save. That the Lord Jesus Christ loved them, and died for them. I would teach them to pray, and learn them to read, so that they could read the Bible, and understand their duties and responsibilities.’

“Again my mother was silent, and Emily related to her the scene in the chamber, and what Julia had said.

“‘But you do not believe she will die?’ said my mother, inquiringly.

“‘I certainly do,’ said Emily, ‘I believe the Lord is about to fulfil his promise, and take her up; and that he has sent a guardian spirit to her, to comfort and sustain her.’

“ ‘I don’t know what promise you refer to,’ said my mother.

“ ‘When thy father and mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up,’ said Emily.

“ ‘Its hard telling much about who the fathers and mothers of the slaves are,’ said my mother. ‘I don’t know anything about Julia’s father and mother; but Julia’s father must have been white.’

“ ‘Well, then,’ said Emily, ‘that is another reason why I would not like to have slaves, for then I would have to stand in the place of their mothers; and if I should forsake them, and the Lord should take them up, what a dreadful account I would have to render!’

“ My mother was silent; but this time Dinah was not sent to the overseer to be whipped, and it would have done your heart good to have heard, the ‘Lord bless you, Miss Emily,’ that came from her lips afterwards. The next time she came to the room, she looked very serious, as if she wanted to say something.

“ ‘Well, Dinah,’ said I, ‘my mother did not send you to the overseer.’

“ ‘Oh!’ said she, ‘t was all Miss Em’ly’s doin’s; an’ de Lord’ll bless her fureber and eber. I knows missis dreff’l skar’d ’bout dat angil, ’kase she look awrful sober; I tell you, Mas’r Frank, I jest wish she’d seen one ’erself.’

“ ‘But I am afraid, Dinah,’ said I, ‘that my mother will never see any but fallen angels.’

“ ‘An’ what angels be dat?’ asked Dinah; ‘sure, Mas’r Frank, de angels don’t fall down; if dis one fall, ’t would cum down on July. I ’spects it won’t hurt her tho’.

“‘I mean, Dinah,’ said I, ‘that there are wicked spirits, or angels, who are fallen from goodness because they left God and became wicked, and they are going about making people do wickedly.’

“‘Oh! laws,’ said she, ‘I knows what yer means now. Missis say he be in de niggers all de time; an’ dat she sees um stickin’ rite out ob us. But I jest t’inks he’s in de white folks, sum ob ’em. I don’t mean you and Miss Em’ly, Mas’r Frank; for I knows dat de good angels is wid you, and wid her all de time.’

“Emily came in with some tea, and Julia took several mouthfuls.

“‘She is much better, Emily,’ said I.

“She made no answer; but Julia looked up to me with a happy, cheerful expression, that went to my heart, and said: ‘Yes, Master Frank, I am better, and am happy; for I am going to the best friend I ever had, except my mother, and you and Miss Emily. And you have done almost all you can for me; for, if I should get well, master would send me to the quarters, and I’d a good deal rather die than to look at the overseer again; he has haunted me ever since I have been on the place; and then I can’t work. My old master’s new wife used to say that my other mistress had spoiled me; but my old mistress has come to me now; and she wants me to tell you my history; who I am, and all about my parents, and herself, just as she told it to me before she died, when I took care of her. I was with her most of the time. Master Devony wasn’t a Christian, and somtimes he swore. She didn’t want anybody with her but me. While she was sick, and when I was watching by her, she used to lie on the sofa, or sit in the easy-chair, and tell me

all about my father and mother; and she prayed a great deal; she prayed for everybody; but she always prayed that the Lord would take care of me, and not let anybody abuse me; and that, if I should ever be sold, that the Lord would take care of me, and take me up to heaven.'

"' But I am afraid,' said I, 'that it will tire you.'

"' Oh! no,' she replied; and she shut her eyes. In a few minutes she opened them, and said: 'No, it will not tire me, for they are lending me strength, and my mistress wants me to tell it all to-day.' Shutting her eyes, she said: 'Oh, how bright! but her head is turned; and she is pointing that way;' and Julia pointed towards my uncle's room.

" Instantly Emily arose, left the room, and, in about twenty minutes, returned, with her father leaning upon her arm. During the time Emily was gone, Julia had lain with her eyes closed. Mr. Le Rux was pale. He stopped, as he passed the bed, and looked at Julia. He trembled; a tear stood in his eye; he turned, and seated himself upon the sofa. At Julia's request, Emily and Dinah raised her in bed, and placed pillows at her back.

" ' May I begin now ? ' asked Julia.

" ' Yes,' replied Emily; and, while the poor slave-girl related her story, Emily took it down in writing. This narrative, which is a history in miniature of the De Wolfe family, I here enclose.

" I shall communicate with you again soon in relation to events at our house. In the meantime, farewell.

FRANK LE RUX."

CHAPTER XI.

THE NARRATIVE OF MRS. DEVONY, THE FORMER MISTRESS OF JULIA DE WOLFE, AND FAMILY, AS RELATED BY MRS. DEVONY TO JULIA DE WOLFE, BEFORE MRS. DEVONY'S DEATH. — RECAPITULATED BY JULIA DE WOLFE WHEN ABOUT TO DIE.

"I was born," said Mrs. Devony, "some twenty miles from New Orleans. My father's name was De Wolfe. Your mother, Julia, was a mulatto. Her mother was nurse in my father's family. Your mother was near about my own age, and her mother nursed us both. We were suffered to play together, and loved each other much. At a proper age, your mother became my waiting-maid, according to the wish of my parents; but she always seemed to me more like a sister than a servant. As she slept in my room, we passed our time mostly together, loving each other with an affection stronger, if anything, than that which exists between sisters. I taught her many things without the knowledge of my mother.

"I had a brother, Albert, older than myself. He had been in Europe, and returned when your mother was sixteen years old. He had been at home but a few weeks, when my parents sent me to school in H—, and I was absent one year. (Here Julia closed her eyes as if to see her guardian spirit, and immediately upon opening them, resumed her narrative.) During

this time my brother became enamoured of your mother, and seduced her. This she made known to me as soon as I returned, adding, as she told me, how much she loved Albert; that he loved her too, and that he had sworn never to forsake her, but see that she was well treated and never sold.

"In about five months after you were born, your father was found to be in a decline. At the earnest entreaty of your mother, who acted her part at the instigation of Albert, she was allowed to remain in my room, and nurse her own child. I used to have as much care of you as your mother, and it was there I first learned to love you. Your father loved you too. Oh! how I have seen his eyes fixed upon you and your mother. Oh! how I have seen your mother's eyes riveted upon him. I think she did not know, at that time, of the relationship between herself and Albert; for you must know, Julia, that they had the same father. Your mother was our half-sister.

"Well, your father died, and Mary (your mother), was almost frantic. The day before he died, he told me he was failing fast, and desired me to call our father. After he came to the room, Albert had a turn of coughing; we thought he would choke to death, and were on the point of calling in my mother, but he shook his head, and motioned us to remain. He revived, and after a few minutes, spoke as follows:

"'Father, I am about to die. I have sinned against Heaven.' He hesitated, and then added: 'Would that I could say, in thy sight, but I know not whether I can say it, nor do I know whether you consider it a sin.' He then asked, 'Does my mother know that you are the father of my Mary?'

"My father at this question was greatly agitated, but answered, 'No.' And, Julia, this was the first intimation I had of the fact that your mother was my sister.

" 'Well, then,' said Albert, 'I do not wish to distress her. Father,' he continued, 'my sins are, perhaps, more heavy than yours; for I have not only been guilty of breaking one commandment, but Mary is my sister! This I learned, after I had injured her, from your own lips, having overheard you in conversation with the old nurse. It is *that* knowledge which has brought me down to the grave in my youth. Had it not been for that knowledge, I would have compassed sea and land, before I would have deserted Mary; for I *solemnly swear* that I love her *better than I do my own life!*

" 'This thing of *slavery*,' he continued, 'would *curse a world*, and might, methinks, cause the sun to hide his face a second time! It will send its supporters to *hell*, where they will "weep, and wail, and gnash their teeth," while they behold their poor slaves "in Abraham's bosom." I have repented, father, before Heaven; and, could I have lived, I would have done all in my power to have made reparation before the world, by doing everything I could to remove the unholy system of slavery from the length and breadth of this guilty land! Woe! woe! woe!' he continued, '*Woe* to the inhabitants of America! Woe to those who deal in souls—who convert the image of God into a *thing*—causing agony and desolation, sorrow and death, to millions!'

"Fixing his large, glowing eyes steadily upon my father, who was shaking like an aspen-leaf in a hurricane, he uttered these words: 'Repent! *repent!* The nation is accursed, if this unholy thing be not removed.

But, father, thou hast yet time ; repent ! Loose every yoke, and let *thy* oppressed ones go free.'

"He was exhausted. I sprang forward, and gently replaced him upon his pillow. My father was utterly powerless to move ; his face was covered with his hands, and I was fearful that he would fall. I placed a chair behind him, and, taking hold of his shoulder, he dropped into it, his hands still covering his face. I knew not what sustained me ; but I was in a measure calm. I took Albert's hand ; it was cold. He raised my hand to his lips and kissed it ; and, as I bent my head, he said : ' Seek the Lord, Emma, and meet me in heaven, " where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. "' He then added, ' Will you call my mother ? '

"I left the room, and, in a few moments, returned with my mother. My father had arisen from his chair during my absence, and was standing by the bed when I came in. Albert's hand was in his, and I judged they had been speaking. I never knew the subject of their conversation, but imagined it was of my mother. My mother was much affected, and, as she bent over the bed, bitter tears coursed down her cheeks. Albert kissed her, and called her his own dear mother. Then he said : ' Oh ! mother, how I remember your gentle nature, as I beheld you in my childhood and boyhood days. Well do I remember your arguments, your struggles against slavery ; but you were obliged to yield to circumstances. Little by little has slavery plucked that good seed from your heart, and in its place sown thorns and thistles. I have beheld the sadness of your heart ; I have seen pettishness, and its attendant evils, when I have thought there was nothing

but love in your nature ; but it is only now that I have been able to understand fully what you have suffered. In your own native France I heard your praises. I was ushered into society, and received by the great, the good, the wise, and the virtuous, with warmth, because I was the son of her whom they remembered as amiable, benevolent, and intellectual. But, alas ! what hast thou done, Monster Slavery ! I behold, everywhere, *bleeding hearts and ruined souls*. O mother ! mother ! let those beware who reverse the order of nature's laws ! My father took thee an angel ; he has made thee what thou art. Nothing remains for thee now but to spend thy remaining days in preparing for eternity. O mother ! mother, dear mother, I remember thee only as thou wast once ; meet me as such in eternity.'

"He was exhausted, and sunk back upon his pillow. After lying quietly some minutes, he said to me, 'Bring in Mary and my child.'

"Mary entered with you in her arms. She was pale, and her eyes were swollen from excessive weeping. My father and mother stood back, and allowed her to approach. Oh ! how she trembled ! She laid her hand upon his. She wept, she kissed his lips, and gave way to agony unutterable.

"'Be calm, Mary,' said he ; for my sake, for your own sake, for the sake of our child, be calm.' Mary did compose herself somewhat. 'Hand me my Bible, Emma,' said he. After I had brought it, he said, 'Lay it upon my breast. Place your hand upon it, dear father,' said he. My father having done so, Albert continued : 'You swear, in the presence of God, that Mary and my child shall never be sold ; that they shall

be kindly treated; that they shall be taught to read and write; that, in case they outlive you, they shall belong to Emma, and remain with her; that, in case they outlive Emma, they shall receive such portion of property from you as would have been mine, and that then they shall be taken to a free State and emancipated.'

"My father answered thus: 'I do most solemnly swear, in the presence of God, as I hope for forgiveness and an entrance into heaven, that I will fulfil all that you desire.'

"My father stepped back and my mother also laid her hand upon the Bible, and took the same oath.

"It was now my turn. I approached with awe, but with a full determination to fulfil to the letter all that I promised. I placed my hand upon the Bible. 'Emma,' said Albert, 'will you swear to continue to be what you have been to Mary and my child, and that you will fulfil what may devolve upon you, in the oath which father and mother have just taken: that you will see that my child be taught to read and write; that she be instructed as to truth, and led in the paths of virtue and religion. O Emma,' said he, 'see that she be instructed in such a manner, that she learn to obey God; then she will meet me in heaven.' I took the oath in the most cheerful, though solemn manner.

"He beckoned to Mary, and her hand was readily placed upon the Bible. Fixing his eyes steadily upon her, my brother said: 'Mary, I love you, and hope to meet you in heaven! I have wronged you; but I have repented, and God has forgiven me. That is my child,' he continued; 'I love her, and hope to meet her

in a better world than this. You have heard the oath, and understand its nature ?’

“ ‘ Yes,’ said Mary, while the tears again broke forth.

“ ‘ Will you swear,’ said he, ‘ never to marry again, unless you be joined in the holy bands of wedlock, according to the civil law ; and that you will remain with your present master so long as you are well treated and he imparts good instruction to our child ?’

“ Mary took the oath, although her words were choked with sobs. She dropped upon her knees by the bed. ‘ Poor Mary,’ said Albert, ‘ you will meet me in heaven.’ She arose in tears. ‘ God bless you, and our child,’ continued Albert.

“ As Mary leaned forward to catch his words, she unconsciously loosened her hold upon you, Julia. You reached forward, and laid your hand on the Bible.

“ ‘ See, Emma,’ said Albert : ‘ See, Mary, Julia has taken the oath ; she will rather *die* than be *dishonored*. She will be a *true woman*, and meet me in heaven.’ After he had finished speaking, he closed his eyes.

“ ‘ He must sleep, Mary,’ said I, as I took you from her arms ; but she moved not. At length, she again dropped upon her knees, and leaned her head upon the bed. You was soon asleep. It was now evening and my father and mother retired, at my request, to seek rest.

“ Mary remained in her position for nearly an hour while Albert slept. For some time I could hear her sobs, but I was more fearful of disturbing Albert by attempting to remove her, than by letting her remain. Besides, it did not seem right for me to disturb her. Albert awoke, and instantly she was upon her feet. She looked calmly in his face, and said :

“ ‘Dear Albert, I have been wicked; I have thought that I would not live, after you were dead. But I have been praying that the Lord would give me strength, and teach me what is right. It is right for you to go first, for it is his will. It is right for me to remain for the sake of our child, and I am submissive. I feel that I can stay, and do my duty, until God calls me.’

“ ‘It is for that *I* have prayed,’ said Albert.

“ Mary took you up carefully, and seated herself by the bed. You still slept.

“ ‘Bring my picture, Emma,’ said Albert.

“ He took it, and handed it to Mary. It was taken before his sickness, and looked as he did when he returned from Europe. He then took the Bible, and handed it to her also; saying, ‘Read it yourself, and, when Julia can read, give it to her.’

“ He then sank into another slumber, while Mary still watched. In about an hour, he awoke again. He had a severe turn of coughing, and was much troubled to breathe. After taking some Expectorant, however, he was easier.

“ I proposed calling our parents; he shook his head, and motioned me to sit on the other side of the bed. He then seemed to sleep again.

“ When he awoke he called for water, drank, and then asked us to take each his hand. It was now past midnight. In about another hour he opened his eyes, grasped our hands tighter — I heard a hoarse rattling in his throat — there was a smile, and a whispered farewell — his hands relaxed, and Albert was dead!

“ All Mary’s firmness forsook her in an instant. She threw herself upon Albert’s body, and uttered a wild,

piercing shriek, which immediately brought my father to the room.

"I had not power to move; my firmness was also gone. My father stopped in the centre of the room, and stood with his hands motionless by his side, gazing at the scene.

"At length my lips moved, and I uttered the word 'dead!' My father staggered to a chair, which was near the bed, dropping into it mechanically. He looked a moment upon the lifeless form of Albert; then, lifting his hands, and covering his eyes, he said: 'This for me! O God! O God! Albert! Albert! this is not all; this is not my only sin. Away on the accursed Red River, there are three more sold, to drag out life under the lash—to die, to be murdered, and meet me in judgment, with blood! blood! blood! See!' he said, placing his hands closer to his eyes.

"Suddenly he sprang to his feet, as my mother's footsteps sounded upon the stairs, and left the room at an opposite door." [Here Julia was interrupted in her narrative by the sudden illness of Emily's father, which Dinah had discovered, and immediately made known to Emily. All eyes were instantly turned upon him. He was pale, his hands were pressed upon his chest, and agony was portrayed in every feature. As Emily approached him, he grasped her hand convulsively, and endeavored to rise to his feet. Frank lent him his arm. He motioned Emily to remain, and went with Frank to his room. Upon reaching it, Frank, having placed him in a chair, threw open the window, and gave him some water. His uncle drank some, opened his vest, drew a few long breaths, reclined his head back in his chair, and remained in that position some min-

utes,—then, extending his hand, said, “Frank, you may leave me; my faintness is past. But I wish to be present when Julia resumes her narrative.”

Something like an hour was occupied with dinner. All seemed intent with their own thoughts. Mrs. Le Rux remarked, however, that to morrow was the day for her husband’s return, and she thought he was needed at home, for it seemed as if the d——. She stopped as she glanced at Emily and, with a “hem!” said she was not well.

“Cannot I do something for you?” said Emily.

“I will seek rest,” was my mother’s reply, as she took her way to her room.

Emily went to her room, while Frank went for his uncle. Dinah was just descending the stairs as he passed through the hall, and seeing him, remarked:

“July sleep all de while you gon’, Mas’r Frank. Oh! law, mas’r, she jes’ looks so sweet, jes’ like an angel. Oh! de angel is dar’ yet; I knows July’s goin’. But,” continued she, “how skared Miss Em’ly’s fader was ’bout July. Ain’t it rael awrful, Mas’r Frank, to hear all ’bout Albert an’ Mary? I’s seen t’ousands sich, way on de Red Riber, when I lib with ole mas’r down dar; and I hern ole mas’r tell um, too, dat dey ’appen all roun’ on de plantations dar.”

Frank found his uncle on the veranda. He was yet pale. He took his arm, and, without speaking, they ascended the stairs, and entered Emily’s chamber. Julia was awake. There was a cheerful expression upon her countenance. She had been speaking with Emily, and as they entered, Julia said, “Wear it for my sake, dear Miss Emily.”

"Are you not too much fatigued, to continue your narrative?" Frank inquired of Julia.

"No, Master Frank," she replied, "I am strong; I am growing stronger all the time. I must finish it all to day," and she immediately commenced, where she left off, saying:]

"My mother entered the room hurriedly, and, before she had time to look, inquired if Albert was worse, at the same time stepping towards the bed. Mary was yet utterly unable to control herself, for she groaned and sobbed aloud. 'Mary' said my mother, 'this is out of place. Hush, I say.' Mary stepped aside, and, as she did so, disclosed the rigid features of her Albert.

"My mother staggered back, and, grasping a chair for support, fell senseless upon the floor.

"I endeavored to raise her, but finding I could not, I said, 'Help, Mary! water. My mother has fainted.' When my mother revived, I turned to look for Mary. There she was again kneeling beside the bed. I felt that it would not be best to disturb her. I, therefore, rang for the servants, and had my mother conveyed to her own room. You, Julia, awoke and cried; but still Mary did not move. 'Is she dead?' thought I, as I approached and put my hand upon her shoulder. She turned and looked; her face betrayed no perceptible overflow of feeling. Rising, she said: 'It is past; it is all right, Emma. The Lord will be my support. I will remain here until you seek your parents.'

"Mary remained tranquil until the day of the funeral. I knew she longed to follow Albert's remains to their last resting-place; but it could not be. She must not be known as his dear Mary. He was buried with all the pomp and show which my parents and a large con-

course of sympathizing friends could possibly bestow. But who of these sympathizers knew that Albert De Wolfe had died of a broken heart, induced by the guilt of slavery and the transgression of his father?

"Mary was never after permitted to speak of Albert in my mother's presence, but to me she poured out her heart. My father seemed to wish to be kind to her, but my mother treated her with studied coldness. I learned from my nurse that, during the excitement of Albert's death, my father had betrayed the secret of Mary's parentage to my mother, under the hope of inducing her to be more kind to her; but he found that he had made a great mistake, as it had an entirely contrary effect.

"Poor Mary took but little comfort afterwards, while she remained with them. Upon my marriage, however, Mary and you, Julia, lived with me. Our new home was but about twenty miles from my father's. You were then about three years old.

"After our removal, your mother became happy. She was faithful to her promise, striving with all her power to improve her own mind and to instruct you. When you were about seven years old, so rapidly had you progressed, that you could read the Bible, which was your father's. This was a cause of great gratification to us.

"Both Mary and you attended me in my frequent visits at home for the first year, during which time I found my mother growing more and more melancholy.

"She requested me not to bring Mary with me any more. 'Not,' said she, 'that I have aught against Mary, but my heart has been stricken and pierced year after year, until it bleeds at every pore. This new blow

has given the fatal wound ; it opens afresh every hour, and I cannot command myself. May you never know,' she would say, 'by experience what your mother has suffered. Happy was I, when I wedded your father, Albert De Wolfe ; full of hope was I, when I crossed the proud Atlantic to seek a home in the New World ; sorrow-stricken was I, when I was forced to become the wife of a slaveholder ; horrified was I, when I saw the idol of my affections become so debased as to deal in human beings as he would in cattle ; broken-hearted was I, when Jeanette, a beautiful house-servant, flew to me for protection from his brutal assaults upon her person ; maddened was I, when I saw him crush her to the earth, because she dared to make an appeal to me ; goaded to desperation was I, when I saw that he did not attempt to hide from my only son, Albert, the unholy doings on the plantation. My brain whirled, when, at my entreaty in behalf of my child, he met me with a mocking sneer. Ere I knew it, I sprang upon him, and seized him by the hair, while I poured forth my indignation. Stricken, indeed, was I to my very soul. From that hour, nothing in life has had a charm for me. I have lived and moved, moved and lived, fearing for my reason. When your father saw the change that came over me—that I was feverish and melancholy, he pretended a reformation. I say he pretended, because I never had the most faint hope that he would reform.'

"When you, Julia, was twelve years old, both my father and mother died suddenly of cholera, as did many of the slaves on the plantation. Old nurse Cynthia, Mary's mother, died also.

"Upon an examination of my father's affairs, it was

found that the estate was involved, and that there was but little left except Albert's portion, which I was to use while you and your mother remained with me. In respect to this, my father had been true to his oath. He made out the papers, and placed them in the hands of the physician who attended him in his last sickness. The sudden death of my parents and my grief at the event, you remember, Julia. Mary was also grieved; she seemed to have a foreboding of evil. I strove to dispel it from her mind, and make her more cheerful. 'See, Mary,' said I, 'the oath my father took is fulfilled thus far, and certainly you can trust me.'

"Sextus Devony, my husband, did not seem satisfied. My father had been supposed to be very rich; but he had met with some heavy losses at sea within the last three years. This, however, was not known by his family, and it was only discovered by an examination of his papers, after his death. Mr. Devony was sadly disappointed. He had a desire for 'fast living,' as it is termed, and sometimes kept late hours; but, at that time, I was perfectly confiding. About this time he became morose, was more from home, and seemed to have taken a dislike to Mary. He complained of my having become a recluse.

"My mourning days for my parents were not yet past; but as he talked of my becoming melancholy, I often spent days with friends. One day, he proposed my riding into the country for the purpose of spending the day, adding, that I had better take you with me. He said he had an appointment at home, that the coachman might drive us out, and bring back the horses; and at evening he would come and attend us home.

"On my return, I found Mary in her chamber. She

had evidently been weeping. Never shall I forget the mournful expression of her countenance; it will attend me every day of my life. But now she is in heaven, where I shall soon join her. Thinking she had been lonely, I rallied her a little.

“ ‘Mistress,’ said she, while tears coursed down her cheeks, ‘do not take Julia away again. I have indeed been lonely.’ Her eyes were cast to the floor, and she pronounced the now sacred name, Albert. She was apparently much agitated, and arose and paced the floor for some moments. Oh! why was I so blind?

“ From this time there was a settled melancholy upon her countenance, and my husband seemed to hate her. His moroseness increased to me. He said that I had spoiled Mary; that it was all a foolish business. He finally went so far as to hint, that it would be right for him to break the will, and then sell Mary. I was horrified, and, for several minutes, had not the power of utterance. When speech returned, I told him of her parentage, that she was my half sister. I told him of your birth, of Albert’s death, and of the oath I had taken.

“ In place of manifesting any respect for what I had related, he broke into a loud laugh, and treated the thing in the most trifling manner possible. I wept, I expostulated; I talked of right, of eternal justice. I was almost frantic, but he remained unmoved. I at length said, that if that oath were broken, my heart would break also, and that I was sure Mary would never survive it. I pointed him to Albert’s death-scene — I pointed to the judgment — to the spirits of the departed; but all was of no avail — his laugh only settled into a sneer. I could not brook this levity. I

arose to depart, when a tremor came over me. Albert seemed to stand before me! I fancied I heard him say, 'Mary is pure; I am an angel now. God will take her soon; but you must drink a bitter cup; for you were the child of a slaveholder.' I think there was something in my appearance which alarmed my husband; for he said, while he led me to a sofa, 'You take my jokes too seriously, Emma, I wanted to try you. I find you have a true heart; you need not be alarmed at my threats.'

"From this time, he was much from home; and he apologized for his absence by saying that it was necessary in order to settle the estate of my father. He came home one evening with a guest, whom he introduced to me as Mr. Clayton. Never had I beheld any one to whom I took such a dislike. His whole manner and person were disgusting to me, in the full sense of the word.

"Mr. Devony wanted almost everything done. Mary must bring this and that, and Mary must bring fruit from the garden. As she left the house, my husband and Mr. Clayton seated themselves upon the veranda, and entered into close conversation. I was sensible they were talking about Mary. As she entered, and was about handing the basket to my husband, Mr. Clayton fixed his eyes upon her in such a manner as to embarrass her. This I perceived, and my indignation was apparent as I said, 'Mary, you can retire.' I saw a frown upon my husband's countenance; but I was too indignant to speak, and left the room without offering any apology. I did not make my appearance at dinner, and that afternoon they left.

"I think it was about one month after our conver-

sation in regard to Mary, that my husband, after an absence of one week from home, sent me a letter, informing me that I must immediately come to him, as my presence was necessary on some point coming before the court, in regard to the settlement of the estate of my deceased father. I knew there was a disputed claim against the estate, and I started the next morning. When I met him, he informed me, that the case would not come on as soon as he had expected, and that I would be detained one week. I saw him in company with Mr. Clayton, and that afternoon he left the city. He did not return until the next evening. Julia, you know the rest; your lips first told me that your mother was gone, that she had been forcibly carried away by a stranger. Upon going to her room, I found the Bible which Albert had given her upon the table. 'She has left this for Julia,' thought I. I did not then know that she had left your father's picture also.

"Oh! how desolate was I. It was not until then that I learned the full extent of my sisterly affection for Mary. I could scarcely believe, however, that she would not return. I expected to hear her footsteps upon the stairs; I watched at the window for her; I spent sleepless nights and wearisome days; I prayed for her return. My husband did not come home for one whole week. As soon as he entered the house, I flew to him, and, falling upon my knees, I conjured him, by everything upon earth and in heaven, to tell me where Mary had gone. I begged of him, as he hoped for mercy, not to keep me in suspense. Finding that entreaties would do no good, I threatened. I told him

that I would myself seek her, that I would prove him a kidnapper, that Mary was manumitted, and was free.

"At this he laughed me in the face, and said exultingly: 'Ah! you are too late, Emma; I have been too cunning for you. You are an heiress now, and, instead of thanking, you are abusing me.'

"'How?' said I, as I looked him in the face.

"'Oh!' replied he, in a manner and tone indicative of great satisfaction, 'Mary has broken her oath by this time. I handed her over to the right chap. I suppose, when he dies, there will be another death scene.'

"'Monster!' said I, as I sprang to my feet, and rushed towards him, unconscious for the moment what I did; 'from this moment I hate you!' But the words were lost upon him; for he drowned my voice by the words: 'A pretty fuss about a *nigger*.' And I was left alone.

"I staggered to a chair. At this moment, all the horrors of slavery came up before me. I paced the room — I groaned — I agonized! Father — mother — Albert; I seemed to see them all again. I seemed to stand with them in the chamber of death. I saw their dying agony; I saw, also, the agony of the living. 'And why all this?' said I. An ocean of thought seemed to enter my soul. Albert had sinned, and why? The guilt was my father's, for he had led him on by example.

"Again I saw my father, with his hands before his eyes, as if he dared not look upon his dying child — as if he dared not meet the gaze of my mother; and then Mary, and you, Julia, the wronged ones. Where, oh! where is Mary? My sister — yes, sister, for her

father was my father, and I loved her. Her soul was as pure as mine; she had as warm a heart as mine; she was a Christian; she loved her Saviour—he had redeemed her. O God! protect her.

“And then the word ‘nigger,’ which he had spoken, how it went to my heart! The child of my father—and he *dares* to call her ‘nigger!’ And Mary’s mother, Cynthia, she also came up before me. What was her crime? Had she committed any? Yet she and my parents all died of the same disease, and what is the difference? Have they not all gone to the same judgment? In an instant, I seemed to see them meet at God’s tribunal. Ah! my father could not shade his eyes there. There, also, was Mary’s mother; but there was no guilt upon her. There she stood, with the same mournful expression of countenance as when I last saw her; and her last look said to me: ‘Oh! do, good young mistress, take good care of my dear Mary and her Julia.’ Her face was lifted up, but my father’s and mother’s were bowed down.

“‘Mary, Mary! where are you now?’ thought I, as the vision faded from my view. The perspiration stood upon my face; at that instant you came to my room. I saw you had been weeping. ‘Is your master in the house?’ I inquired; but it is fresh in your memory. You informed me that he had rode away. I knew what must be your feelings at the loss of your mother. You went to the table with me, but food was almost untasted.

“Three days passed away, and still my husband came not. I could not bear the idea of his presence; and yet I longed for his return, in hopes that he had repented, and would bring Mary with him.

“ On the fourth day, a carriage drove slowly to the door. My husband was helped out into the house, and to his own room. I did not meet him — my feelings forbade it — until I was informed that he wished me to attend him. I found him more ill than I expected. The physician was present, and I strove to command myself.

“ You know how long he lay hovering, as it were, between life and death. He talked of dying, and was sometimes delirious, and talked incoherently of Mary. I strove to catch his words, but could learn nothing satisfactory.

“ As he began to recover, he seemed to wish to speak kindly to me; but I felt nothing but *horror* in his presence.

“ One night I was summoned to his room. I found him sitting up; I expressed no joy, for I felt none. ‘Emma,’ said he, as if somewhat pained at my coldness, ‘have you no congratulatory words to offer upon my having so far recovered from a sick bed as to be able to meet you in this chair?’

“ ‘If I could feel, sir,’ replied I, ‘that by living you could atone for your past guilt, and do all in your power to undo the wrongs you have done, and at last become better prepared to meet your God, I could rejoice at your recovery.’”

“ I expressed no sympathy for him, for I felt none. This he perceived, and I think, was stung by it; for he dropped his head, remained silent a few moments, and then, raising it, motioned me to sit by him.

“ I did not move; something held me back; I felt that he was a murderer, and it seemed to me that I could not approach him.

"After a few minutes, during which time my eyes were fixed upon the floor, he said, 'Perhaps I have done wrong, Emma; I did not think you loved the girl so well.'

"'Sir,' said I, as I looked him in the eye, 'I loved Mary as a *sister*, for such she was. The wrong you have done to *me*, is of no account, compared with the wrong you have done *her*—that will haunt you through an eternity.'

"'But will you not forgive me?' said he, as he extended his hand.

"Never! until you have given me every particular in regard to Mary's abduction; not until you have restored her to me; not until you have repented, and sought and found forgiveness of God.'

"'Emma,' said he, 'listen to me, and hear what I have to say in extenuation of my conduct. *If slavery be right*, then have I done *no wrong*, except to you. I had expected several thousand dollars, when your father should die, and had made my calculations accordingly; judge then of my surprise, when I found that there was scarcely anything except what would have gone to Albert, and that was left to Mary. I immediately called upon your father's attorney and learned the strength of the will. I found that it all depended upon Mary's remaining true to her oath. I then knew there was but one way, and that was to render her unworthy your patronage. I endeavored to make her submit to my will, with the intention of exciting your jealousy. In this I did not succeed, and I was then determined to have my revenge. I decoyed you from home, and then sold her to Clayton, who, I thought, would humble her.'

“‘And where is she now?’ said I, as I sprang to my feet.

“‘Be calm, Emma,’ said he, ‘it is no more than what takes place, somewhere, every day. You will take the thing wrong if you make a fuss about it. Her new master undertook to subject her, and she threw herself into the Mississippi, and was drowned.’

“‘And is now in heaven,’ said I, ‘with her dear Albert, who loved her. There you will never go; and, at the judgment, they will be thine accusers. Thou wilt be shut out from mercy, and thou wilt “weep, and wail, and gnash thy teeth.”’ I walked the room violently, calling down the vengeance of Heaven upon his guilty head. He looked deadly pale. I left him and flew to my room.

“‘Where, oh! where shall I go?’ said I. Again the horrors of slavery came up before me, and the words, ‘it is no more than happens every day,’ sounded in my ears. My imagination carried me back again to the night when Mary and I stood beside Albert’s deathbed. I seemed to see her in her grief, as she laid her hand upon her heart, and dropped upon her knees. I dropped upon my knees also, and instantly there was, as it were, unveiled to me a world of abomination, sin, guilt, and shame. I saw a downtrodden race; I saw whips, chains, and tears; I heard groans, and shrieks and wails; I saw infants torn from their mother’s arms; I saw overseers and masters; I saw men, women and children, covered with blood; I saw whole families sunk in degradation and crime; I saw mothers applying the lash to the back of the slave, and daughters following in the footsteps of their mothers; I saw fathers brutalizing themselves, and sons following in

their train; I heard the father curse the wife, and the son curse the father; I saw whole families fall by the hand of murder and suicide.

“ I was about to cover my face, in order to shut out this horrid spectacle, when, instantly, my vision changed, and I beheld in shining letters, the words: ‘ Break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free.’ I looked again: I saw a shining one; he was pointing at me. ‘ There is no blood upon me,’ thought I, when instantly, as in a mirror, I beheld myself covered with blood. I bowed my head as I saw my own guilt. I too was guilty of the horrid system of slavery. I was a slaveholder; my father had given me slaves as a marriage portion; my husband was the owner of a plantation of slaves. It was by this accursed system I was supported, and I was awfully guilty and covered with blood. Then came the thought, ‘ Where now is thy pride? Where is the proud, aristocratic family of De Wolfe?’ And then came the answer: ‘ Gone! gone to judgment! and thou wilt soon follow; and there will be none left, save the downtrodden daughter of thy brother Albert, of all thy noble house; and she even may yet meet the fate of Mary; she, too, is in the fangs of the same monster.’

“ So vividly was all this portrayed before me, that every impression was as clear as life, and is to this day. Unconsciously, I uttered a shriek, and you, Julia, came to my room. I looked upon you, and oh! what a sense I had of your wrongs! I felt that you and your mother had been grievously injured; but, up to the present moment, I had never had a sense of the sin of slavery, — of holding men like brutes. I could now realize, in full, what Albert had felt when, in his dying moments, he addressed my father. I spent the night in prayer;

and it was not until I resolved that, so far as in me lay, I would abolish the horrid system, that I found peace.

"The next morning I sought my husband, and gave him a description of my feelings. I told him of the guilt, the sin of slavery; I told him that I also was guilty — that I had but just become convinced of the sin of holding men in bondage; I told him my own hands were given me to labor, and that I would feel a happiness in so doing. 'Let us take our slaves North,' said I, 'and place them in circumstances where they can become men, and not brutes. Let us thus release ourselves from this great and heinous sin.' He heard me through without any visible emotion, and made no remark.

"Had he complied with my request, I could have forgiven him, for I once had loved him ardently. From that hour to this, I have only looked upon him with horror. But I shall soon pass away. As said Albert, so say I — it is this that will cause my death. I know that my sins are forgiven, and have great peace in believing so."

"From that time, Julia, I have spent my days and nights in striving 'to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God'; and, although I have had no power, either to control Mr. Devony's action in relation to his slaves, or release them myself from their chains, I have been enabled at times to help them bear their burdens.

"You well know, Julia, that, during my long sickness, Mr. Devony ever appeared morose and savage, not only to me, but to every one about him. Such is always the legitimate result that follows wrong-doing: one becomes dissatisfied with himself and everybody around him.

"When I am called to leave you in his hands, alone and unprotected, I cannot but have dire forebodings as to the trials and sufferings he will cause you to endure. Julia, I charge you never to forget, for a single moment, that, although crushed as a slave, you alone represent the once noble name of De Wolfe. Restore, therefore, if you live — by a holy and virtuous life — the fading glory to the name of De Wolfe. But, if American slavery seeks to crush you to infamy, think of the ransomed spirits of your friends, and die a virtuous, heroic woman!"

"When Julia had finished her narrative, Emily asked her if she would lie down. Julia replied in a whisper. Emily requested her father to recline upon the sofa, as he seemed feeble. During the whole of Julia's narrative, he was greatly agitated, but expressed no wish to retire. Emily then motioned to me, and I followed her from the room, and afterwards to the slave quarters. We entered Julia's cabin. Stepping upon the straw, upon which Julia had lain, she said, 'Frank, raise this board, and dig here,' and she placed her foot upon the spot. With a hoe, which I found near, I removed the earth some eight inches, and came upon a box, which I lifted out. Emily wiped the dirt from it with her handkerchief. It was a small mahogany box of beautiful workmanship. I then filled in the earth, replaced the board, and we returned to Emily's room.

"Julia opened her eyes, as we entered, and asked Emily to open the box, which she did. Julia reached out her hand to take it; and, when Emily handed it to her, she kissed it and said, 'It was my mother's.' She then took out a small pocket Bible, bound in black,

she also pressed to her lips, and said, 'This was her's.' A picture came next. She kissed it like-
and said, 'This also belonged to my father.' This
sired us to look at, and it was passed to all who
n the room. The countenance was noble and
anding, and there was a strong resemblance be-
father and daughter. All this time, Julia was
tly calm. When Emily returned the picture,
said: 'I have often wept over this picture; but it
used now.' She then requested Emily to read
was written on the blank leaf of the Bible. Em-
ened it, and read as follows:

DEAR JULIA, — I am about to leave you. Friendless
ll be, indeed, in this world of sorrow — in this land of
sion. But you have been taught to pray, and you must
our sorrows to God. Live near to him — take him for
'ather, and he will never forsake you. "If others for-
see, he will take thee up."

Devony has promised that you shall not be sold. God
that he may keep that promise. He knows that my
has willed you your freedom at eighteen. So, remember,
Julia, that, at that age, you will be free, and entitled to
's share of the property, willed you by my father.
you arrive at that age, apply to H. Durkee, Esq. He is
you to the North, where you will be free. Farewell,

Thou alone remainest on earth of my loved ones.
I have an idea that departed spirits are permitted to
over and guard their loved ones on earth. It seems to
such be the case, I shall attend you. Keep me always
d, particularly if you are in trouble; and, if God permit,
be near you. Again I say farewell! I trust you will
e in heaven.

nderneath was written, in the delicate hand of

Died, September 12th, 18—,

MRS. EMMA DEVONY,

Aged 86 years.

“Julia’s eyes, which were fairly irradiated, were bent upon Emily, while she was reading. As Emily handed her the Bible, &c., she said: ‘Will you keep these things for my sake, dear Miss Emily?’ Emily bowed her assent.

“As my uncle arose to leave the room, Julia reached out her hand. He advanced and took it. She looked him steadily in the face, and said: ‘You are the father of Miss Emily; may I *love you*, for her sake?’ She then shut her eyes, and observed to him, ‘You must not *delay*, or you will be too late.’ He appeared greatly agitated by her remarks. As she loosed her hand from his, I gave him my arm, and we left the room.

“In about half an hour, Emily came to me, and requested that I would bring her father to her room, as Julia wished to see him. He and I went there. Julia was sitting up in bed, and, as we entered, Emily withdrew.

“‘There is something more for me to do,’ said Julia, ‘to perform which your presence is required.’ She then closed her eyes, as she had so often done before. In a few moments, she re-opened them and said to my uncle:

“‘My mistress left no heirs. I am the lawful heir to property left me by my grandfather, Mr. L. De Wolfe. It is not right that it should go to a slaveholder, and I desire it to go to Miss Emily, to be used in the cause of freedom.’

“My uncle informed her that if she would state her wish in regard to the property, he would commit it to writing.

“ ‘It is my dying will, then,’ said Julia, ‘that Emily take such steps as will secure said property to herself, and that she dispose of it as she may think best.’

“ ‘Your father returns to morrow,’ said Emily, as I met her in the evening.

“ ‘So my mother informs me,’ was my reply.

“ ‘And what course will he pursue in regard to Julia?’ she inquired.

“ ‘I am determined,’ said I, ‘to incur my father’s displeasure — if it be necessary — and object to her removal from your room. I have a friend at the North, and I will myself conduct her there; yes, I am determined to defend her, at the peril of my life! I have long thought of leaving this place of crime; but then, my dear cousin, you must follow me.’

“ By this time, we had returned to the veranda.

“ ‘Hark!’ said Emily; ‘there are loud words coming from my room.’

“ She flew up the stairs, and I was not much behind her. We heard Julia call Emily, and give one scream. The door was locked, but we could hear the voice of Dinah, in supplication, and could also distinguish the voice of my father, but nothing more from Julia. I hastened to my room, followed by Emily, but the door between the chambers was also locked upon the inside. I hurried down the stairs to my mother, and demanded the keys of the house.

“ She looked at me in astonishment, but handed them to me. When I returned to the chamber, Emily was upon her knees. The door yielded to the second key.

“ My father stood at the foot and the overseer at the side of the bed — his hands were reached for-

ward in the act of raising Julia. She partially raised herself in bed, then fell back and closed her eyes.

“‘O law!’ said Dinah, seeming to forget the presence of my father. ‘Did n’t I tell ye she’s goin’? Oh, she’s gone to de Lord, and she’s left poor ole Dinah. O Lord! O Lord! I jest wish she ’d took me wid her. Can you see de good angel, Miss Em’ly? You ’re so good, she ’ll hear you. Oh, jest ask her, Miss Em’ly, to take me, too!’

“My father looked at us, apparently not heeding Dinah’s words. I thought, however, that he seemed agitated, as I fixed my gaze upon him.

“‘Do your bidding,’ said he to the overseer. ‘I am not to be deterred from my course by an undutiful son, who has become a fanatic, nor by young ladies bred in France, who put on airs.’

“As he was speaking, Emily had advanced, and stood beside Julia; and, as the overseer attempted to raise her, she said: ‘Stand back, thou unhallowed wretch! Wilt thou dare to lay thy murderous hands upon the corpse of her who was so pure, and whom thy cruelty has served to hasten from thy grasp?’ And she fixed her eyes full upon my father.

“I stepped forward, and laid my hand upon the forehead of Julia. ‘She is dead!’ said I, to my father.

“All this time, Dinah was weeping aloud, and supplicating the angel to take her too, and talking of her wrongs and miseries. My father turned and fixed his eyes upon her, but did not seem to have power to move.

“The overseer had stepped back, and stood with his eyes resting upon my father. ‘Leave this room!’ said Emily. Receiving no orders from my father to remain, the overseer walked doggedly from the room.

His countenance seemed to say, 'You have robbed me of my prey, but I will have my revenge!'

"Again I saw that holy light in Emily's eyes, as she fixed them upon my father. His eye fell as she said: 'Julia is dead! Will you look upon her placid features? The Lord has removed her from this world of suffering.'

"'It is the work of you and Frank,' said he, 'and I am one thousand dollars poorer, for I paid that for her.'

"'If it is my work,' said Emily, 'it is because I have access at the throne of Him who decideth justly, and who loveth mercy; and if he will hear and answer my prayers, I will look up to Him till there is not a slave left on this plantation! Aye,' continued she, 'I will pray till the land is shorn of victims, upon which overseers can wreak their cruelties. I will pray until slaveholders are led to tremble, in view of their accursed acts—till they lay low in the dust, and cry for mercy from the God of the oppressed, against whom they have sinned. And if there be such a thing as repentance for those who deal in the bodies and souls of men, then will I pray for you, uncle, till I go down to my grave, that you may repent and find mercy. For, know, then, that thou must meet God face to face with this thy victim!' And she pointed to the corpse.

"My father trembled, and turned pale before her.

"'O law, yes!' replied Dinah, 'de Lord 'll hear you pray, Miss Em'ly; and won't you pray for ole Dinah, and for my chil'ren, an' den we go up puty soon?'

"My father turned and descended the stairs. And now, dear Edward, with the death of Julia I must close my letter to you. Write me soon. Farewell,

"FRANK LE RUX."

CHAPTER XII.

TRYING SCENES FOR EMILY.

"COME with me, cousin Frank," said Emily, "and look once more upon the sister we loved."

Frank obeyed. There, upon the sofa, lay the beautiful but lifeless form of Julia De Wolfe. There was a smile upon her countenance; her slightly waving hair was combed back, and she was neatly arrayed, for the burial, in a plain white dress of Emily's.

"She looks," said Frank, "much as she did when her eyes were closed, while she was communing with her guardian spirit."

They bent over and kissed the corpse. As they lifted their heads, tears trembled in their eyes. Yes, the son of the proud, aristocratic William Le Rux kissed the poor, downtrodden slave corpse! And, as he did so, a living holy fire seemed to descend upon him, and he said: "God's spirit hath descended into my soul, and I am ready to be offered up. Methinks," continued he, "that I feel as Christ felt, when he said, 'If it be possible, let this cup pass; nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be done.'"

They then sang the beautiful hymn, "Rise my soul and stretch thy wings." "Glory be to God!" said Frank, "my Saviour is with me. Henceforth and forever I am the Lord's."

"Amen! and amen!" responded Emily. "Her mantle

has fallen upon us. Rejoice, O my soul, and all that is within me."

At this moment, Dinah entered the room, to say that the overseer had sent Joe and Dick to take Julia's corpse to the burial, and to know if they could come up into Miss Emily's room. She raised both hands, as she beheld the corpse, and said, "O jes' see, Mas'r Frank, how beautiful de poor slave look, w'en dey gon to heben — w'en good Miss Em'l'y fix um all up. I jest b'lieve dey 's white 's any body, when dey gits to de Lord's home. But dey 's cumin, Mas'r Frank, an' dey 'll tumble her right in a hole in de dirt, jest as dey did my ole man. An' I tie my new red hank'ch'r roun' his head, an de oberseer trow it off, and tell it, 'Go to de debil.'" Sure enough, Dinah was right, for footsteps were upon the stairs, and immediately two black faces were peering in at the door.

"We 's got de hole all dug, Mas'r Frank," said Joe, "and we 's afeard de hogs will root de dirt back 'gin, if we 's gon long."

Frank arose, and, as the negroes caught sight of the corpse, they started back, with the exclamation, "Oh, she jest look like de dead white folks."

"I t'inks de Lord made Julia," said Joe, in a half whisper, to Dick.

But it was heard by Frank, and he said, "Yes, Joe, the Lord made you, too, and you will go to live with him, when you die, if you are good."

"Law, yes!" said Joe, "De min'st'r say, if I mind mas'r and oberseer, I'd go to heben, but if I don't I'll go to hell—but I forgets I's stayin' ;" and he advanced to take the body from the sofa.

"You need not take it now," said Frank.

Joe stopped and looked at him a minute, and then said, "But de oberseer, he drefful mad 'bout it, an' whip and crack de slaves like ebery ting. I b'l'eve he'll kill us, if we don't bring July."

"I hearn 'im say," said Dick, "dat he'd put 'er in de ground widout nothin' on 'er, an' kick an' break 'er bones, and pull and burn 'er tongue, 'kase she hollered de oder night."

Emily started to her feet, and cast her eyes imploringly upon Frank; and he saw that she was trembling.

Frank said, "I will stand between you and the overseer, Joe—you may follow me;" and they left the room.

Emily was alone with the corpse. She arose and walked the room for a minute. She was irresolute; this was new to her; she had not learned all of slavery. She looked at the body of Julia, and said, "Her request shall be granted—his vile hands shall never more touch her."

Suddenly the shadow of doubt passed from her face; and, entering a closet, she tied on her bonnet, locked the doors, put the keys in her pocket, and entered the street unperceived, and, with a quick step, walked in the direction of the city.

She had travelled some distance, when she entered a shop, where she received a bow of recognition from the man in attendance. They were in close conversation for some five minutes, during which time the man frequently bowed, as if in the affirmative. He then brought writing materials; and Emily seated herself, and wrote a few lines. The man folded the paper, and, drawing from his pocket a small pocket-book, placed it within it.

Emily then returned to the house, and to her own room. She had not even been missed.

When Frank descended the stairs, he ordered Joe and Dick to wait in the back yard until he came to them.

He then sought his mother, and found her in her room. He inquired for his father, and found that he had rode over to another plantation—the overseer having sent him word that the cholera had broken out among his slaves.

As Frank returned to the yard, he saw the overseer approaching, whip in hand, through a lane leading to the house. Stepping within the door, he stood until the overseer entered the yard, who with a horrid oath demanded why they had not “brought down the d—d corpse,” at the same time laying the whip heavily upon the shoulders of Joe.

Joe writhed; and, retreating a few paces backwards, said, “Young Mas’r Frank——.”

Frank, who had not expected, the overseer to strike, came forward; but, before he could speak, down came the lash again upon poor Joe.

“Stop!” said Frank, as he saw the brutal overseer about to strike another blow, at the same time springing forward and seizing the whip. He then ordered the overseer to desist, and he would explain why the boys had not brought the body. It was as Joe had said—the overseer was angry about something. He heeded not Frank, but bounded forward at Joe, leaving the whip in Frank’s hand.

But this time, Joe, taking courage by the presence of Mas’r Frank, and conscious that he had done no wrong, stood on the defensive.

“Stan’ ’way, Mas’r Oberseer,” said Joe; but, as he

did not heed the warning, and was about to deal a blow with his fist, Joe stepped aside, tripped his heels, and the overseer fell forward to the ground, uttering a horrid oath. His ardor seemed somewhat abated as he arose to his feet, with the blood streaming from his nose; but there was no less profanity, for oath followed oath in quick succession.

Frank bade him cease, and ordered Dick to bring some water from the pump. The overseer took the water—not with a very good grace, however—and proceeded to clean his face from blood and dirt, still casting malicious glances at Joe.

After he had finished, Frank said, “I do not think God has anything to do with your malicious feelings towards Joe, and I therefore desire you not to take his name in vain.”

The overseer was doggedly silent, and Frank continued: “You have been foiled in your wickedness, and are desirous of wreaking your vengeance upon some one, which alone proves you base enough. But you have evidently other schemes in your guilty heart, in which also you will be foiled. Now go to the quarters, and do not strike another blow until my father returns. I will answer to him for the conduct of the slaves in his absence.”

Then, turning to Joe, Frank said; “Come to-night at eight o'clock, and inform me how things are at the quarters.”

So saying, he went to Emily's room. Leaving Frank with the body, Emily descended the stairs, and sought her aunt.

Mrs. Le Rux looked very sober, and remarked that such was the common way of burying the slaves, and

she knew Mr. Le Rux would be displeased to have any extra pains taken.

"But will you not come, aunt, and look at the corpse?" asked Emily.

"Oh! I never trouble myself to do that," said Mrs. Le Rux.

"But this time, dear aunt, do, for my sake."

At length Mrs. Le Rux yielded. Emily gave her her arm, and they ascended the stairs, entered the chamber, and stood looking at the corpse.

"Is n't it a beautiful corpse?" asked Emily. "And then, to think that her spirit is in heaven, at rest. Oh!" continued she, "how thankful I am that she has escaped from all the miseries which surrounded her here."

Mrs. Le Rux could not appreciate Emily's feelings. She was sure Emily would miss her dress. It was just as well to bury her in her old clothes. She had never heard of any fuss of this kind upon any of the plantations, except now and then about a house-servant, and they could not afford it. Julia had cost them a thousand dollars, and now sickness had broken out on the other plantation — perhaps it was the cholera, and half the slaves might die. She believed they were a curse, any how.

Emily fairly groaned at her aunt's obduracy.

"Who gives you your blessings, mother?" inquired Frank.

"Why do you ask that?" said his mother in return. "Have you not always been taught that the Lord gives us all our blessings?"

"You talk," said Frank, "as if slavery were a curse: who gave you that?"

"You talk strangely, Frank," said his mother, "Why do you ask such questions?"

"I am sincere, mother," said Frank. "I am well persuaded that *slavery is a curse*; but I want to know who gave it to you?"

"Oh!" replied his mother, "our ancestors bequeathed it to us, and we cannot get rid of it, if we would."

"Suppose my ancestors were to bequeathe me a piratical vessel," said Frank, "would that oblige me to become a pirate? Or, had they bequeathed me some disease, would I be justified in keeping it? If I should do so, would I not only be wronging myself, but my children?—yes, and my children's children, from generation to generation?"

"I really believe you are becoming an abolitionist, Frank," said his mother; "but I hope you won't talk such nonsense before the slaves—it will make them act worse than they do now."

"Who bequeathed you Julia?" said Frank. "You cannot lay that to your ancestors: if you do, they will rise up in judgment against you, for they can only answer for their own sins."

Mrs. Le Rux was silent, and Frank continued: "I am an abolitionist, mother, in every sense of the word. I detest slavery from my inmost soul, and millions of dollars would not tempt me to buy and sell a man, woman, or child, for it would ruin my soul. I am willing to be beggared; I am willing to go out from my paternal home, and be houseless and homeless, a wanderer upon the face of the earth; and when these hands fail to yield me support, I am prepared to beg, or become the inmate of an alms-house. Yes, I am ready to die, rather than to become a slaveholder, or answer for

one such sin as that,"—and he pointed to the corpse of Julia,—“for it would damn me; and I tell you, here, mother, in the presence of that God whom I have sought and found, and who will protect me in so saying, that her blood is on your head. I am recovering my health, and I am determined not to eat the bread earned by slaves. If God wills, in his own time, I shall leave you, and come no more to participate in your guilt, or partake of your bread. Your eyes are shut against light, and you will not see; your ears are deaf, and you will not hear. You never shall *entail the curse of slavery upon me*. You have rightly pronounced it ‘a curse.’ God did not send it upon you; you have taken it to your bosom; and, in your covetousness, you are pressing it closer to your heart. It is a vampyre eating away your life, and you will not perceive it. It is biting you like a serpent; it will yet sting you like an adder. I shall go from you, poor, indeed, for I must go without your blessing, which perhaps, is of all things the most to be prized by a son—the blessing of a mother. But you cannot bless; it would be mockery for you to offer it, or for me to receive it; for she who withholdeth mercy, cannot receive or bestow a blessing. Your prayers I cannot have, for you have no access at the throne of grace. And yet I shall not be poor, for I shall have an approving conscience, and the smiles and protecting care of my Father in heaven.”

“Oh! would that you had never gone North, and heard such doctrines, Frank,” said Mrs. Le Rux.

“And I bless God, mother,” said Frank, “that I went North, and that I there found a true man, who

taught me, not only my own sin, but my duty to man and God."

Mrs. Le Rux was evidently distressed; and, as she arose to leave, she remarked that she "thought the corpse ought to be removed to another room, during the night, as Emily would need sleep. And then," continued she, "Julia may have died of some contagious disease. I wonder that I had not thought of it before; I suppose it is because I had not heard that disease had broken out on the other plantation."

"I trust, aunt," said Emily, "that you will let the body remain where it is, during the night. I may perhaps need sleep, but I am in no mood to seek it. As for the disease, it may be contagious, so far as a broken heart is contagious, for often, when I looked at Julia, I felt as if my own heart was about to break. As for the cruelty inflicted upon Julia, I can only say, that the blood of the Le Ruxes is no more noble than that which ran in the veins of Julia De Wolfe, who now lies before you. But, if my fate be such as hers, and God will send his angel to support me, and at last take me to himself, then shall I be enabled to pass the unholy ordeal as she has done."

Emily had not perceived that her father had entered the room, and had been a listener to her remarks; but, as she turned her head in the direction of the door, she met his eyes riveted upon her. Again Frank beheld a holy light flash in her eye.

Her father bowed his head in silence, folded his arms, and sat motionless. Emily gazed upon him for a few moments, then approached, and, laying her hand upon his shoulder, said, "Father, see — is she not beautiful in death?"

Mrs. Le Rux remained where she was when she last addressed Emily. There was a kind of wonder and distress depicted upon her countenance. Frank offered her his arm, and, as they descended the stairs, inquired of her when his father would return.

"In the morning," was her reply.

"I shall await his orders in regard to the burial of Julia," said Frank.

His mother did not reply; and, after taking a few turns in the garden, he went again to Emily's room.

His uncle was by the corpse, leaning upon Emily's arm, and he had evidently been weeping, but Emily was calm. Emily's father left the room, with his head bowed low; and, at eight o'clock, Frank went below and into the yard.

Joe soon made his appearance.

"How are you getting along at the quarters?" inquired Frank.

"O, young Mas'r Frank," replied Joe, "de oberseer's dumb, 'kase he sit down an' say nothin', but talk to hisself, an' look so mad at de niggers; an' I hearn 'im swar he'd tell ole mas'r to let 'im whip Joe; an' he say suthin' 'bout July, for I hearn dat rite out; an' den 'im stamp his foot, jes' so" (and Joe imitated the overseer), "an' den 'im start up big, an' say him, jest as good as anybody, an' July dam'd, an' all dat. An' I spects 'im tell ole mas'r dat Joe is bad nigger, an' let 'im whip um; but I never was bad nigger, an' ole mas'r knows dat well 'nuff; an' I neber was whip, till dis oberseer strike me, an' I not to blame, neder; an' if ole mas'r whip Joe 'kase I mind young mas'r, den I'll —"

"I'll what?" inquired Frank, as Joe stopped short in

the sentence. But Joe had become less communicative, although he looked knowing.

"Well, then," said Frank, "you may go back to the quarters. My father will not be back until morning, and then I will speak to him."

Frank did not perceive that there was a third person interested in the conversation; but such was the case, for, hid behind the paling, was the overseer, and, before Joe reached the quarters, he confronted the poor fellow with a malicious grin, and many dark threats.

"You will retire and seek rest, cousin," said Emily, as Frank returned to her room. "Dinah has been sent to spend the night with me, with strict orders from your mother that you retire."

"Is it your wish that I do so?" said Frank.

"Certainly," replied Emily, "I shall probably sleep myself before morning. We must gather strength of mind and body to meet your father in the morning."

"And we shall need strength from the Lord," replied Frank: "let us kneel in this room, and ask it of him."

They arose from their knees, strengthened. Emily felt that they had talked with God, and that his presence was round about them.

"I shall arise early, in hopes to meet my father," said Frank, as he retired.

CHAPTER XIII.

EMILY'S TRIALS CONCERNING THE BURIAL OF JULIA.

Mrs. LE RUX's thoughts were anything but pleasant, as she sat alone in her own room; she thought over the occurrences of the day, and wondered how the thing would end. She thought of Julia, and the loss of the *one thousand dollars* paid for her was distressing; but what perplexed her most was what Frank had said. He had talked as if he thought her very wicked, and he had told her he was going away. He was their only child, and what could they do without him? She was sure she had always been kind to him; and now he talked of not coming back. Who then would inherit their property? He had said he would not inherit it, and that he was an abolitionist; that was the great difficulty. But she thought he might perhaps be turned from that purpose. He must not be indulged in these things. And then, though Emily was such a singular girl, and had such strange ideas, yet she could not help loving her. At length, her thoughts rested upon Mr. Le Rux, and what had called him away. Would he not be in danger of taking the cholera? She listened. "Is he not coming to-night?" thought she, as she went to the sitting-room window. She had hardly reached it, however, before Mr. Le Rux opened the door. All was soon explained to her.

"The *cholera* is among the niggers," said he, "and I

did not choose to stay. I have provided them with a doctor, and, if they die, I can't help it."

"I am glad you did not expose yourself, husband," said Mrs. Le Rux.

But Mr. Le Rux had been to the quarters, and seen some of the sick. He had used preventives, and he thought there was no danger — "at least," said he, "I cannot help it now, and I will continue my preventives."

"Has there been any fuss about putting that girl into the ground?" asked he. "I thought Joe wanted to say something to me, as he took my horse."

Mrs. Le Rux informed him of the circumstances, and of what Frank had said to her.

"It's a pretty piece of business," said he; "I guess they'll get '*broke in*' after a while. I suppose the girl is not in the ground yet."

"No," said Mrs. Le Rux. "She's in Emily's room, and she has her all laid out, in one of her white dresses, and is making just as much fuss over her as if she were her own sister."

"A pretty business!" repeated he. "This comes of rearing girls in France. I wonder if she won't want a mahogany coffin for Julia. I think I will attend to the business in the morning. They will hardly drive the niggers away, when I am there. But I am dreadful tired to-night. Come, let us go to bed. I expect to hear that half the niggers on the other plantation are dead before to-morrow night." Mr. Le Rux was indeed wearied; and his preventive had begun to act as an opiate to both body and mind, for Mrs. Le Rux soon found that he was fast asleep. She could no longer talk, and, as she had become quite tired of thinking for

that night, she soon fell into a slumber, from which she did not awake until morning.

Emily was in the chamber of death, with no companion, except Dinah, who had for a long time been extended upon the carpet with one of the pillows from the bed under her head, and her breathing now gave evidence that she was sound asleep.

Emily took from a small drawer Julia's Bible, and re-read what had been written by her mistress, on the blank leaf. She then closed it, and drew forth the picture, looked at it, and replaced them in the box from which they had been taken before Julia's death. She also took from the drawer a necklace of beautiful workmanship, which, in one of her private interviews with Julia, the latter had taken from the folds of her dress, where it had been carefully stitched in, and which Julia had also requested her to keep. There was a small locket attached to it; and, as she was examining it, she touched a spring on the back. It opened, and she saw in minute letters, engraved on the inside, the following: "Julia De Wolfe, born Sept. 2nd, 1833." Taking pen and paper, she wrote: "Died, Oct. 18th, 1850." She then attached the paper to the necklace, wrapped them carefully in another paper, and placed them in the drawer,—saying, as she did so, "No! it shall not be put to that use; this will do as well," and she began to examine a bracelet upon her wrist. She then arose and noiselessly walked the room, while her eyes were cast down, as if in deep thought.

Emily stopped, stooped down, and placed her face near Dinah's, to ascertain whether she was in a sound sleep. "She is too wearied to awake," thought she. Emily then took up her light, opened her door noise-

lessly, and looked into Frank's room. He also was asleep. Just then the clock tolled the hour of one. She listened. All below was quiet.

Then, lifting the curtain, she stood, for a minute, with the candle in her hand, full before the window. She then turned, and, dropping upon her knees, lifted her eyes to heaven. For some minutes she remained in this position. Then, rising, she said, "God will be my helper." She approached the window again, and listened. There was a sound of wheels approaching. It came nearer the house. Noiselessly she descended the stairs, and opened the front door.

Mr. Revey, the man whom Emily had visited in the morning, entered, bearing a plain mahogany coffin. She ascended the stairs, followed by Mr. Revey. They entered the chamber, and he placed the coffin beside the corpse. Mr. Revey took hold of the head, and Emily of the feet, and they placed the corpse in the coffin. Emily then took from the drawer the paper containing the gold necklace and locket, and placed it also in the coffin, after which the lid was screwed down.

"Can I trust the Jew?" said Emily.

"If he receives the bracelet," was the reply.

Emily listened again; all was still. Again she descended the stairs, and a second man entered the outer door, and was conducted by her to her room. They stood beside the coffin. Emily took from her wrist a valuable gold bracelet and placed it in the hands of the Jew. He examined it closely; his countenance expressed satisfaction; he placed it in his pocket, and handed Emily a folded paper.

The two men took up the coffin, and, descending the

stairs, passed out at the door as noiselessly as they had entered. Emily stood until she saw the coffin placed in the carriage, which drove rapidly from the house. She closed and locked the door, and returned to her room. There she seated herself, and drew from her pocket the paper given her by the Jew. It read as follows :

"In the family vault of the De Wolfes, in the old cemetery. I can be found in the city, No. —, — street. If you redeem the bracelet within one year, three hundred dollars.

"JEW DAVID."

Did Emily shed a tear as she thought of the bracelet? Perhaps so, for it had been given her by her father, as having belonged to her mother. But she felt no sorrow for the act she had done. She knelt and returned thanks to God; then quietly retired to rest.

She was awakened in the morning by Dinah, who arose early, and, missing the corpse from the sofa, was standing with her arms lifted above her head, exclaiming, in great astonishment, "O Miss Em'ly! de overseer got July while we fast 'sleep after all de trouble we hab."

Emily had not time to reply to Dinah, before she heard Frank descending the stairs. She arose, and, without waiting to dress, dropped the blind.

Frank was standing in the yard. His father was approaching from the quarters, in company with the overseer, followed by Joe and Dick. As they entered the gate, Frank stepped up to his father, and said, in a most respectful manner, "Will you hear me speak a few words?"

"I have no time to talk with men who suffer themselves to be converted into children," was the reply.

"I think that corpse has lain above ground long enough to please the fancy of your French cousin. She seems to have taken a great fancy to dead niggers. I understand she is claiming her for a sister. She's *out* there, I think, though perhaps there may be a more distant relationship."

The last remark was made in a very sarcastic tone of voice, and Frank was horrified. He saw the overseer cast at him a malicious look of exultation; but, before he had time to speak more, his father bade the overseer, with Joe and Dick, go to Emily's room, and bring down the corpse.

Emily was still at the window, where she had heard all that her uncle had said. She hastened to dress, but had scarcely time to divest herself of her night dress, before they were at the door, and it was forcibly pushed open by the overseer. Throwing on a cloak, she advanced to the door, and said, "Stand back, thou miserable wretch!" As she fixed her eyes upon his malicious face, he cowered and halted.

"Stand back!" said Frank, as he stepped between the overseer and Emily. "My father will not repeat his command, that you enter my cousin's room, at this early hour, without her permission." He closed the door, and Emily turned the key, telling Frank to remain outside.

The overseer fairly foamed with rage, as he descended the stairs, while Joe and Dick remained in the hall.

In less than five minutes, Emily opened the door. "Tell your master," said she, addressing Joe, "that I await him in my room."

Joe did not move, but said, "Mas'r Le Rux tell me not com' down dar ——" but he was interrupted, for the

overseer was ascending the stairs, and behind him Mr. Le Rux.

Emily stood in the entrance to the room. The overseer advanced. "You will not enter," said Emily. Then, turning to her uncle, whose countenance betrayed his anger, she said, "My room is always open to Mr. Le Rux, when I am in a proper situation to receive him. I should have met you as you came from the quarters, and thereby saved you much trouble; but, unhappily, I was not dressed."

"Do your bidding, Joe, and obey the overseer," said Mr. Le Rux.

Joe and the overseer advanced to the door, but Emily stood her ground, and, still addressing her uncle, she said: "You will pardon me, sir, but the feet of that unhallowed being cannot enter the room where so lately lay the victim of his cruelty. The room is yet hallowed to me, for here, but a few hours ago, angels came and ministered unto her I loved. Here her soul was raised above earth to Him who has taken her to His mansions in the heavens. Could you have witnessed the scene, uncle, it might perhaps have led you to pause and consider. It might have pointed you to immortality and eternal life."

Emily's whole soul, mind, and spirit seemed raised above earth as she spoke, and her countenance fairly shone. Her eye had that holy light which Frank had so often noticed. She ceased speaking; her eye rested on her uncle. Slowly she raised her right arm above her head, and, with her finger pointing above, she said: "Julia De Wolfe is there — she is in heaven — and her mortal remains are not here, but placed beyond the reach of her murderers."

Mr. Le Rux was taken by surprise, and he did not speak.

"I invite you to enter, uncle," said Emily; "but, if you have brought that miserable being here, to deliver up to him the body of Julia De Wolfe, let me tell you plainly, that it is not here. Come," she continued, "and look for yourself."

"She is *crazy*," thought Mr. Le Rux, as he entered the room, followed by Frank, who, on glancing at the sofa upon which had lain the body of Julia, could hardly believe that he was not deceived. He looked inquiringly at Emily, and then turned his eye in the direction of the closet.

"My cousin does not yet understand me," said Emily; and she instantly threw open the door of the spacious closet, and bade them enter. "I will put a stop to your suspicions at once," said she. "The remains of Julia De Wolfe are not in this room, neither are they in this house, or on this plantation; but, as I before said, they are beyond the reach of her murderers. They are enclosed in a plain mahogany coffin, and rest in a place befitting the last member of the noble house of the De Wolfes."

Mr. Le Rux cast an inquiring look at Frank, which seemed to say, "I understand your doings."

This was seen by Emily, and she said, "There is not an individual in this house, or upon this place, who had anything to do with, or knows anything about, the removal of Julia's body, or where it is deposited, except myself. Those who bore it from this house cannot be traced; you may therefore as well rest satisfied. I can conceive of no injury done you, uncle," said she, as her eye rested upon him.

Mr. Le Rux gazed at her in astonishment! But there she sat, calm and self-possessed, meeting his steady gaze unshrinkingly.

"Surely," thought he, "I have never before met a person like you." In spite of himself, he was disarmed of his anger. Then, turning to Frank, he said, "I am happy in becoming convinced that you have not been accessory to this affair. You are *womanish* in your feelings, but you must become a man upon *this* subject. Such things as these will work insubordination upon the plantation. Young ladies and gentlemen cannot live without a maintenance, and some one must support them. This has been a foolish whim of yours," said he, addressing Emily; "but I trust it will not produce any serious result. What could have put it into your head to love that girl so?"

"I loved her because she was worthy of my love, and needed a friend; and I think the Lord put it into my heart."

"What makes you think it was the Lord, Emily?"

"Because he is the God of the oppressed, and loves mercy. Julia was oppressed, and I think the Lord warmed my heart towards her."

"If all the slaves were to conduct themselves as foolishly as Julia did, you would soon find that you would have to be your own waiter," said Mr. Le Rux.

"That I am willing to be, sir," replied Emily. "If being a 'lady,' as it is termed, and being 'supported,' is only brought about by slavery, I desire to be *no lady*, neither do I wish to be *supported*," and she rose to her feet as she spoke.

Again Frank beheld that holy light in her eye. It tells of inspiration—thought he—of some high resolve

aided by Heaven. For an instant her eyes were upraised; then, stepping before her uncle, she said: "Yes, God has shown me that these hands were given me for my own use, and the slaves have no more hands than I have, and no other human being was created to do for me what I should do for myself. God made all alike; but men have robbed each other of that rich inheritance, the *right to themselves*. I blush to think that I am 'supported' by slavery, and shudder, when I reflect that the bread I eat is earned by injustice. That in this house, on this plantation, and all over the South, are enacted scenes each day, each hour, which should cause a world to blush. But these doings," continued she, "are winked at. Ministers and professing Christians sustain them."

Emily's eyes were fixed upon her uncle, who said nothing; but looked from her to Frank, who sat, with his arms folded, looking mournfully at his father. "I will go to my father," said Emily, as she saw the expression upon Frank's face. She arose and retired. Upon reaching her father's room, she threw herself into a chair and wept.

Her father looked upon her, and said, "You need rest, Emily."

"No, father," replied Emily. "It is not for myself I weep; it is not because I have watched by the sick and dying bed of Julia, until nature is exhausted, that I weep; but I weep over this oppressed people — this guilty land. Methinks that at this moment I would most willingly die, if, by so doing, slaveholders might be brought to a sense of their guilt, and cease this wicked system of human oppression."

her bowed his head, and Emily thought she tremble.

ny father ever been a slaveholder?" thought then came the recollection that he was a Le for years that family had dealt in the bodies of men. "Ah!" thought she, "slavery is a log-stone to every other crime,—to all the catalogue of crimes."

ther was alarmed at her agitation, and said, ny child, you must not thus give way to your rt thoughts. Here is fresh water, wash and eyes; and be more calm, I beseech you."

as me good to weep, this morning, dear father," Emily. "Besides, I cannot so easily dry my t I will walk in the garden."

t moment the bell summoned them to break- excuse me this morning, dear father," she said, drew.

was alone in the garden. "It is best for my spirit," thought she. "I will lift up my heart in ess to Him who has been, and ever will be, rt in the hour of trouble." Before her father Emily was calm and cheerful. Going to her she threw on her bonnet, and again sought air.

was in the yard, with water, performing her labor on the steps. Emily thought her head lower than usual, and she addressed her in inner. As Dinah lifted herself up, it was with iculty she stood upon her feet. "O Dinah," "you are fast wearing out."

marcy, yes," said Dinah. "Dear Miss Em'ly, etely worn out now. I's got no strengf at

all. My back jest ake all de time; my feet swell, and my hands all cramp up. I t'inks 'de Lord 'll take me puty soon."

"Yes," said Emily; "be patient. The Lord will soon release you, and take you to himself."

As Dinah sat down upon the steps, Emily seated herself by her side, and taking her hand, said, "How hard you must have worked, Dinah!" Her heart was full as she spoke.

Dinah was completely overcome, and burst into tears. After her grief had subsided, she said: "Law, now, good Miss Em'ly, don't t'ink ole Dinah fool. I b'ars my troubles bery well, but w'en I see's you's been cry-in', I jest t'inks my own heart break for sartin. But I's jest sure, I can't stand dis, w'en you's so good, an' young Mas'r Frank, too. O Lord! it makes me feel rael bad. Dinah jest wish she'd money now."

"And what would you do with it?" asked Emily. "O law! I'd jest gib it to Miss Em'ly."

"And what would you have me do with it?"

"Oh! I hearn ole mas'r say, yourn fader ain't got no money, an' so he's keepin' 'im, an' Miss Em'ly wid 'im; an' he say you must let de niggers 'lone, an' dat you make too much fuss wid de oberseer, an' dat de oberseer should w'ip Joe."

At this instant, Emily observed that Frank had approached, and was standing within hearing distance. He spoke kindly to Dinah, and then said, "Are you sick, cousin? These things will wear you to a shadow in a short time."

"Let us go to the garden," said Emily, as she gave her arm to Frank.

They walked in silence for a few minutes, when

Frank again remarked, "These scenes will worry you to death, Emily."

"I shall live, dear cousin," replied Emily, "to do and suffer all that God wills; and I trust I may be enabled to suffer patiently. I feel that I have but just begun my sufferings. I have a presentiment, which I cannot communicate to you, of something wrong." Frank was silent, and she continued: "I have hitherto known but little of myself or of the world. I have thought that I understood my father. But I am convinced there is that about him which I do not understand, and that which he does not wish me to understand. I am also convinced that it is weighing him down to his grave. God grant that the load which hangs so heavily upon him be not one of guilt."

A deep sigh escaped her, and she continued: "I have fears for you, Frank. Stand firm, I beseech you, in the strength of Him who is stronger than wicked men, or spirits. I feel, that I have learned much by communing with God, and my own heart, within the last few days."

CHAPTER XIV.

EMILY'S INTERFERENCE CONCERNING THE SLAVES.

AT this time they had left the garden, and were about to rest themselves under the shade of a tree, when Frank saw his father enter one of the cabins.

"This way," said Emily; and they advanced to where they could hear what was passing in the cabin. "Listen," said Emily. They did so, and heard Joe telling Mr. Le Rux that he had never disobeyed him, in the five years he had been on the plantation; and that now he had only "beyed young Mas'r Frank w'en ole mas'r gone." Then came the voice of the overseer, and Frank heard him repeat what he knew to be falsehood after falsehood.

"Will you return to the house, cousin?" said Frank, at the same time withdrawing his arms from hers, and hurrying into the cabin. He was horrified, as he entered, at seeing poor Joe tied up by his hands to a beam overhead, in such a manner, that his toes could but just touch the ground; and the overseer, with whip in hand, ready to "come down" upon his victim. Joe was tied with his back towards the door. Mr. Le Rux was also standing with his back to the door, and the overseer only saw Frank enter. He looked at him with an air of malicious triumph; and then, with a force which almost brought him from the ground, gave the blow.

There was a smothered groan from Joe, as the whip rebounded from his bare back.

"Father!" said Frank, "Joe is not deserving" — but before the sentence was finished, blow after blow followed in quick succession, cutting to the bone each time, while the blood followed the lash.

"Villain!" said Frank, "desist! Thou art a liar." But down it came again. "Do not strike again," said Frank, as he sprang towards him. The overseer did not heed, but seemed rather to increase the force of the blows every time Frank spoke. The flesh was literallyayed from Joe's back. He endured the torture in silence. The whip was again raised, and Frank stepped forward to seize it, when Emily sprang upon the box that had been used by the overseer to fasten Joe to the arm, and hastily cut the rope that bound him, and he fell to the ground with some violence. Instantly she was at his side, and, severing the cord that held his wrists, she said:

"Thou art a man, for such thou wert created. God never taken thy manhood from thee. Claim it, at the peril of thy life — for what is life to thee thou art?"

Frank had endeavored to lift Joe's head, as she was saying. A faint "Lord bless you," came from him, and he swooned.

"Thou art a wretch — a murderer!" said Emily, as she looked at the overseer. "*Thou art not a man*," confessed she, "but a *demon*. But thou wilt soon meet him from that God who has witnessed all thy ungodly deeds."

She left the cabin. As she disappeared, the over-

seer's rage seemed to know no bounds. He grated his teeth he foamed at the mouth, and swore horribly.

As he raised his foot to kick the prostrate body of Joe, who had fallen upon his face, Frank stepped between them, at the same time telling his father that Joe would smother. Frank turned the poor slave's head so that he could get air. Then, addressing his father, who had not yet spoken, he said: "I would gladly have been heard, before this unholy act was committed; but you did not see fit to listen to me, and there is now another sin added to thy already long list. Why did you take the word of that miserable, lying fellow? Is it that in him my father finds his level, that he takes him for the man of his counsel, and spurns his son?"

Mr. Le Rux was silent with astonishment at Frank's spirit. Emily now re-entered the cabin, bearing on her arm a coverlid, and in her hand a bottle of liniment. Joe's consciousness had returned. Emily looked at her uncle, and said: "Will you please to send the executioner away? He has already done his work; he certainly cannot wish to witness an act of mercy."

Mr. Le Rux was still silent, and Emily again addressed him. "It is fitting that I should retire. You and Frank will, doubtless, perform this act, to the best of your ability. This liniment my father brought from France; it is very healing, and will prevent inflammation;" and she handed him the bottle.

Mr. Le Rux did not take it, but said: "I have been waiting to see this scene through. If you are about to retire, I will say, that perhaps it might have served you better, at least in future, had you brought something with you from France besides liniment."

He was evidently agitated, but Emily was calm. He could not meet her steady gaze without dropping his eyes. There was anger depicted in his countenance.

"Has my uncle more to say to me?" asked Emily, quietly.

"My business is with your father, madam," replied Mr. Le Rux. "I am sorry to be under the necessity of paining him by a recital of your conduct."

"I trust, sir," said Emily, "that it will not pain my father to learn that I have been instrumental in saving an innocent man from the lash, or to know that a kind Providence interposed in your behalf, and put it in my heart to cut short the sin you were committing, in authorizing the act. It would be dreadful, sir, for you to enter into judgment with even what guilt you have already upon you, unrepented of."

As Emily retired, the overseer approached Joe with some salt, to sprinkle upon his back. There was the same fiendish expression upon his countenance. Frank thought there was something of an uncertainty in his manner, however, as he glanced from Joe to Mr. Le Rux.

Frank spoke to Joe, and, taking hold of his shoulders, soon had him lying on his face, upon the coverlid that Emily had spread over the straw which heretofore had served for Joe's bed. He then proceeded to annoint and bind up his wounds; they were, as Frank supposed, deep and long.

The overseer turned, and doggedly left the cabin.

Mr. Le Rux also left in a few minutes, without saying one word to Frank. But as he emerged into the yard, Frank heard him say, "Foiled again, and by her! Am

I become a child, that thus she holds a power over me? By Heaven! this shall not be"—at the same time stopping, as if about to turn back. Then he moved forward again in the direction of the house, evidently in no very pleasant frame of mind.

Emily's first impulse, upon leaving the quarters, was to seek her father; but the words of her uncle—"My business is with your father,"—deterred her, and she said to herself: "No, he shall have the first interview. My father did not speak to me as freely as formerly, and he also shall have his own time to free his mind." For she thought that conscience, or at least something which she did not understand, was doing its work upon him. She therefore went directly to her own room. She was oppressed, and her mind reverted back to France,—to her grandfather. She thought of the happy hours she had spent with him, and of his devotion to her. At length, taking up her pen, she wrote as follows, to her grandfather.

(TO MONSIEUR AMERICUS LEROY.)

"MY DEAR GRANDFATHER,—How consoling would it be to your Emily, could she now see you. Oh! that I had wings like a dove, that I could fly to you. Do you ask, 'How is this, my child, when you so much wished to go to America?'

"America! The place is hateful to me. It is false, that it is the 'land of the free and the home of the brave.' America is a mockery to freedom! It is a land of oppression,—of the *direst oppression* that ever existed upon earth. I tell you, dear grandfather, it is a land of whips, chains, groans, and tears. It is a land of blood. It is a land where man is converted into a

thing. It is a land where men debase and brutalize themselves, and sell their own offspring into bondage. It is a land where women are forcibly robbed of their virtue, and then made to drag out a miserable existence under the lash, exposed to the brutal lusts of master and overseer. This, dear grandfather, is what exists in America; I have seen it with my own eyes; I have heard it with my own ears; here in the family of my uncle, William Le Rux. But it troubles them not. Here my aunt as calmly talks of raising negroes as your peasants do of raising hogs for market, in order to increase their gain.

"And my father, you will ask,—'What of him?'

"Well, he who loved his Emily so well, and who talked so much of the pride of his country,—of her noble institutions, of her sons and daughters, of her freedom, and thus warmed my heart—has become like a dumb man. He sits and looks, and looks and sits. He walks, and sometimes sighs.

"Do you ask, whether he loves his Emily as well as ever? I cannot tell you. He is unhappy, and I do not know the cause. I am unhappy, and he *does* know the cause; for, although he has not asked me, yet I have told him. He is melancholy, and seems to wish to be alone.

"The occurrences in this house, and on this plantation, for the last few days, would, I am convinced, arouse the feelings of any one who was not lost to a sense of justice,—or, whose feelings had not become dormant. I tremble and hope, by turns, for my father; for, with all his silence, I have seen him weep. He has at least *some* sympathy.

“ I must leave this place, dear grandfather. There is a curse upon it; a blighting curse in all its borders — yea, even in its very heart. I seem to see the destroying angel about to deal vengeance upon it. I wish to escape, and turn not back, even to look. Oh! how I remember the happy hours spent with you, administering to your wants, when permitted by my father and mother to remain with you, rather than attend them in their gay and fashionable round of pleasure. It was profitable for me, for you taught me of God — of his works — of the character of man — of God’s designs in creating him. It was you who taught me to lift up my thoughts to heaven; and I bless you for it. I have learned much since I came here, by thus communing with my own spirit. The Spirit from above has entered into my soul, and it is teaching me truth. I long to be led into all truth. But the religion here is a mockery; men here know nothing of the true God. Verily, they worship a God of their own imaginings, which they have made so much like themselves, that he permits them to commit all manner of sin; and then they say it is according to the will of the Most High. But the God of justice is not asleep, neither has he taken a long journey. I see him, I hear him, I feel him; and, I repeat it, he is preparing to deal out vengeance upon this guilty nation.

“ When I parted with you, my more than father, you bade me speak freely to you, by letter. I shall do so. You gave me five thousand francs for my own private use. I found on board the vessel an exile, with a wife and child. They were ill on board,—that is, Mrs. Revey gave birth to a son. They needed aid and I bestowed it.

"On arriving in port, I loaned him four thousand francs, which enabled him to enter into a profitable business, near the city of New Orleans. I have his friendship, and I prize it. He has recently been of great service to me. Farewell.

"EMILY LE RUX."

CHAPTER XV.

THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN WILLIAM AND EDWARD LE RUX.

At dinner, all made their appearance but Frank. Mr. Le Rux replied to the request of his wife, to "eat of the pastry," that his stomach was not right. Anxious to learn the fate of poor Joe, Emily, after spending a few minutes with her father, went into the yard. In a short time, Frank approached from the slave quarters.

"I have not seen the overseer," said he, "since he left the cabin. Joe is miserably bad. I will attend him myself to-night. I trust you will retire early, dear cousin, and find the rest you so much need."

At eight in the evening, Emily took leave of her father, and retired as Frank had suggested.

She had scarcely reached her chamber when her uncle entered the room of her father, and, after a few minutes, spoke thus: "Edward, it pains me to be obliged to speak to you upon this subject—that is, your daughter's interference in my affairs, both in the house and on the plantation."

Mr. Edward Le Rux was silent, and William continued: "I think you understand me, brother." Still Edward was silent, and William went on: "I had thought that Emily's interference would end with Julia; but she seems determined to stand between me and all justice. I will not admit that she holds any

dower over me, and yet she has carried every point, and kept me almost silent. She is certainly very cunning. She is only fit to live in France."

Edward was agitated, and William said: "I do not wonder at your sensitiveness, brother, but cannot you teach her to look at this thing differently?"

Edward arose. He was still agitated. He took a few turns across the room. There was evidently a struggle in his mind. At length he said: "Had you and I been reared in France, brother, would not the scenes and occurrences in this house, and on this plantation, for the last few days, have shocked us? I am convinced that such would have been the case. Every person with whom I conversed abroad, who was at all acquainted with our 'peculiar institution,' condemned it. All who had travelled at the South were shocked at what they had seen and heard.

"In France," continued Edward Le Rux, "I learned to be a free-thinker. I have looked upon man's responsibilities as trifling—as extending no farther than this life. To-day I stand in the room of my proud and (I once thought) noble father—in the house of my birth—a monument of the sin of American slavery. You, who know all—you, who have promised—could you but know the agony of my soul; could you but have realized its horror as I listened to the story of Julia De Wolfe, and thought from what she had escaped; could you, I say, have felt all this, you might perhaps have been warned; you might perhaps have learned to pity.

"Would you have me teach my Emily that which would rob her of the consolations possessed by that noble, but broken-hearted, daughter of him we both loved and esteemed so highly, Albert De Wolfe, who

loved his Julia as I do my Emily? Sixteen years ago he died. His father could not meet his expiring look. Think you he would have thus shrank, if guilt had not been upon his soul? But he has gone to a higher tribunal than the deathbed of Albert. Let us beware, brother, how we deal with our children; let us keep in mind the deathbed.

"I have said that I was a free-thinker, although there were sometimes whisperings in my soul. A soul! Oh, how the word sounds to me! But it is even so. I am an accountable being, though I then drowned those whisperings in dissipation.

"The result you know. You proffered me a home; I returned to America. I became an inmate of the house of my birth, where I spent my childhood, where my proud father breathed his last. I brought with me my Emily, the sole pride of my life, the idol of my heart. And what did I see? I saw her whole soul revolting at the cruelties inflicted upon an oppressed and downtrodden race. I found her mind filled with truths and arguments of which I had never dreamed. 'From whence came they?' thought I. They breathed of inspiration.

"And then, there was your son, brother: how congenial their feelings upon this point. And lastly came the conviction, *there is a God*, and he has breathed into their hearts eternal truths. God is their strength. Who can gainsay or resist them?

"I was smitten in view of my guilt, and so do I continue. I cannot, as I used to, meet her whom I love so dearly, whom I have thought would be my solace through life. I listened to the story of Julia De Wolfe. It was then that I became more than ever convinced

that there was a God, from whom I could not escape. I have sought his pardon, but cannot obtain it. I am undone! My sins are too great to be forgiven. I have occasionally sought to soothe Emily's feelings in regard to slavery, but I felt as if the *agonies of hell* were upon me, and my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. It was a sin, brother, and may God not lay it to my account. Ask me not to tear from my bosom my only child, or force from her heart her only remaining hope—her deep sense of right, and unflinching resolution to pursue it, added to a firm reliance upon God. For you must know, brother, that I would sooner sever my right arm from my body—I would sooner die the death of a felon. *Her impulses are holy!* I repeat it, let us beware how we deal with our children, brother, for the *living fire of Jehovah* is upon them. It has even entered into their souls. Our days will soon be ended. Let us not add another sin to those already committed. I must go out from you, but whither, I know not. I will sooner become an exile, or a beggar in a strange land, than remain where there is no safety for me or mine. Think, oh think! what must be my feelings. Look at the North—at the infamous Fugitive Bill before Congress. Where are the slaves to find safety now?"

Edward was so exceedingly agitated that he trembled from head to foot. "O God!" said he—"but I have no God! There is a gulf between us so deep that, although I sometimes seem to catch glimpses of his purity and love, yet I cannot approach him.

"Look at me, brother, and learn that *slavery is a sin*; that it blights wherever it goes; that from generation to generation it entails misery, degradation, and

crime; that it is a curse in this world, and will at last shut its votaries out of heaven. I already feel the worm which will gnaw upon my soul through an eternity."

Here Edward Le Rux sank into a chair, exhausted by the intensity of his emotions. He covered his face with his hands, and said, half aloud: "There is that which would, which might save; and yet where? Oh, where is the proof? I might, and yet how can I disclose? Oh, how can I pain his aged heart thus? But I will, I will! He will *protect* them, though he *spurn* me."

Thus had Edward Le Rux spoken; and William had not interrupted him. He was touched by his agony of feeling, for he had loved him. He had promised him, but he had not expected that he or his would ever come between him and his interest. His heart was not touched by the truths he had heard, for his spirit had become dormant and utterly unable to appreciate eternal truths. The brothers remained silent for a few minutes. Edward's eyes were still shaded by his hand. The clock struck the hour of ten. "It is later than I supposed," said William; "I am not well, and must seek rest."

CHAPTER XVI.

CHOLERA, FRIGHT, AND DEATH.

WILLIAM LE RUX descended the stairs and entered the hall, when he heard a rap upon the kitchen-door. He started, for, as he had said, he expected to hear that half the niggers on the plantation were dead.

But this was not Bill's errand. As Mr. Le Rux opened the door, he said, with his eyes dilated and his body trembling with fear: "O Mas'r Le Rux! I hearn drefful fuss in oberseer's room, an' I find 'im all cramp up, an' pukin' like ebery ting. An' 'im jest say, O Lord, O Lord, I die, ebery single minit; an' 'im say, I jest run tell mas'r cum right dar."

Instantly Mr. Le Rux became deadly pale, and fairly gasped for breath. As he sank into a chair, he said: "He's got the cholera, Bill. I can't go; I am not well; and you must go and see to him yourself."

"Oh! de c'ol'ra, mas'r! 'Im be drefful, mas'r; 'im worse dan oberseer; 'im kill niggers in one minit. Oh, he skar' me awrfuly! I's all gone, mas'r!" and Bill dropped down upon the steps.

"But you must go," said Mr. Le Rux, "and that immediately. Stand on your feet now, and don't make such a fuss, you are only scared, and not hurt, Bill!"

Bill arose to his feet, while his master was speaking, but stood trembling and holding on by the doorway.

"Go now," said Mr. Le Rux "and do your duty, or I will send you to the overseer in the morning, and he shall give you twenty lashes."

"Oh! de c'ol'ra's got 'im, mas'r," said Bill, as he clenched tighter to the door.

"Well, go and do your best, Bill," said Mr. Le Rux, "or he'll die."

"O mas'r, me don't want to die and go wid him. Oh! I's *so sick*, mas'r," continued Bill, "*I's so sick*, an' I ain't got no med'cin' neder."

"I'll send some laudanum," replied Mr. Le Rux. He arose, entered a closet, took down a basket containing some phials, examined it, replaced it, and then proceeded to his wife's room.

Mrs. Le Rux was sitting up, waiting for her husband, but had fallen asleep in her easy-chair.

"Where is the laudanum?" asked he, hurriedly. But she did not awake.

"Wake up, wife," said he, as he touched her on the shoulder.

"Oh! I've been fast asleep," said she, with a yawn, then, rubbing her eyes, she continued: "What kept you out so late?" And she made a movement indicative of going to bed.

"I want the laudanum," said Mr. Le Rux.

"Oh! it's here," said she, as she opened the closet. "I was afraid you would take the cholera in the night. I have taken a few drops myself as a preventive; and I have brought the brandy, too," added she, as she placed the decanter in his hand. "I thought you would like it, with the laudanum."

Mr. Le Rux readily put the bottle to his lips, and Mrs. Le Rux probably thought he had partaken very liberally, as she looked rather anxiously at the bottle before replacing it upon the shelf. She was about to close the door, when Mr. Le Rux said: "But the laud-

anum,—I want the laudanum! Give it to me; be quick."

After Mr. Le Rux left the room, his wife was led to wonder what he could want of the laudanum, and she followed him to the kitchen. Bill was again seated upon the steps.

"Get up now, immediately," said Mr. Le Rux as he handed him the phial.

Mrs. Le Rux, seeing it in Bill's hands, and not understanding the importance of the case, took it from him, saying that she must keep a part of it. She went to the closet, took down the aforesaid basket, and emptied a part of the laudanum into another phial.

Mr. Le Rux again said, "Get up now instantly, Bill, and go to the overseer. Give him a teaspoonful as soon as you get there, and rub him all over; then give him another teaspoonfull."

Bill reached out his hand to take the phial. It shook so violently, that he was utterly unable to hold it, and it fell upon the stone step and was broken.

"Oh, I 's *so sick*, mas'r, I can't go, no how. I tremble all ober, an' break de bottle." He tried to get upon his feet, but this time failed; and showed symptoms of nausea.

"Give me the other phial," said Mr. Le Rux to his wife.

"Oh, I can't spare that," said she. "You 'll want it yourself before morning, you look so dreadfully now."

"Do I?" responded he anxiously. "Well, I believe I've got it coming on. I guess I shall die too."

"Oh, dreadful," said Mrs. Le Rux. "*Who* is going to die?"

"Why, the overseer," replied Mr. Le Rux, "has got

the cholera, and he 'll die before Bill will get there with the laudanum."

Mrs. Le Rux fairly groaned with fear, as she brought the other phial, and emptying part of it into a teacup handed it to Mr. Le Rux, saying, "Oh, oh, we 'll all die! we 'll all die!"

This only served to render Bill still more powerless to move. Now he could not stand upon his feet at all.

"Oh, you go, mas'r; you go, for you go to meeting. You 're Christian; c'ol'ra won't take you, mas'r. I 's poor nigger—I 's drefful wicked—neber goes to meetin'—I 's no Christian—de c'ol'ra take me rite off. 'Im won't touch mas'r."

Mr. Le Rux was getting very sick, and sank into a chair.

"Oh! you 'll die," said Mrs. Le Rux; at the same time, seizing the raw hide, she laid it heavily upon Bill's shoulders, bidding him go to the overseer immediately with the laudanum, and not sit there with the cholera, and give it to his master.

Bill was soon upon his feet, and out of the yard, but he had not reached the quarters, before the words of his mistress—"Don't sit there with the cholera,"—came to his mind, and fear again disabled him. Dropping upon the ground, he sent forth most terrific shrieks.

"I 's got de c'ol'ra, for misses say so. If de laudanum be good for mas'r and de oberseer, den 'im be good for me." And, putting the phial to his mouth, he drank about two-thirds of its contents. Then, replacing the cork, he laid down both phial and spoon by his side, on the ground.

"Bill is awful bad," said Mrs. Le Rux, as his shrieks

broke upon her ears. "He has given us all the cholera—but I'll go and send Dinah to the quarters."

She was soon in the loft; and, bidding Dinah come to the kitchen, she returned to her husband, who yet remained seated in his chair. He was quite unable to move, however, except to sway his body to and fro. There was also an occasional indication of vomiting. Mrs. Le Rux was now convinced that he had the cholera, beyond doubt. "I will seek Frank," thought she, "and give Mr. Le Rux over to him."

She went to Frank's room, but he was not there. "Has he gone off and left us?" thought she.

She then sought Emily, whom she found asleep. Emily was soon awake; but before she had time to ask what she would have, Mrs. Le Rux said: "Oh, we have all got the cholera, and are all going to die right off!"

"Perhaps so," said Emily. "Do you wish me to get up?"

Mrs. Le Rux answered in the affirmative; and then was proceeding to give a description of the state of things, when Emily cut her short, by telling her that she might light her lamp, and retire, that she would be down in a short time.

Mrs. Le Rux was soon in the kitchen again. Poor Dinah had already reached it, and was standing, bent nearly double, awaiting the orders of her mistress. "You must go to the quarters, Dinah," said Mrs. Le Rux. "They have got the cholera there, and your master has got it too. Don't you see how dreadfully he looks?" she continued, trembling as she spoke.

By this time, Emily was near, but, hearing Dinah and her aunt in conversation, she stopped, in order that

unperceived she might become better acquainted with the circumstances of the case.

"I don't t'ink ole Dinah can get to de quarters in de dark, 'kase I's so blind an' lame," said Dinah.

"Oh! you're afraid," said Mrs. Le Rux; "you are scared at the cholera."

"I ain't one bit 'fraid of 'im," said Dinah, "an' I'll try to go; but I jest b'l'leve mas'r got 'im rael bad, 'kase 'im teter so in 'im cha'r."

"Well," said Mrs. Le Rux, "Bill started for the quarters with a phial of laudanum, and he's fallen down somewhere. I suppose he is dead, for I don't hear him scream any more. He is somewhere down by the big tree. You must find him, take the phial and spoon, give the overseer a teaspoonful of the laudanum, and rub him all over with your hands; then give him another teaspoonful and rub him again."

"Oh, marcy!" said Dinah, "I won't tuch 'im for nofin', I won't for 'tousand worlds, 'kase he's ten 'tousand times worse 'dan de col'ra. De Lord send col'ra p'r'aps to take ole Dinah up; but if I jest tuch de oberseer, I'll live alwus, 'kase den de Lord neber hab anything to do wid me arter. Oberseer an awrful critter," continued she, "an' he's jest got a heap o' debils in 'im; an' 'im kill July; an' I won't tuch 'im, if I's w'ipped to def!"

Mrs. Le Rux did not wait to argue the matter, but took the raw hide which had taken such an effect upon Bill, and brought it down with all her might upon old Dinah's back, at the same time bidding her mind and go to the quarters.

Dinah's worn-out frame staggered under the blow, but she caught by the table, at the same time saying,

"I hearn young Mas'r Frank say, he'd 'bey de Lord rader dan man, an' I jest t'ink de Lord tell me not tuch de oberseer."

The raw hide was again raised, when Emily said, "Is this the way you meet death, aunt?"

Mrs. Le Rux shuddered as she turned to look; but Emily had sprang forward to her uncle, who was falling from his chair. He groaned, as she eased him in his fall to the floor.

"Oh! he'll die!" said Mrs. Le Rux; "we'll all die!"

"And go to judgment, whip in hand, I suppose," said Emily.

Mr. Le Rux now vomited freely. Emily turned away her head in disgust, as she smelt the brandy; and, being observed by Mrs. Le Rux, she said, "'Tis the preventive, Emily."

"I will go to the quarters, aunt," said Emily, "upon condition that you will let Dinah retire to my room in my absence." This was rather ungraciously acceded to by Mrs. Le Rux, and Dinah departed with a "Lord bless you, Miss Em'ly," upon her lips.

"Frank is at the quarters," said Emily. "I will go to him; but first give me my orders."

These Mrs. Le Rux repeated, as she had done to Dinah, at the same time expressing her surprise and displeasure that Frank should be at the quarters, catching the cholera.

Emily soon found the body of Bill. She put her hand upon his forehead, and found that it was cold. Judging, from what her aunt had said, that he was really dead, she took the phial and spoon which lay by his side, and made her way to the cabin of Joe. There she found Frank.

Joe was partially asleep. He awoke, however, as Emily approached him, made an effort to move, but could not. He looked up, and, seeing Emily, said: "Oh, Lord bless you, Miss Em'ly — you 's so good to Joe. I's not half so bad, 'kase you cut de rope. De Lord bless you, Miss Em'ly. Now, young Mas'r Frank," continued he, "I want you to read 'gin 'bout de Lord dat make de niggers, an' ebry body, an' make you an' Miss Em'ly so good."

Telling Joe that they must leave him for the present, Emily requested Frank to come with her.

Leaving the cabin, she proceeded to inform Frank of the state of things at the house, and also in regard to the overseer.

"And do you think," inquired Frank, "that my father really has the cholera?"

"He is frightened," replied Emily, "and has taken too much brandy as a preventive. Fear may bring on the disease, as was often the case in France, where the physicians decided that one-fourth died of fright, and from taking too much brandy and laudanum.

"Return to the house," said Frank, "and I will look after the overseer."

On approaching the door, Frank could distinctly hear oath after oath escape from the overseer's lips. "This is dreadful!" thought he. He was still more horrified as he beheld the miserable wretch. He was lying upon his bed, in an agony of pain, profaning the name of his Maker. The scene was dreadful beyond description, and the stench intolerable. Frank wavered a moment; then, advancing to the side of the couch, he turned the laudanum which remained in the phial into the spoon, spoke to the overseer, and put the spoon

to his mouth. He looked at Frank, then gnashed his teeth together, while his face became horribly distorted.

"Miserable man!" said Frank, "I fear you must die. Cannot you ask God to forgive you?"

With an oath, he muttered something in which Frank could distinguish the name of Julia; sprang up, clenched his fist, glared horribly at Frank, and fell back upon his pillow.

Thinking that he would soon be in a collapse, Frank left the room, and took his way to where Dick and some dozen other slaves were quartered, with the intention of sending Dick to the overseer, and one of the others to Joe; but, to his surprise, the room was empty. He listened, and soon heard the voice of Dick. He followed the sound, and came upon the whole group. They were evidently in fine spirits, and, from what Frank could hear, he was forced to the conclusion that they were informed of the sickness of the overseer, and were already making themselves happy in the prospect of soon being rid of him. He ordered Dick to go to Joe, and two of the others to the overseer, telling them that if he should die, they must bury him immediately, wash out the room, and burn some tar in it, or they would get the cholera themselves.

"We don't want to touch 'im," said they, "but we 'll do any'ting dat young Mas'r Frank tell us."

Frank then returned to Joe; and to his surprise found Emily, with whom he went to the house. They found Mr. Le Rux, as Emily had left him, still on the floor, with the addition of a pillow under his head. He informed Frank that he was very sick indeed, and that he wished him to go to the city for Dr. Willis, as he

was experienced, and had had great success in treating the cholera, adding that he thought he should die.

Frank was not convinced that his father had the cholera, but he was evidently quite sick. With the assistance of Mrs. Le Rux and Emily, he was placed in bed. Moving him again caused vomiting, and Mr. Le Rux and his wife were very sure his end was approaching.

Frank went for a physician. Mrs. Le Rux was unable to render Emily any assistance in his absence. She thought she had the cholera coming on herself, and was sure she should die. It was so dreadful to think of dying such a horrid death. She was sure that they would not have had it, but for the niggers. Emily felt for her a mingled sensation of disgust and pity. Mr. Le Rux at length fell asleep, and Emily prevailed upon her aunt also to retire. "I will, however, take a few drops of laudanum first," said Mrs. Le Rux. On going to the kitchen, she found that it had been thrown out by mistake. She then inquired of Emily for the phial, which she directed her to take from Bill.

Emily led the way to the kitchen, that she might not disturb her uncle, and told her aunt that she had found scarcely a teaspoonful in the phial, and that, if it had contained more, Bill must have taken it.

Mrs. Le Rux replied, that there was a full ounce. "Well, then," said Emily, "it was that which caused his death."

Mrs. Le Rux was going into a long harangue about the loss of the man and the laudanum, but Emily cut it short by leaving her to herself.

She returned to her uncle, and, seating herself, was lost in her own thoughts when he awoke. Fixing his

eyes upon her, he said : " Well, you are a good girl, after all, if you were raised in France."

Emily made no reply. He turned his face to the wall. " He is asleep," thought Emily, after an interval of some minutes.

But Mr. Le Rux said, " Well, it is strange, but I have not broken my promise yet; and, if I live, I never will." Again he was silent.

" His mind is wandering," thought Emily. But her curiosity was excited, and she said, " What promise, uncle ?"

" Oh! I forgot," he replied ; " it was to your father, but he need n't feel so bad. I always loved Edward, and he knows it, though — I did n't expect to hear him talk so."

He lay a few minutes, and then said : " Well, I don't know about the borrowed money. She was n't to blame, though, I don't know what I shall do. Did n't you say you could prove it Edward ?"

At this time, Frank entered with the doctor, and Emily withdrew. " Is my uncle's mind wandering?" thought she, " or is there a mystery connected with my father?"

She was absorbed in these reflections for something like half an hour, when Frank made his appearance. " The doctor is not satisfied," said he, " in regard to my father's disease, and will remain with him until morning. I must go to the quarters. Retire, cousin, and seek rest. If my father is worse, I fear it will devolve upon you to become his nurse, except at such times as I can be with him. Poor Dinah will never be able to act in that capacity again. Well do I remember her faithfulness, and kindness to us all. It was her nature

to be kind. She has watched over and attended to the wants of my mother, as the tenderest mother would to those of a child; and now, to see her with her tottering step, her worn-out frame, with her hands and eyes lifted to heaven, pleading that God would take her up — O, Emily! you know not what I feel!"

Tears stood in the eyes of Frank, and trickled down his cheeks; he wiped them away, and continued, "My mother, if not ill, has no mind."

Emily was deeply moved at Frank's sorrow, and she wished to learn his thoughts from what so affected him. "I trust, cousin," said she, "that you will not expose yourself unnecessarily at the quarters."

"No," replied Frank, as a deep sigh escaped him. "No, cousin," repeated he, "I will not. But my life is in the hands of Him who gave it. I feel that I am ready to depart at his bidding. But, O Emily" — He stopped, gave another sigh, and continued: "Would that I could undo the wrongs committed by him who lies in yonder room, now, perhaps, about to enter into judgment. Would that I could undo the wrongs inflicted by her who bore me; who had intellect and qualities of mind which should have made her happy and good in this world, and fitted her for heaven. O Slavery!" he continued, "what hast thou done? My mother's soul is blighted, dormant. Where is her intellect now? where the noble qualities of womanhood, of maternity? Lost, and lost because she would not listen to the 'still small voice,' and let Him who whispered to her conscience be her teacher. It is Slavery which has done it; and its tendency is down, *down*, down! And my ancestors: think, O think, Emily, and judge, from what has occurred within the last few

days, what must be the amount of sin committed, and cruelty inflicted, in this house, for the last thirty years. For, believe me, what you have witnessed is not exceptional, but such things are of every-day occurrence. My mind is now carried back to the days of my childhood, when I witnessed scenes at which brutes would revolt. You can judge," continued he, "what must be the effect upon the young mind, at a time when it should be trained to truth and virtue, and all the holy impulses of our better nature."

He was silent a minute, and then said: "Thanks to that Being who has 'brought me from this horrible darkness into his marvellous light.' I feel as though I could bear the sins of the whole *South*, if, by so doing, her people could be redeemed. But I cannot tell you what I feel towards the *North*. She is fast sinning away her day of grace; she is acting with the beams of God's light shining full in her face; she is shutting her eyes that she may not see; and is about to commit the sin of which Christ spake—namely, 'to crucify the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame,' in the person of his children. For her I cannot pray. I tell you that this unholy Bill before Congress will pass; then they will seize upon the panting fugitive, who was made in the image of his Maker, and for whom Christ died, and will send him back into the bondage of chains and darkness, away from the light of their own blessed gospel privileges, of which they so much boast."

Frank had been so entirely absorbed with these thoughts that he seemed to have forgotten all else. He was overcome with the intensity of his feelings, and hurriedly left the room.

"Poor Dinah!" thought Emily, as she entered her

chamber, and saw the weary slave extended upon the carpet asleep. "You will soon sleep your last sleep."

She thought of the feelings of the inhabitants of the Spirit world, supposing they were permitted to look down from their dwelling-place, and behold her. She wondered if they could weep. She knew they could feel joy, for Christ had said, "there was joy in heaven over one repenting sinner." She wondered if they could feel grief at the sufferings of such as Dinah. "If there be joy," thought she, "over *one* sinner that repenteth, what would be the joy if this *whole nation* would repent, and unloose the heavy chains of slavery! She thought of the blessing this nation would receive into its own bosom; of the peaceful and happy feelings of its inhabitants as they laid themselves down to rest, with the smiles and joy of an approving conscience, sustained by the approbation of God and the whole heavenly host.

Emily could not sleep. She thought of riches, splendor, dress, and the smiles and flatteries of earth. "What! O, what are they," thought she, "when purchased at such a price—at the price of what I now see before me: a being, like myself, thus made miserable by being robbed of what God gave her, 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of her own happiness?' Yes," thought she, "these hands were given me for my own use."

Involuntarily her eye rested upon the form of Dinah. Emily had become nervous. She arose, drew her chair near to where Dinah was extended upon the carpet, and gazed upon her hands. On one was the mark of a hot iron, which Dinah said had been applied in her childhood, by her young mistress, because she had ac-

cidentally spilled some water upon her white satin dress. Those hands were now, as Dinah had told her, all drawn up. One joint was swollen, another bent almost double; here was a callous, and there one finger was missing.

"Too bad!" said Emily, aloud; and, before she was aware of it, the tears were on her cheeks. She looked upon her own hands. "Thank Heaven," said she, "it was not for me you toiled thus."

Emily thought of what Frank had said, in regard to Dinah's kindness to her aunt, and of the blow which she had seen her aunt give her, the evening before.

"And yet Dinah is a Christian," thought Emily; "and what will her Saviour say to my aunt, in the Judgment, as to her treatment of him in the person of his child? Can I pray for my aunt?" thought she.

A feeling of awe crept over her, which she had never known before, as she endeavored to lift up her heart to God in her aunt's behalf. In spite of all her efforts to pray, Dinah was before her. All, all was dark between herself and Him with whom she was wont to commune. She uttered a deep groan. Dinah awoke, and attempted to turn herself, but failed. "Oh marcy! Miss Em'ly," said she, "I 's so stiff an' sore, now, all ober, I jest b'leves I 'll neber git up again. Oh marcy! my back aches dreffly," and she again attempted to turn herself, but again failed.

By Emily's assistance, Dinah at length succeeded in rising sufficiently to sit up. "Now," said Emily, "you must get upon my bed. I cannot sleep, and I will rest in the chair."

Dinah was about making some reply, but Emily

said, "Not a word, Dinah;" and, with some difficulty, succeeded in raising her, and assisting her to the bed.

As Frank approached the slave quarters, he heard sounds of merriment among the negroes. He listened. They were in the open air, singing :

" Hang up de shobel and de hoe,
Take down the fiddle and de bow :
De oberseer 's gone to de oberseer's rest —
He is gone where dey all got to go."

One of them then added :

" De c'ol'ra carry him off, 'caze he 's so bad —
He be gone to de *debel*, an' de niggers all glad."

They then joined hands, and danced round and round. When the ring was broken, some continued the shuffle, slapping their hands, while some dropped upon the ground, in great glee, and others rolled over and over, in laughter.

" Well," thought Frank, "the overseer *must be dead*, or there would not be all this rejoicing among the slaves." As he approached the spot he was seen, for instantly all was still, and the slaves moved demurely toward the cabins.

But there was a grin of satisfaction upon Jim's face, which he could not well conceal, as he looked up to reply to Frank's question, whether "the overseer was dead?"

" Oh! yes, mas'r, him die purty soon arter we git dar," replied Jim; "an' we do jest as mas'r say — we bury 'im rite off, an' burn de tar rite on 'im, so 'im keep de c'ol'ra all to himself, an' not gib it to us."

" Where did you bury him?" asked Frank.

" Oh, de oberseer hab de hole dug for July. Well, we put 'im rite in dar," said Jim, with a broad grin.

"But I am afraid you did not bury him deep enough," said Frank.

"O yes! mas'r," replied Jim; "we digged de hole two feet funder, an' den we gets some skeer'd, an' we tumble 'im rite in, an' threw in his whip wid 'im, an' den we cober 'im up quick 's eber we can."

"Well, what scared you?" said Frank.

"Oh! we t'inks we hear de debil comin' wid de big tongs to take 'im off. Someting went ding, ding, all de time, an' dat it surely did, 'kase we all hear'n it."

"And why did you bury his whip with him?" asked Frank.

"Oh! we t'inks," replied Jim, grinning, "dat de debil may p'raps want 'im for oberseer down dar; an' we t'inks de whip 'll give us all de c'ol'ra, if we leaves it layin' roun'."

Here Jim betrayed himself, for he lost his gravity, and burst into a loud fit of laughter, which immediately became general with the whole group.

Frank then told them how Bill was afraid of the cholera, and had drank so much laudanum that it killed him; and Frank bade them bury him as decently as they could, telling Dick also to manage at the quarters, and wash and cleanse up everything.

CHAPTER XVII.

PASSAGE OF THE FUGITIVE BILL AND THE RESULT.

WE find Edward pursuing his studies as usual at college; and leave him to inquire after Mrs. Le Clare. We find her still dealing justly, and loving mercy. There, too, we find Ella administering kindness to Mrs. Le Clare. She is the same kind, affectionate girl as when we last saw her. She likes to call when Mrs. Le Clare gets a letter from Edward, and inquire how he is; and, when Mrs. Le Clare gives her the letter to read, she blushes, thanks her, and looks pleased.

Mr. Brownson is the same, except that it seems rather more difficult of late for him to find texts of Scripture sufficiently strong to satisfy others that slavery is right. People don't like the Fugitive Bill which is now before Congress.

It was mail day, and Richard brought home the Liberator.

Mrs. Wise was sitting with Mrs. Le Clare when Richard entered and handed her the paper. Mrs. Le Clare arose, and retired to her own room. In a short time Mrs. Wise was startled by a deep groan, and instantly a heavy fall. Entering Mrs. Le Clare's room, she found her lying insensible upon the floor.

She dispatched Richard for Dr. Freeman. In the mean time Mrs. Wise placed a pillow under Mrs. Le

Clare's head, and used such restoratives as had before been resorted to; but all to no purpose.

Dr. Freeman entered. Alas! Mrs. Le Clare was dead. Dr. Freeman remained with Mrs. Wise, while Richard drove his horse for Ella and another friend of Mrs. Le Clare's. Ella was deeply grieved at this sudden bereavement, and all present participated in her feelings.

Dr. Freeman took Mrs. Wise aside, and requested that the body be removed to another apartment, and that the room of Mrs. Le Clare be closed until the return of Edward. "It is my wish," said he, "that not even a paper or a chair be moved until after Edward has seen it." This was complied with.

Dr. Freeman assisted in removing the body, and then hastened to inform Edward, by telegraph, of his sad bereavement.

There was a deep feeling in C—— when it was known that Mrs. Le Clare was dead. She had been almost universally beloved.

To the oft-repeated inquiry made of Dr. Freeman as to the cause of her death, his answer was: "I think she died of her old complaint. I have long suspected disease of the heart. She has before swooned, but this attack proved fatal."

It was on the evening of the second day after the death of Mrs. Le Clare, that Ella, who had remained with Mrs. Wise, and who first heard a footstep and a rap, opened the door to Edward Le Clare; and he entered again his home. As he extended his hand to Ella, she was overcome with her emotions, and burst into tears.

There were no tears on that manly face, but there was

an expression of sorrow so deep—it was that grief which brings no tears to its relief.

Dr. Freeman soon entered, and Ella withdrew to attend to some duties. In about half an hour the Doctor inquired for the key of Mrs. Le Clare's room; he handed it to Edward, and departed, promising to call again in an hour.

Edward was alone. He walked the room a few minutes; then, slowly turning the key of his mother's room, he entered, and closed the door behind him. He was alone in the sanctuary of her whom he was to meet no more in this world. Here it was that he had last parted with his dear mother—here it was that that mother had taught him to pray—here it was that the Holy Spirit had descended, and brought him to a knowledge of the truth. It was here that he had received so many holy admonitions; but she who had given them was gone. In one minute, as he stood ruminating, all the scenes of his past life came up before him, and he seemed to be living them over again. Not a word, not a look of his mother escaped him. But at this instant, a calmness came over him. His mind was suddenly lifted up from earth, and he seemed to behold his mother, as an angel in heaven, and to see her smile upon him; but that which he had so often gazed upon, and wondered at, it was gone,—there was radiance in that look, but nought of sorrow, nought of anxiety was there. A cloud seemed lifted from his spirit, and peace filled his heart. "Yes, mother," he said, aloud, "I am here." As he spoke, he approached the table and laid his hand upon the letter which he had last written to her. He opened it, and read upon the margin: "This has comforted me, my son." Upon

turning it, a slip of paper fell to the floor. He took it up and read: "I pen this before opening the *Liberator*. Something tells me we may not meet again in this world—if so, farewell." His eyes then turned to the paper. It was folded in quarto form, and lay upon the table, as if his mother had placed her elbow upon it, and her head upon her hand to read. Without moving it, Edward bent forward, and read, "*The Fugitive Bill* has passed both Houses, and become a law." All was at once explained to Edward.

"And ye are murderers," he said, "ye men of the nation, ye men of blood,—for by your fruits do I judge you."

All his mother's suffering and sensitiveness upon the subject of the Bill came up before him. "Yes," he continued, while he paced the room hurriedly; "ye men of the *North*, who have *apostatized* from the doctrines of your fathers—ye men at *Washington*—ye proslavery preachers, and professing Christians—adjourn for a while, and come into this sanctuary, and let my mother's spirit breathe into your souls the truth, that ye are *murderers*. Come, listen to me, as those of old did to *Paul*; and let me tell you "Of *truth*, of *righteousness*, and of a *judgment* to come." Let me tell you that you have 'crucified the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame,' in the person of his children, whom you have now *nailed to the cross of Slavery*. There they will *suffer* and *expire*, while you will give them *gall* and *vinegar* to drink. But it will return upon *you*, 'and your days shall be shortened.' But they shall rise again. Thou hast entombed their souls in darkness, but God will send his ministering spirits, and they will roll away the stone from the sepulchre of

their hearts, and they shall rise in the strength of their manhood, and those who have been *crucified* shall stand in judgment against you. But the nation is accursed, and will sink down, *down*, DOWN to dissolution, because it has forsaken its first love for which our fathers planted their feet upon Plymouth Rock—Freedom. Oh, that our young sons and daughters would arise and shake themselves, before they are left in desolation, and ‘go mourning all the day long, for the darkness which has come upon them.’”

Edward ceased speaking, and, seating himself, remained for a few minutes absorbed in his own reflections. But he was reminded of the flight of time since he had entered the room, by hearing his name pronounced by Ella, who had come to inform him that Dr. Freeman was in waiting for him.

The doctor was much gratified at the calmness he saw resting upon the countenance of Edward, and together they proceeded to the room where lay the corpse. There was a smile upon the features. Edward placed his hand upon the marble forehead, took hold of the cold fingers, stooped and kissed the rigid lips, but he did not weep. He was still calm. ●

“You were right, doctor,” said he; “it was well that I went to my mother’s room first—I have communed with her spirit, and feel that she is not lost to me, but will be my guardian Spirit, and that ‘the Lord will give her charge concerning me, that I faint not by the way.’” Again he placed his hand upon her forehead, and said, “It is well; her sufferings are over.”

Edward’s heart became sad at the thought that he could never know the cause of his mother’s grief. His mind was instantly drawn towards the room, which he

now felt to be a sanctuary. He entered it, and seated himself in the easy chair, which was constructed with a small writing desk upon the right side. This Mrs. Le Clare did not use, except when ill, or quite fatigued. Lost in thought, he unconsciously opened a small drawer attached to the desk, when he beheld a paper neatly folded.

It was his mother's writing, and seemed to have been penned immediately after returning from a funeral. It ran thus: "I wish to be laid calmly and peacefully in my last resting-place, when my spirit has departed from my body. I shall then have entered where no comments from man can do me good, and I think that one's own reflections, at the burial of their friends, are better than any eulogies that can be offered. Mr Brownson spoke to day of the 'cold and dreary grave.' To me, the grave does not seem 'cold and dreary;' but only the entrance to a far brighter and happier existence. But the pomp and show at funerals is to me very painful.

"Edward, when I die, lay me out plainly; put me in the grave cheerfully, some pleasant *morn* or *eve*, with no one to speak of me but the 'still small voice' which will whisper truth and immortality. And then, Edward, do not weep. Ella, I know you love me, and *you are very dear* to me. Edward is all I have in this world."

Edward was deeply moved. "It shall be done," said he. Taking the paper, he sought Mrs. Wise and Ella, and told them he desired that the request therein contained might be complied with.

"You will now, I trust, retire," said Mrs. Wise; "and

as the corpse is in your room, you will find Richard's room prepared for you."

Taking a light, however, Edward proceeded to his own room, looked once more upon the face of his dear mother, threw himself upon his own bed, and was soon in a quiet and peaceful slumber.

Mr. Brownson had been informed of the death of Mrs. Le Clare, and had been expecting to preach the funeral sermon. But no such request came. He was greatly surprised, therefore, when he saw the small procession pass early the next morning after Edward's return. Many of the villagers joined it, however, and at the grave was shed many a sympathizing tear. But Edward did not weep.

"This is only the fruits of Infidelity," said Mr. Brownson to his wife; "and I am of the opinion that I ought to preach a sermon upon it."

At the request of Edward, Ella returned with him and Mrs. Wise from the funeral. In the afternoon Edward again sought his mother's apartment, and proceeded to examine the remaining papers in the drawer from which he had taken one the evening previous. There were several, which he took in order. The first read as follows:

"Oh! how little does my Edward know of my feelings, or that it is *for him* I fear. Oh! would that I dared to open my whole soul to him; but I fear to do it.

"Ella, dear, good girl, she is next in my heart to him. If it should be the will of God that they should —; but oh! it would be sin for me to write it. It might perhaps ere long cause her to become a sharer in my sufferings. Oh, what will be the agony of my soul, if this infamous 'Fugitive Bill' passes Congress! What

calamities it might bring to our hearts. And yet, methinks, God will interfere in our behalf, and that this darkness will flee away."

In another place, on the same sheet, was the following:

"I am becoming more attached to Ella, each visit she makes me. She reads to me so like Edward, and tries to comfort me. May she ever be happy."

On another sheet was the following, which seemed to have been written about the time of Edward's last visit at home.

"O God, give me strength! It is even as I had feared. Another—Oh, the broken vows!—who could have believed? Had he but left me Edith, methinks I could have borne it. And she still lives. What, tear her from me—my first-born, whom I so loved—to place her with another? But I must not write thus. Perhaps——. Oh, would that I could open my heart to Edward, and send him to search out, to find, and to tell her it is *I* who claim her. But no, it is madness to think of it. He might learn all, and be forever unhappy. He might be rash. Oh no, it is better that I should suffer alone, than that he should ever know aught but what I have been forced to tell him. And yet, I know what must be his feelings. Alas! there is safety only in silence; safety, did I say? I know not——." Here it was cut short. It seemed that his mother had an impulse of feeling to destroy it, for it had evidently been touched to a candle, and a part burned, then suddenly extinguished by crumpling it in the hand.

"And am I never to know more of my father, and of Edith, and they still living? Why, Oh, why did she

not tell me? Why did she not bid me seek them? 'Safety:' what did she mean? Safety for me? Oh, mystery!" and he pressed his hand upon his throbbing heart, while he paced the room to and fro.

Every other feeling was at length lost in the mind of Edward except pity for what his mother had suffered. "And it was the unholy thing of Slavery, connected with all this, that weighed her down," thought he, "and the Fugitive Bill had broken her heart. And why all this? Oh! why did you not tell me, my mother?" said Edward, aloud. Instantly the words which his mother had spoken before sounded in his ears, as if spoken aloud: "Unless God in his mercy interfere," &c.

Edward dropped upon his knees and poured out his soul to God. He arose calm. "I will search for more of my mother's papers," thought he, "for thus my mind is led. But it is late, and I will first seek Ella. Perhaps she is lonely." He had himself invited her to the house, and she had been kind enough to come.

As he was about to pass the outer door, he saw the carriage of Mr. Erskine turning towards the house. It was sent for Ella, with the request that Edward would ride over, and spend the evening. He hesitated, as his mind reverted to the papers; but, at the request of Mrs. Wise, who thought it would be better for him, accompanied with a "Yes, Edward, it will do you good, and my father wishes to see you," from Ella, he consented.



CHAPTER XVIII.

A SHORT DISCUSSION.—ATTEMPT TO SAVE THE UNION.

ON entering the house, they were surprised to find George Brownson quietly conversing with Mr. Erskine. He arose as they entered, however, and greeted Ella with much cordiality, but maintained a haughty reserve toward Edward Le Clare. This did not in the least disturb Edward, but wounded Ella.

"What a cold, selfish pretender George is," said she to her father, as he stepped into the kitchen to procure some wood to replenish the fire, whither she followed him for the purpose of giving vent to her feelings. "He has not even the sympathy of a savage, to be so cold to Edward in his sorrows."

"I fear he has not the honor of a savage," replied Mr. Erskine. "He would, I think, like to use the tomahawk and scalping-knife on Edward, without his having ever offended him; whereas a savage seeks only revenge for injury done him."

"George Brownson will never take the scalp of Edward Le Clare as a trophy," said Ella.

"He may perhaps try a few arrows upon him, as formerly," remarked Mr. Erskine; "but Ella will ward them off, as usual."

Ella blushed a little, but said, "Yes, I will cast them back upon himself, where they will stick fast."

"But you must not aim at his heart, child," said her father, "for they may prove dangerous."

"Hearts which are devoid of sympathy and goodness are not easily injured, father," said Ella, "and George Brownson has neither."

Edward was abstracted; his thoughts rested elsewhere. George at length introduced the subject of the Fugitive Slave Law. "He was in favor," he said, "of every person's standing firm against all fanaticism, which would now, he thought, easily be put down. The Union had been in great danger, the Constitution and Government must be supported. They had been trampled upon. The South felt her wrongs, and *her grievances* must be redressed. Our nation's champions had done their duty now, and he hoped every lover of liberty would stand firm, and do their bidding."

A deep groan came from Edward, as he arose to his feet, and walked the room, occasionally passing his hand across his brow. George continued: "He was grieved that so many had fallen. Some had promised fair to run a glorious career in the service of their country, but had been drawn aside. But the nation would still have her true men."

Edward felt that George meant to be personal, but he did not deign a reply. Another groan came from him, but he did not speak.

Ella had thought that Edward himself would soon discharge his artillery at George with a deadly aim. But he did not even speak, and then that groan!—she could bear it no longer. Rising indignantly, she said: "And is it to *Southern slaveholders*; who cannot bring *their dogs North*, and therefore call upon men to fill their places, that we are indebted for this visit, Mr. Brownson? Is there a fugitive about here to be taken, sir? If so, are you anxious to add laurels to your

already fair fame? Is it for that we see you here to-night? Perhaps, sir, you are aware that fugitives sometimes pass this way, and are sheltered beneath the roof of Mr. Erskine. Are you employed as a spy? If so, I beg leave to inform you that so many of the inhabitants of C——, both ladies and gentlemen,—in particular my humble self,—have lost so much of their '*honor*' that it will prove an entire failure for *you* to seek glory and honor upon this track. Indeed, sir, there is scarcely anything of '*honor*' to be found in this town, except in the family of Mr. Brownson, and some half-dozen of his tools." Ella had spoken with sarcastic boldness; she had thrown her arrows, and they had struck.

With all the hauteur that George Brownson could command, he felt as if suddenly transfixed to his chair. He was somewhat relieved, however, for, at this instant, Lucy opened the door, and, beckoning to Ella, requested her to inform her father, that James had returned from S——, and, as the horses were tired, he hoped he would not keep him waiting.

Mr. Erskine heard the wheels of the wagon before he had time to reach the yard. As he entered, James put his finger to his lips, and pointed to the wagon, saying, in a whisper, "Is George Brownson in town?"

Mr. Erskine nodded in the affirmative, and pointed to the house. The countenance of James assumed a look of anger. He lifted his whip in his hand, and gave it a smart crack, as much as to say, "I'd like to lay it about him."

"It's a woman and her babe," said he, in a low tone; "and we are watched. I am afraid the baby will cry. You must get George Brownson away."

Mr. Erskine led the way to the house, and motioned James to follow. They both entered by the kitchen door, and Mr. Erskine proceeded to the parlor, saying, as he opened the outer door, which looked toward the west, "Well, James was right in driving into the barn; it does look like rain, and it is too late to unload to-night."

Edward was sitting with his eyes fixed upon George, with a look of melancholy and pity.

At this time George rose to his feet; and, without looking at either Edward or Ella, made a very awkward and uncereemonious exit.

"Poor man!" thought Edward; "with all my griefs, I am thankful that I do not stand in your place."

As George closed the door, Mr. Erskine stepped into the kitchen, and spoke to James, who immediately disappeared out of the back door.

"You have thrown your arrows where they stick fast, indeed, Ella," said Mr. Erskine, on his return to the parlor. "We have a poor fugitive woman and child in the barn, under the bags and straw; and, if I can judge from James' looks and actions, George Brownson came home unexpectedly (for his father told me he did not expect him home these three weeks), hoping to add to his glory and honor by aiding the slave-catchers who are on their track."

Ella sprang to her feet. "A woman and child, did you say, father?"

At this moment James entered the parlor, quite uncereemoniously, and said: "Well, I was right. I followed George Brownson, and was within a short distance of him, when he met the fellow who is after the runaways, and I heard all their conversation. But

the woman must be suffering there in the wagon, and, if the child should cry, it would all be let out. She must come to the house, if I bring her in my hat."

Ella had stood lost in thought; but, as James finished speaking, she stepped across the floor to where her father stood, who seemed much perplexed, and said quietly, "I sent my arrows at random, father, but they hit the mark. I can now do even better than that. Will you 'trust a woman's wit' this time?"

"I am glad to submit the case to you," replied Mr. Erskine, "for I acknowledge that I can see no way but to call all good abolitionists together, and fight it out with the rascals."

"Come with me, James," said Ella; and instantly she led the way to the barn.

James turned the key, swung open the door, and they entered. Stepping up to the wagon, Ella said aloud, "Come, poor woman; you will doubtless evade your pursuers."

Turning to James, she put her finger to her lips. Then, in her usual tone, she bade him assist the woman from the wagon.

It was only because James had so many proofs of Ella's good sense, that he had any faith in her now. "If she fails," thought he, "in carrying out a seeming impossibility, it will be the first time."

He came forward, and, removing some straw and bags of meal, the woman and child were soon extricated from their uncomfortable position.

Ella could not help noticing James' cunning, in arranging the bags so as to form a kind of room, and still leave plenty of breathing-holes, as well as elude suspicion.

"Take courage, good woman," said Ella, as she led the way to the house.

Immediately on entering, she led the woman to her own room; and, closing the door, she proceeded to take off her clothing, which was very scanty, and then placed her in bed. She took from a closet some garments of her own, and, laying them upon the bedstead, told her to put them on when she arose. After instructing Laura how to attend to the wants of the fugitive, she took from a nail a phial, containing an anodyne, dropped some of it into a cup of milk, and fed it to the child, which was evidently hungry, for it swallowed it eagerly. She then proceeded to array herself in the clothes of the fugitive; after which she rolled up a small quilt, in the form of a child, and over it wrapped the blanket that had served for a covering for the fugitive's child. There was a sort of bonnet and cloak, which had been worn by the fugitive, and with these she completed her disguise.

Thus equipped she entered the parlor, and seated herself by the fire, putting on the appearance of one very cold, weak and exhausted.

It was not until she arose, and addressed Edward, saying, "Will you take care of this fugitive?" that they were aware of the disguise.

Mr. Erskine comprehended in an instant; and, turning to James, bade him bring round the carriage to convey Edward home.

Ella stepped into the fugitives' room, and returned with her little charge, at the same time hushing it, as though fearful it would awake.

With her head bowed down, our fugitive heroine was placed in an open wagon by the side of Edward

Le Clare; but, before they drove from the door, Mr. Erskine received many thanks, and "Lord bless yous," from the fugitive.

As they departed, James went out again to reconnoitre. Laura soon had the satisfaction of finding the woman resting very comfortably, and the child fast asleep. In a short time, James returned, and informed Mr. Erskine that the *slave-catchers* were in pursuit of the wagon, and that now was their time. He would go to the place appointed, and notify the men from whom he had taken the woman, and they would soon come round to the back door for her.

"You must have her ready," said James, for "they will soon be back."

"If we can get her on to Nathan's," said Mr. Erskine; "she will be beyond their reach, for he will even hold them in parley, until she is in the dominions of the British queen. Many a slave has landed there, who will never forget the kindness of Ruth and Nathan, or the basket which hung upon Ruth's arm, when she made her appearance. Well, no matter where," said he, "for I do not wish to speak much of the 'Underground Railroad Depot.'"

There was no danger in his remark; for, before he had done speaking, James had leaped more than one fence, and the next few minutes brought him into a cross road, about one half-mile from the home of Mr. Erskine, where stood a closely covered carriage and horses. James stopped, and gave a distinct whistle.

"Is all ready?" said a man, who rose up from beneath the underbrush.

"All ready," responded James; and both he and the man entered the carriage.

"Push the horses," said James; "we 'll cheat the rascals this time."

And they did push the horses; the carriage moved at a rapid rate. It soon stopped, however, some few paces from Mr. Erskine's, directly in the shadow of the big elm. And now the *real fugitive*, with her *real baby*, came out. She looked very much like *Ella Erskine*, when arrayed in her neat morning dress, with her large warm sack, as she was wont to accompany Laura in her out-of-door domestic affairs.

The baby had lost its blanket, but it was evidently the gainer by an exchange. This time Mr. Erskine would not stay to receive any thanks, for he immediately turned towards the house.

"Drive slow, until you pass the first corner," said James, as the horses turned their heads to the north. "I am going up towards Le Clare's," said James, as he put his head in at the door; "them fellows looked ugly at me, and I 'm afraid they 'll make Edward and Ella a heap of trouble up there. That George Brownson is acting as a spy, and I 'd just like to catch him at it to-night."

As James neared the house of Edward Le Clare, he thought he saw some one in the field, partially hid by a tree.

"I have it," said he, to himself, "it's the black-hearted fellow skulking about, like a thief, as he is, and his father before him; for a partaker is as bad as the thief any time—and he hopes to get *our Ella*, and the beautiful farm yet, but I 'll show him a trick!" and he quickened his pace.

He was soon standing a little distance from the door of the heretofore quiet kitchen of Mrs. Wise, who was

engaged in quite an altercation with the slave claimants, as to their *right* to search her house for an escaped fugitive. They at length became quite audacious, Mrs. Wise demanding that all the forms of law should be complied with according to the letter. Certain papers had been produced. "She is trying to gain time for the fugitive," thought James. "I'll give them a chase," said he to himself. Instantly turning, he passed round some rods back of where he had seen the figure of the man, and almost exactly imitated the crying of a child. It was near the house, and, as the outer door was open, it was distinctly heard by those within.

"She's escaped! She's escaped!" was now the cry; and, quick as thought, the claimants were all in pursuit.

As they left the house, Mrs. Wise rushed hurriedly to Ella's room, exclaiming, "They are lost! The snappers are after the woman and child."

"Where?" said Ella, as she bounded to the door, clad in her fugitive's disguise. At this instant, the cry of the child broke on their ears again.

"It is farther off in the distance now," said Mrs. Wise.

"I'll save her!" cried Ella, as she bounded like a deer over the fence, and across the fields. She advanced but a little way, before she sent up a wild, agonizing cry. "O Lord! my child! O Lord! where's my child?" She had not proceeded far in the field, before she was caught by no less a personage than George Mason, and held fast, while she groaned and struggled for freedom.

One of the slave-catchers, who had now turned his attention from the child to its mother, came up.

George was about to relinquish his prize to him, at the same time saying, "Ten dollars, sir," when the sight of Edward Le Clare, who had followed close upon Ella's footsteps, and whom he now beheld looking him full in the face, somewhat daunted him.

George let go his hold, to slink away, when Ella threw off her bonnet. The moon shone full upon her face, displaying her countenance, now rendered doubly beautiful by excitement. With much suavity, she said, "Have I the honor of addressing Mr. George Brownson?" Then, speaking in a stern, dignified tone to the slave-catcher, she said, "Relinquish your hold on me, sir."

He was confounded, and instantly obeyed.

Ella continued: "I have made you some trouble, sir; and as this gentleman, Mr. George Brownson, is entitled to ten dollars as a reward for his acting in the capacity of a Southern hound, it behooves me to say, that he has acted his part faithfully. I was forcibly seized, and held as if by the aforesaid animal. But, as I was not the fugitive in question, though he thought me to be such, I consider him justly entitled to his fee. To save further trouble, therefore, I will say that, lest my father may be disposed to make you some trouble, on account of my unlawful seizure and detention (which, by the way, might perhaps be made out to be an attempt to kidnap a free person of the North), I will hold myself responsible for the ten dollars, to be paid to Mr. Brownson. At our next Ladies' Anti-Slavery meeting, I will lay the case before its members, and request them to raise the money by subscription. I will also inform them of the *noble act* performed by him, this evening; and, for the glory and honor therebv

merited by him, we will return him our vote of thanks, and award him a pewter medal."

Then, turning again to George, whose face presented the appearance of marble, and who stood like a statue, while Edward's eyes were bent piercingly upon him, she again addressed him: "You have won laurels, for yourself, sir, this day! Your noble and manly conduct deserves to be, and shall be, heralded through the nation. Your name, sir, is immortalized."

James, who had finished his ruse, and who had so managed as to leave his pursuer almost in the depths of the wood, had come up, unperceived by any one, and had heard Ella's remark in regard to kidnapping. He now said: "I came to look after you, Miss Ella. Your father has been informed that there are kidnappers about this town, and that they are chasing after you and Mr. Le Clare."

"You have come just in time," replied Ella, as she gave her arm to Edward. "Return without delay, and inform my father that I have been forcibly seized by kidnappers and their abettor, George Brownson, and that I desire his attendance immediately."

This had the effect to start George, who turned his steps homeward.

As Ella and Edward were returning to the house, the Southerner whom they had left in the field set up a loud halloo for his companion, which made the woods resound.

"You have finished him, Ella," said Edward; "or, as they say in college, '*used him up*.' George will not long remain in this vicinity, studying theology. With all his meanness, I did not think he could be so black-hearted."

"I have long known him, and learned to despise him," replied Ella.

"I have just come round to tell you the ruse," said James, who now entered the door. "You see, I wanted to give them time to get on to Nathan's with the fugitives, and so I cried like a baby; but I did n't intend to get you into their clutches, Miss Ella. It's worked mighty well, though, and the baby-dealers will be glad to be off to Kentuck' in no time. I've found their horses, and set them loose," continued he, "and the man-thieves will have to take to their own heels. I reckon 't will cost them something before they get home. But that fellow is lost in the woods, and I'm going round to cry again, to bring them together, so that they can start fair."

We will follow James in his manœuvres. Taking a circuitous route, he entered the edge of the wood nearer to the village than where he now saw the man standing in the field, waiting for his companion. Placing himself behind a tree, he again set up the baby-cry. In a short time, he had the satisfaction of hearing footsteps advancing from both directions. Leaving his post, he again went forward about the same distance, and uttered another cry. He continued on in this manner, still crying and still retreating, until he came to the village graveyard, when, leaping over the fence, he gave the last cry from a deep hollow between two graves.

On reaching this point, our Southern adventurers had become somewhat superstitious. They however leaped the fence, and passed on a few rods in their haste, before they observed their location. They stood

still ; all was silent as the tombs around them, except the faint crying of an infant, as though deep in a grave.

" We have been in full chase after a ghost," said one of them, in horror, as he took to his heels, and at one bound cleared the graveyard fence.

But not so well with the other ; for, in endeavoring to follow his companion, he stumbled, and fell over one of the smaller gravestones, and pitched headlong into a dense patch of briars. Instantly there came unearthly groans from a grave near by, and a hoarse voice said : " Depart from out the hallowed ground of Northern freemen, you unhallowed and blood-thirsty wretch ! Haste ! or thine hour has come. Haste ! or thou wilt be struck dumb, and thy limbs stiffened, that thou canst not move. Wouldn't thou steal infants from their graves ? "

Our slave-catcher found his limbs trembling, and his hands holding on to one of the tombstones ; when, all of a sudden, a most terrific groan, and an appearance of a man in white arose from a grave near by, and advanced to seize him. At one bound, he cleared several feet, and, leaping grave after grave, and also the fence, he was soon lost in the distance.

" There they go, one devil after the other," said James, laughing to himself ; " but, if they don't meet till they get to old Kentuck', or into t' other world, it's mighty little I care, for I'm now going home, as my throat fairly aches making them strange noises, and I believe I've scratched my shins, too ; but I'll set that off against that booby who pitched into the briars, and ran away last." And James laughed heartily.

On his arrival at home, he found Mr. Erskine still up, and suffering no small amount of anxiety on account

of his long absence. James made straight for the pantry, and partook plentifully of a lunch.

"I'm real tired," said he as he seated himself in the room with Mr. Erskine, "but I can't sleep, if I should try, till I've told you all about it."

Mr. Erskine was as anxious to hear as James to tell. He proceeded to relate all the events of the night, embellishing them, by the way, with his own fancies, and telling how he had laughed till his sides ached.

Mr. Erskine also laughed heartily many times during the recital; but what diverted him most was James, imitating the cry of a child.

"You see," said James, "I learned that when I was a child. Uncle Paul lived right close to my father, and Aunt Sally had a baby that always cried, from morning till night, and from night till morning again; and Aunt Sally would have me to rock and tend it. Well, I hated to do so dreadfully, though I used to try hard to keep it still. At last, when the brat would n't stop crying anyhow, I would set in and mock it; and I did this so well that Aunt Sally could n't tell our crying apart. This made her mad, and so she employed Polly Eastman to tend it, and I got rid of the task altogether.

"I had n't tried mocking a squaller before, these five years, though I used to practice it a good deal. Mother scolded me severely for it, and said she had crying enough with the young ones. But father told her it might be of use to me some day; and now I mean to practice it again," and immediately he commenced crying.

Mr. Erskine laughed; and the plaintive wail of

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James had the effect to bring Laura to the door, to inquire if the fugitive had got back.

"Your father was right," said Mr. Erskine. "It has indeed been of use, not only to yourself, but to one in need, who has profited by your talent. And now," continued he, "if you are not too tired, just tell me how you found out that George Brownson had anything to do with the affair."

James gave a few "ahems," to clear out his throat, and then said: "Well, you see, I went right to the mill; and, after unloading, and setting the miller to work, I walked about the village awhile, to see what was going on.

"Finally, I entered Mr. Kent's store. The clerk was there alone. I sat down on a box, and told him I would like some crackers and cheese. I thought he did n't look at me just right, and finally he told me that I could get them across the road, at Mr. Camp's. Well, I did n't like it very much, for I knew he had them, and that store was where I always bought them. He was a new clerk, and I thought he did n't act much like a gentleman; and so I concluded to sit still, while all the time he kept looking at the door, which I thought was as much to say, 'I wish you'd go.' Well, the next I knew, I heard a child cry in the chamber, right over the store. I knew where it was, for I've been up there many a time. Soon I heard steps on the stairs. The clerk went straight to the chamber-door, and turned the key, and down came Mr. Kent. As soon as he saw me, he came right up, and shook my hand, as though he was real glad to see me: and at last he told me so, and ordered the clerk to give me some crackers and cheese. I thought the fellow would

look quite chopfallen, but he did n't — he handed them to me as pleasantly as you please; and, when he passed the raisin-box, he took out a handful, and laid them on the plate.

“ Not long after, Mrs. Kent came down, and I could see that she had been crying. But she spoke to me. I asked her if any of her folks were sick, and then she took a chair, and sat right down by me, and told me all about the poor woman and child, and said that ‘ her back was all scarred up; that her master had sold her husband, and two of her children down the river; that they were going to kidnap her baby, and compel her to take another husband; and *that* was what made her run away.’

“ She said that the fugitive had lain by in the woods till she was almost starved and worn out; that she travelled nights, and was very poor and feeble. She met one of the men in pursuit of her, right in the street; and, while he was gone for the officer to help take her, she ran into the store, and hid up stairs.

“ Just now, Mr. Kent came in, and said that they would have to start early with the woman, as the claimant had got authority to seize her, and he wished I would hurry home and tell you to be on the look-out, and ready to assist, if there should be any trouble.

“ Well, I went back to the mill, but did not get started till about three o'clock. As I was crossing one of the streets, I saw George Brownson coming along, as big as life. He stopped to speak to some one, and I noticed that he had on a new white hat, and a new brown sack overcoat.

“ I had driven about half-way, at rather a slow rate, for the roads were bad and the load heavy, when, just as I

was close to the Five Mile corners, I heard the sound of horses' hoofs behind me in the distance.

"‘Something's up,' thought I, ‘about the woman.’ Quick as a wink I whipped up the horses, till I came to the big hill, when I turned right into the path where you told me to go before they fixed the hill.

“ I had just got well hid behind those trees, when on came three horsemen. They were talking rather loud, and, as they rode up the hill, I could hear what they said. One of the men I thought was George, by his hat and coat.

“ ‘It's an abolition neighborhood,' said he, ‘and the underground railroad passes right through it. They will probably be here with the fugitives about nine o'clock, and stop at Erskine's or Groat's, or perhaps go on to Nathan's, which is about five miles further; but we had better stop at C——, and wait till they come up. My father is the *minister* of the place, and pro-slavery enough, I assure you. But it will hardly do for me to act openly or boldly in the matter, as I am expected to become his *colleague*, and many of his parishioners are strongly opposed to slavery. Still, for the sake of this *glorious Union* I will do all I can without injuring my reputation and influence among them. And,' said he, in conclusion, ‘you know the good book says, “The laborer is worthy of his hire.”’

“ I think the slave-catchers did'nt understand the Bible very well, for they stopped their horses, and said that was a d——d lie, got up by the abolitionists, and was not in the Bible.

“ This George explained, by telling them that it was a quotation from the Bible, and that it referred particularly to *ministers*, or those like himself who were *pre-*

paring for the ministry. But they were not to be put off so. One of them shook his fist, and told George he had better not lead them into an ambuscade of abolitionists, for he had been told they were worse than the Indians.

"Finally, they all rode off. But I noticed that the slave-catchers kept a little behind, and talked to themselves every now and then, looking at George as though they were suspicious of him."

"George is meaner than I thought he was," said Mr. Erskine, indignantly.

"Well," continued James, "after they were gone, I concluded to wait for our friends, until they came up with the fugitive, and consult as to what was best to be done. I had not long to wait, and we soon had it all planned."

"And it has worked admirably," said Mr. Erskine. "But George has run himself into an ambuscade, from which he will not escape with his scalp. You, James, may keep charge here, and I will ride over to Nathan's. The poor fugitives need rest, and I think Ruth may perhaps want to keep them a few days. They have plenty of hiding-places, and Nathan is never afraid to meet slave-catchers. But it would be well to make the poor fugitives' minds easy. They are like other folks, and get extremely nervous sometimes. Nathan likes to know all the whys and wherefores in such cases, and then he makes capital out of them — which turns to the account of freedom — by exposing those who are mean enough to pursue such villainy as George has been in to-night; and doughfaces dread him, he does things up so clean. So, now you may bring round the

carriage, and I will ride up, and take Ella with me. We will be there before breakfast-time, I think."

"There he goes, now," said James, as he opened the outer door, to obey the order of Mr. Erskine. At the next instant, James was crying like a baby.

"It's him!" said Mr. Erskine, as a horseman shot past at full gallop. "I think he will never become the colleague of his father in C——, unless it be in catching runaways," said Mr. Erskine.

"He is ashamed to be seen in the morning," said James; "but he won't get where I can't 'cry baby' to him very soon."

The events of the night were so vivid in the mind of Ella as to cause wakefulness. She was thinking of the poor fugitives—of the slave mother's noble appearance, despite the misery depicted upon her countenance; and how well she (Ella) would like to know whether the brave runaway had reached Nathan's—when she heard a carriage approaching the house. Slipping out of bed, and stepping to the window, she saw her father enter the yard. Dressing herself and descending the stairs, she met him with an eager inquiry respecting the fugitives.

"They are, no doubt," said Mr. Erskine, "safely deposited in Ruth's front chamber, under the white counterpane, between her woollen sheets, while Ruth is beside them, speaking words of comfort, and hushing the little one as tenderly as she ever did her own David, or the noble Esther. So now, Ella, just step in, and tell Mrs. Wise that she may not think George Brownson has really kidnapped you, and we will ride over and take breakfast with Nathan."

CHAPTER XIX.

OUR OLD FRIENDS, NATHAN AND RUTH.—THE UNDERGROUND DEPOT.

THE morning was invigorating; and, before Ella reached Nathan's, her vivacity returned. As they drew near the house, a large mastiff sent forth a warning to the inmates of the approach of some one; and in a few seconds Nathan appeared on the terrace, in front of the building, and looked in various directions, as if to reconnoitre, while the dog seated himself on his haunches and watched the movements of his master.

As the carriage ascended the hill, Nathan evidently recognized its occupants, for he came to open the gate, not forgetting to pat the dog upon his neck as he passed, saying, "Thee is a faithful creature, Wolf, but it is Ella who has come."

"Thee is welcome," said Nathan, as he gave his hand to Ella, to assist her in alighting from the carriage; "thee is welcome, Benjamin," said he, as with one hand he took the reins and gave the other to Mr. Erskine.

"Here, Wolf," he continued, addressing the dog, "here are Benjamin and Ella. Show them to the fire, while I lead away the beast." Wolf turned, followed by our friends, entered the outer door, which was open, and, approaching an inner door, lifted his paw, placed it upon the thumb-piece of the old fashioned latch, and

the door flew open. Wolf stepped back, and Ella and her father entered the room. Wolf then disappeared, and Ella heard him give a low whine.

"That is to notify Ruth that her presence is required," said Mr. Erskine.

"If I could find another such dog as that," said Ella, "I believe I could so far overcome my antipathy to the canine race as to admit him to our house."

Ruth soon made her appearance, and also gave our friends a kind welcome.

"The woman is very feeble," said Ruth, in reply to Ella's inquiry after the fugitives. "I staid in her room all night. She is very nervous, and starts at every noise, thinking, of course, that the human hounds have tracked her."

Wolf had now become an inmate of the sitting-room, awaiting quietly the will of Ruth.

"I will bring up the breakfast soon," said Ruth, as Nathan entered, and seated himself with his guests.

Ella disappeared for a few minutes with Ruth. Wolf kept his eye fixed upon the door; and, on Ella's return to the room, he arose to his feet, advanced to meet her, and led the way to the rocking-chair. When she had taken her seat, he looked at Nathan, as if to receive a look or word indicative of approbation. "That's right," said Nathan. The dog approached him and received another pat upon the neck.

"He's a knowing dog, Ella," said Nathan, "and more to be trusted, in some cases, than one in ten of the human race. I have not tried it," continued he, "but I would not be afraid to leave him in charge of a fugitive, even if there were four of those fellows attempting to enter the house at once, provided they had no firearms."

He will scent the miserable slave-catchers when there is a fugitive in the house. I have known him to be gone a whole day at a time, and then come home and warn us of approaching danger, by his low growl."

Breakfast was now served, after which Ella, accompanied Ruth to the chamber of the fugitives, leaving Mr. Erskine to inform Nathan of the result of last night's slave hunt.

They found the woman up and dressed. Ruth retired, and Ella undertook to wash and dress the little one. "I never have done such work," said she, "but I believe I can do it." The task was soon completed. "Oh! she's real pretty," said Ella, as she handed the child to her mother, at the same time imprinting a kiss upon its cheek. A sigh was the only response from the slave mother.

"Ruth says your husband and children were sold," observed Ella.

"Yes," replied the woman, "dey sell Joe five years ago, an' I neber hearn ob 'im since, an' I hab two chil'ren, an' when I fret 'bout Joe, mas'r sell dem." Here she hesitated a minute, and then continued: "Well, dis one, she mas'r's own child; an' one day I hearn 'im tell de oberseer he 's goin' to sell her, an' den make me hab anoder husband, an' hab five or six chil'-ren more. An' den I run away, for I t'inks I 'll neber do dat."

"So he was going to sell his own child?" replied Ella. "Oh! yes," replied the fugitive. "Dey do dat t'ousand times, all 'bout on dem ar' plantations. One ob de slaves hab child by mas'r, an' 'im sell it, an' den, w'en young mas'r com' 'ome from de big school w're 'im go to learn, she hab child by young mas'r,

an' den ole mas'r sell dat. But I lub Joe allus," said she, and she burst into tears. Ella could not refrain from weeping also.

Ruth's voice was now heard at the bottom of the stairs. "Will thee come down now, Ella?" said she.

"There are a great many fugitives coming North now," said Ella, as she arose to go, at the same time drawing her handkerchief from her pocket to wipe the tears from her eyes, "and perhaps you may yet meet Joe in Canada."

"I want thee to sit down, and run these pieces together for a bandage," said Ruth, as Ella made her appearance. "Another fugitive has just come, and Nathan has gone down with thy father to the depot to bring him to the house. The fugitive is a man, and he is not afraid of being followed, at present; but I do not know much about the circumstances of his escape. Nathan said, that he came from away down near New Orleans; that he had been badly whipped, and ran away soon after; that the cuts on his back were deep, and that his shirt had stuck fast to the sores. We must have some soft water warmed to soak it off. He had better come to the house," said Ruth, "for then I can nurse him better."

Ruth arose, and took down a cup of ointment from the cupboard. "Nathan made it himself," said Ruth as she saw Ella examining it; "it is a precious ointment, and wonderfully healing."

"I would like to know how to make it," said Ella.

"Well, I can tell you," responded Ruth. "Nathan scrapes off the inner bark from bitter-sweet and elder, and steeps it thoroughly in lard or butter; then strains

it off. It is very nice, and can be used for all pains and sores."

Ella had finished the bandage, and was looking at it, when Ruth said: "It is a piece of my domestic flannel; we don't use cotton; all the articles we use are of home production. We do not think it right to encourage the slaveholders by buying the products of slave labor. I do not see but we get along just as well without them,—at any rate, we are very comfortably off. I prepare all my jellies and preserves in clarified maple sugar. Would you not like to see them, Ella?" asked Ruth.

They entered a neat, cool cellar, upon a level with the kitchen, through which ran a stream of pure spring water. Suspended in the centre was a large safe. Here Ruth had arranged her jellies and sweetmeats—quince, pear, peach, plum, cherry, currant, gooseberry, blackberry, cranberry, tomato, and so on. Ella tasted of some, and pronounced them delicious. The examination was cut short by Nathan, who wanted the articles Ruth had prepared for the last comer. While Nathan and Mr. Erskine were attending to his wants, Ruth and Ella visited the fugitive woman and child in the chamber.

Before Mr. Erskine and Ella returned home, they wished to learn more of the fugitive man's history.

"Where was thee born?" interrogated Nathan.

"I was raised in old Kentuck'," said the fugitive; "but was sold som' five or six years ago down de riber. I felt berry bad den, 'kaze I hab to lebe my wife an' chil'ren. I neber dis'bey'd ole mas'r; but he tell de oberseer w'ip me, 'kaze I mind young mas'r one day, w'en ole mas'r gone 'way; and for dat I ran 'way."

"What is your name?" inquired Mr. Erskine.

"Dey call me Joe," replied the fugitive.

"What was your master's name?" asked Ella.

"William Le Rux."

"And were you the slave of William Booth when in Kentucky?"

"Yes," was Joe's answer.

"And have you two children—two girls?" said Ella, eagerly.

"Oh yes, missis, an' dey be gals," said Joe wonderingly.

Ella ran to the chamber of the slave woman, and said, with a hurried tone, "Your husband has come."

The woman started, fixed her eyes anxiously on Ella, and said: "Laws, now, missis, you 've skeer'd me! O missis! you shouldn't bodder me 'kaze I feels bad 'bout Joe, w'en I neber 'spects to see 'im 'gin."

"Oh, I am not joking, surely," said Ella. "Joe has escaped from away down near New Orleans, and is now in this house."

The woman, with her child in her arms, bounded towards the door; stopping suddenly, she returned, sat down, laid her baby across her lap, looked at it, and burst into tears.

After a little time, Ella went to her, and, taking the baby, said, "Come, will you go down now?"

"O missis!" replied the woman, "I jest can't go down, nohow, an' don't take de babe—'kase——"

"Because what?" asked Ella.

"O missis! 'kase I've hearn Joe say, he 'd be drefful mad if I hab chil'ren by mas'r, or any oder man. But mas'r sell Joe, an' den I cou'd n't help it. Ah, den I

kno'd, too, w'at for mas'r sell 'im. O missis, I feel so bad, I can't see Joe wid dis babe. I wish I'd run off wid it dis mornin', 'fore Joe com'. Oh, I jest wish I cou'd see my Joe an' not hab 'im know it."

"I don't wonder you feel bad, and I am sorry for you," said Ella; "but it was your master that I blame. You must wipe away your tears, and I will manage for you."

So saying, Ella took the baby and went down stairs. As she seated herself, Joe looked earnestly at it, as much as to say, he would like to know where she got that baby. The child was pleased to see Joe, and held out its little hands, and made a jump towards him.

Said Ella: "We have a fugitive woman up stairs, from Kentucky. She says her master sold her husband about five or six years ago, and that it 'most killed her, for she loved him very much. And, after a while, he sold her two little girls. She mourned over her lost husband and children a long time. She says she had this child by her master, and that he was going to sell it too, and make her take another man that she did not love, and so she ran away." Ella had watched the countenance of Joe while she was speaking, and saw that, at last, his curiosity was so excited as to make him look at her inquiringly.

"Her master's name was Booth," said Ella.

Joe's eyes dilated in astonishment.

"And her husband's name was Joe," she continued.

Joe lifted both hands, and attempted to rise to his feet, as he said: "O Lord, it's Nancy! O now, mas'r, I knows it's her! I knows — I knows — I jest *knows* it's *my own Nancy!* Wal, now, dis be w'at young mas'r say 'bout de Lord, for 'im say dat I'd better not go

to Kentuck' arter Nancy an' de chil'ren; 'im say, I go straight off to Can'da, an' pray to de Lord, an' be good, an' if de Lord t'inks best, den dey com' rite dar too."

"And now you must pray for your children to come to you," said Mr. Erskine.

"Oh, yes," said Joe, "I t'inks 'im be bery good. I'll tell Nancy tu pray too, an' I'll tell her all 'bout de Lord, jest w'at Mas'r Frank told me."

Joe's eyes now turned very anxiously towards the door through which Ella had entered with the child, while he rose to his feet.

Ruth now arose, and, telling him to follow, led the way up the stairs. Ruth pointed him to the door of the chamber containing Nancy, and then returned to Ella, who had lain the sleeping child upon the bed.

Ella had her bonnet and shawl on, and was about taking leave of Ruth, when the fugitive woman appeared, and, her countenance beaming with joy, said, "Joe's allers berry good. O missis, I t'inks site ob Joe!"

"Good bye," said Ella; "I am going home now."

"Lord bless you, missis," said Nancy, with a smile, as she turned to go back to Joe, with her baby in her arms.

"I must tell you about Nathan's dog," said Mr. Erskine to Ella. "When Nathan left the table, he filled a plate with food for Wolf, but the creature was nowhere to be found.

"'Something new is up,' said Nathan, as he ceased calling the dog, and turned his eyes in a particular direction. Then he sat down, and I finished relating to him the adventure of last night.

"Wolf came home, placed his paw upon the latch of the door, and, entering, took hold of Nathan's coat,

and gave a low whine. 'There is another fugitive at the depot,' said Nathan, as he turned and followed the dog.

"I of course went with him, and we soon found Joe. He had been brought on in the night, and left at the depot, where it is understood by the Underground Railroad folks that they are to leave passengers. From that place the dog always brings the news to Nathan."

CHAPTER XX.

EDWARD'S SEARCH AMONG HIS MOTHER'S PAPERS.

AFTER breakfast, which was not furnished by Mrs. Wise at as early an hour as usual, Edward again entered his mother's room; and, seating himself, commenced an examination of her papers. Upon one he found written a few words, as follows:

"Edward, to know and do my duty in all things is now the great aim of my life. I write because it seems to me the direction of Providence that I should do so.

"I have fondly hoped, that I should live until you had finished your college course; but this fearful thing, *slavery*, seems to hold me suspended between life and death. I know not whether this, or any of my papers, will ever meet your eye. If at any time I should feel it to be God's will that I should burn these papers, I shall do so; but, if I die suddenly, and they fall into your hands, receive them as a beacon-light from Heaven, to guide you to a farther examination. You will find the key to my bureau with this paper, in this drawer. Open the upper drawer, and in a small mahogany box you will find the key to my small trunk, which stands in the deep drawer of the bureau. Examine the papers, and may God be with you."

Edward did as directed, and found the following:

"I believe I have from infancy been the victim of

wrong. Why is it that my mind has ever been filled with a series of dreams, as it were? Why is it that constantly, in my waking hours, I seem to see that beautiful being so in accordance with my dreams? Dreams, did I say? So like what at times appears to have been reality. But his mother told me it was imagination. How could a child, situated as I then was, have imagined anything so beautiful? And *she* who so often came to me?—that might, perhaps, have been imagination. Yet I felt that I had seen some one like her. But she is brighter now. Margaret, in my childhood, told me things which I now remember as well as if they transpired yesterday. I was a child, then, and did not ponder upon it as I do now."

On the same sheet was written the following:

"I believe I can sketch the scenery which is so vividly imprinted upon my mind; for it seems to grow clearer to me every day. I see a beautiful woman looking at me, with love and affection beaming in her countenance. She smiles and reaches out her hand towards me. The scenery or landscape is very beautiful. Then I see the various rooms in a splendid mansion, which has yards attached; and I am being led forward by the lady, and we stand gazing at the scenery. These are dear and unalterable remembrances; they cannot be infant imaginations. There is, I am convinced, that which could save—and yet I know not what to do. O Edward! O Edith! God protect you. Oh, may you never be stricken like your poor mother! I ponder in vain for some way of relief."

Edward found what seemed to be an attempt at sketching a landscape. It was but a partial sketch, however, and he was convinced that his mother had

made an attempt at drawing scenery from recollection. Edward had remained calm while reading, although he realized the agony of his mother while writing; yet with it came the cheering thought, she has now escaped from earth, and is happy.

Near the bottom of the sheet upon which Mrs. Le Clare had attempted to draw the landscape, Edward read: "I have in my mind a frightful vision, or remembrance. I seem to see the angry billows of the ocean rising before me, and she — she is gone, and I — I — I am borne upon the waves — I am lost — oh, I am there with Margaret where he left me!"

The following poetry seemed to have been written about the same time:

" There was glory in the sight,
As I saw it in my dream —
I felt that it was beautiful,
Though I only caught a gleam.

" If angels are as radiant
As she who smil'd on me,
Then I would be an angel too,
And from this darkness flee.

" Fain would I gaze upon that face,
Where no dark billows rise;
'Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Grace,
And quell these heaving sighs.'

" Is it of earth I seem to dream,
Or scenes beyond the skies?
Methinks I ne'er shall solve the truth
Till this frail body dies."

This was all. Alas for Edward! Where was he now? Like his mother's vision, so was he — upon the ocean waves, his mind tossed to and fro, without a rudder or a chart.

"O mystery!" said he, "deeper and deeper dost thou grow;" and he pressed one hand upon his throbbing heart, while with the other he shaded his eyes, as if to shut out the past and the present. "And I shall never know!" said he, as he arose to his feet. He stood in the centre of the room. "Mother! mother!" he exclaimed, "why did you not tell me more?" He lifted his soul to God; instantly the load was gone, and his spirit was calm; and he said, "It is well." Then came to him the saying of his mother—"Unless God in his mercy interfere." His mother seemed to be with him, as when she had spoken the words. His confidence in God made him patient and tranquil.

At that instant he heard the voice of Ella. "Where is Edward?" said she; "I want to tell him all the news I have brought from Nathan's."

He was soon by her side, listening attentively to her recital of the happy meeting of Joe and Nancy.

"Le Rux, did you say?" asked Edward.

"That is the name of Joe's master, near New Orleans," said Ella.

"And that is the name of my friend and correspondent at the South," said Edward. "And his young Master Frank, of whom you say he spoke, can be no other than Frank Le Rux—of whom you have heard me speak. God be praised if, by his means, one poor victim has escaped."

"Come down and sit with us often," said Mr. Erskine, as they took their departure. "I do not think we shall very soon again be interrupted, in our evening's chat, by George Brownson."

"I am sure I would be willing to have him pass

another evening with us," said Ella, "if it would result in the escape of another fugitive."

As the carriage drove from the house, a feeling of loneliness came over the heart of Edward. He could not help thinking about Ella — that she was a dear, good girl, and that she was *very* dear to him. "I love her," thought he, "because my mother did. I love her as I would a *sister*;" and the tears came to his eyes as he thought of his lost sister Edith.

Ella did not even know that there was sadness in the heart of Edward, excepting for the loss of his mother. She knew *that* must be deep, for she too grieved for the loss of Mrs. Le Clare.

"I must do as my mother did," thought Edward, as he took another paper from the trunk; "I must bear my burden alone." The paper read thus:

"Would that I could so control my mind as to witness such beauty, and have such feelings, each hour of my life; for, when I am thus, I am lifted above sorrow." There was a letter directed to himself, and he opened it eagerly. It had evidently been written but a few weeks, although it bore no date. It ran thus:

"Edward, if I should die before you finish your studies, I trust you will not be diverted from your course in college, or from pursuing a profession. I have perfect confidence that you will judge and act correctly and prudently in your choice of a profession. You will be without kindred, but you will always have a Father in heaven; and your course, if right, will secure you the friendship and esteem of the good and virtuous.

"I need not tell you that Ella is very dear to me; that she is a dear, good girl. She has been as a child to me. You can always confide in her as a friend; for,

believe me, I have read her very nature. Go to her as you would to a sister, and open your heart to her in times of trouble. She will sympathize with, and comfort you. May God bless and sustain you both.

“EMILY LE CLARE.”

“Yes,” thought Edward, “my mother, though departed, has awakened me to my duty, and revealed me to myself. I have accomplished all that is necessary here. I must away to other duties. But here is a letter to Ella. Yes, I am without kindred, but she will be to me as a relative — as a sister.”

Instantly shutting the trunk and drawer, and locking the door, he went to Mr. Erskine’s; and we feel assured that Ella was not displeased when she saw him approaching, for she opened the door, with a sweet, sympathetic expression of countenance.

Edward handed her the letter. It was unsealed, and she did not refile, but proceeded to read it in his presence. Edward did not scrutinize her countenance while she read, yet he knew that she was deeply moved and that tears rolled down her cheeks. Without speaking a word, she handed him the letter. He read as follows:

“DEAR ELLA, — I know you love me, your kindness tells me so. You are anxious about my health; perhaps I may not live long; if I should not, then Edward will be alone. I do not mean that he will be without friends, for I feel that he will both merit and obtain them.

“You, who have been as a daughter to me, will you not be as a sister to him? I know that you will, and it comforts me. Do so, Ella, and the Lord will bless

you. Next to my Edward do you rank in my affections. Farewell, Ella. EMILY LE CLARE."

Ella also saw the tears in Edward's eyes. After he had perused the letter, his glance met hers.

"Yes, Ella," he said, "I do indeed need a friend, a counsellor," — to whom I can pour out my whole heart, he was going to say; but he checked himself, as he thought of what he must bear alone, and said — "a sister; and I know of no one whom I can regard as such except yourself."

Edward sighed; but Ella did not make the mistake that many young ladies are apt to, and think that, because Edward sighed, he was in love with her. Fortunately, she was possessed of that rare quality, good common-sense, and was convinced that, if Edward were about to make love to her, *his lips* would move. She had no brother, and she felt that she could treat Edward as such, and would be willing to share with him everything — joys, sorrows, even to the patrimony of her father, if the latter should see fit to bestow it upon the noble young man, for she had learned from Mrs. Le Clare that she was not rich.

Thus soliloquized Ella, in her own mind, as she sat that evening with Edward and her father, and heard Edward say, that he "must return to college on the next Wednesday," this being Saturday.

Mr. Erskine approved of this decision, and agreed with Edward, that it was best for Mrs. Wise to remain where she was until his return in the fall.

"I hold a mortgage upon the real estate on which Mrs. Le Clare resided," said Mr. Camp to Mr. Erskine, as they were standing in the store of Mr. Kent, in S——, the day before Edward's departure. "I forebore to close upon it, out of respect to Mrs. Le Clare; but I

am under the necessity of doing so now. I can sell the place to George Brownson, and it will probably be best for me to speak to the young gentleman about it. He has just informed me that he leaves to-morrow."

Edward was standing at the counter, by the side of Ella, examining some goods. Although it had been the design of the speaker that Edward should not hear the conversation, the words fell directly upon his ear, and he knew that Ella must have heard them too; yet she did not seem interested, but called his attention to the frontispiece in a book they had been examining. But the words had thrilled Edward like electricity; not because he would be a penniless orphan, for he was now a man, but because his mother's sufferings came so vividly to his mind. He thought of his father—of the dread mystery. He did not reply to Ella; and, as she raised her eyes, she beheld a pallor upon his face.

Edward turned, and, approaching the gentleman, said: "I should be happy to understand the facts in regard to the estate left by my deceased mother, as she did not trouble me with them, during my short visits at home."

"Will you not permit me," said Mr. Erskine, "to attend to this matter during your absence? Your mother doubtless withheld it from you, that your mind might be kept easy while pursuing your studies. Permit me, therefore, to stand in her place, until you return. I think I can arrange the affair satisfactorily to all."

Mr. Erskine trembled, for he had never seen Edward manifest so much feeling. He did not reply to Mr. Erskine, and his agitation became every moment more apparent.

"There is a child in distress," said Mr. Camp, as he rushed from the room, and pursued his way along the street.

"It must have been run over," said one, hastening in the same direction.

One person after another ran hurriedly by, each making some remark.

"Where is baby?" said a young lady in full dress, as she emerged from the front door of one of the most fashionable houses in the village, and near Mr. Kent's store. "Oh! it's a crazy man, in close pursuit of Mr. Brownson, and making a noise for all the world like a crying baby," said the lady. "Mr. Brownson was just coming to give me a call, this morning, and we were to ride a few miles," continued she, speaking to a person in the house.

True enough! For, as our friends were looking in the same direction with the young lady and numerous other persons, both young and old, they saw, not only George Brownson advancing, but the crazy man, directly behind him, crying in such a pitiful manner as to bring all the mothers to their front doors.

"Oh, it is our James," said Ella, as she burst into a loud laugh, which caused George to partially lift his eyes towards her, just as he was entering the gate of the young lady's residence, which she had considerably opened for him, that he might escape from the maniac.

"The maniac should be secured, and not allowed to run at large," said the father of the young lady, as he gave a nod of recognition to Mr. Erskine. But he looked quite surprised when he saw James quietly approach, and ask Mr. Erskine, if they were ready for the carriage. The gentleman was Mr. Olmstead, an intimate friend

of Mr. Erskine, and he looked very much as if he would like an explanation.

"He shall be duly informed concerning facts," said Mr. Erskine, as he seated himself in the carriage; "though I think it will be better to let him alone to-day. He is a friend of Nathan's, although, perhaps, not quite as intimate as he was before Nathan and Ruth joined the Hicksites, who are said to be more *thoroughly* anti-slavery than the Othodox Friends. But he will despise George from the bottom of his heart, when he comes to understand him. Mr. Olmstead is rich," continued Mr. Erskine; "but he has no idea of giving Amelia to a fortune-hunter, who possesses no heart. I will do as I would be done by, in such a case, and save her," said Mr. Erskine earnestly.

"But why did you not tell him now?" asked Ella.

"He is so passionate," replied Mr. Erskine, "that he would have entered the house immediately, confronted George, who would have denied the facts and asserted his innocence to Amelia. She would, of course, believe him the victim of envy; would first pity, then love him; and, ten to one, they would make Mr. Olmstead of the same opinion, and George would win the prize. Should opposition be made, she would think her father was deceived, that he was prejudiced and cruel. She would imagine herself desperately in love, and would suppose that she must of necessity droop and die. No, no," asserted Mr. Erskine, "the affair must be managed wiser than that. Let father and daughter have the *proof* simultaneously with the *statement*, and they will both despise George alike."

"I thank you, James, for crying baby," said Ella.

"James has acted his part well," responded Edward.

Ella continued : " I believe, James, that you have deterred George from coming to C——; he dreads to make you cry."

" He would not dare come to attend his mother's funeral," said James, " if she should die, unless they were to bury her in the night, and not let me know anything about it. I hope I ain't wicked, but I fairly hate the sight of him."

" His actions I hate," said Ella, " for they are mean and wicked, and it is right to hate them. I would not hate George, if he were honorable and worthy."

" I did n't think about crying," said James, " until I saw George crossing the street, strutting as if he was somebody, and telling a young gentleman that he was going to call upon Miss Amelia Olmstead. Then I thought of the poor slave woman and her babe, and I could n't help crying, of course. He started, as if he had got among the Indians. Oh, you should have seen him, Miss Ella! He turned and started to run, but I only cried the harder, and ran after him; once, when I was almost to him, he kinder kicked back spitefully, and then I yelled dreadfully. It was right before a house, where some young ladies were standing at the window, and they giggled right out. He dropped his head, and I believe he swore."

" And he is preparing for the ministry!" said Ella.

" If he ever preaches," said Mr. Erskine, " may the Lord have mercy upon his hearers."

" And enlighten them by his Spirit," said Edward; and they all laughed at the capers of their *Union-saving theologian*.

" I will look among my mother's papers," thought Edward after his return home. " Perhaps I may get

some clue to this mortgage of Mr. Camp's." He proceeded accordingly, and found the following:

"I never received a deed of the house and lot where we reside. Surely *he* must have intended to return, or he would have given me that which would enable me to defend it, or, if necessary, to sell it. Oh, how dark has he made everything to me. Can it be that he still lives? Oh, the mystery! And then, to think that I dare not even inquire. When I am gone, how dark will it be to Edward. Oh! how it would comfort me if I could tell him all: but it would be madness."

"Oh no, mother," said the young man, aloud, seeming to forget that she was not with him.

But his anguish passed, and he was about closing the drawer, when he thought of the box containing the jewels. "I would like to look at them," thought he, "for she told me that, when she wore them, she was happy." Taking the box, he placed it on the table, and commenced an examination of the jewels. "They are valuable," thought he, "and well do I remember her injunction concerning them." There was with them a ladies' French gold watch, but Edward could not judge of its value. It was wrapped in a piece of fine paper, and labelled "Edward Le' Clare." He was about replacing the valuables, when he discovered a paper in the box. It was a bill of the articles, amounting in all to five thousand francs; but two things were missing, a gentleman's gold repeater, and a ring. But what was the name of the purchaser of the articles? It had been, he thought, intentionally erased, so that he could not read it; but he was convinced it was not Le Clare.

He replaced the jewels, and, putting the box in its drawer, said aloud: "This is terrible! I am unnerved.

Deeper and deeper becomes this mystery. Let me flee from this place, lest I be no more myself. I am seeking to know what I cannot, 'unless God in his mercy interfere.' And yet, did not my mother bid me take this course? But I feel that the hour has not come. I must away, and do her bidding. Be still, O my soul! It is enough, that my mother rests in heaven, and will be my guardian-spirit until I join her. There shall I also be at rest; there all will be explained; for there shall I meet, not only *her* who has suffered, but *him* — yes, whether he be guilty or not, there shall I meet my father." These were the thoughts of Edward. He remained a few minutes, as if communing with himself, then retired to rest.

In the morning, Edward's countenance was calm, as he closed the door of what he now felt was a sanctuary, whither he had repaired to commune with her who was now an angel in heaven, and also with his God.

As the carriage of Mr. Erskine, which was to convey Edward to the depot, drove to the door, he was much pleased to see Ella and her father within.

"We could not afford to lose your society during a three hour's drive," said Mr. Erskine. But the fact was, *Ella* had no idea of letting Edward go away melancholy. It was a fine morning, and they could enjoy the ride.

After Edward had taken an affectionate leave of Mrs. Wise and Richard, he and his companions were soon on their way.

James was in fine spirits. He was sure he had never seen any gentleman whom he was so willing to oblige as Edward, for he *was* somebody, and would make a great and good man. James even went so far

as to say (though he only said this to Laura) that "he would have no objection to staying with Mr. Erskine, if *Edward should marry Ella*, and come into possession of the farm."

Ella had a desire to purchase a gift for Edward,—which, by the way, was no other than a small pocket Bible,—and, upon arriving at S——, they entered Mr. Kent's store.

"George Brownson is about leaving us," said Mr. Kent. "I am told that he has given up the idea of studying theology, and will turn his attention to law. He is rather unpopular here, just now. Mr. Olmstead, with Amelia, visited at Nathan's yesterday afternoon, and Mr. O. looked anything but pleasant when they returned. George called there last evening, but his visit was short, for I met him about eight, walking very fast, with his head down so low that he did not notice me. To-day, he has announced his intention of leaving the place."

Mr. Kent had scarcely ceased speaking, when their ears were assailed by the cry of a child. It screamed as though pricked by a pin. All looked in the direction of the door, as if expecting to discover the little sufferer, when James, who stood at the door, pointed significantly with his finger, and said: "Don't be alarmed, my friends! There is no child dying; but there goes our Union-saving kidnapper, and he really looks savage, like a *hound* about to bite, though he dare not even bark where I am." Our young friends were at the counter; but Mr. Erskine and Mr. Kent indulged in quite a hearty laugh at the door. They were about entering the carriage, when the junior clerk came up,

and handed them a placard, and Mr. Erskine read it aloud:

“NOTICE.

“Let all pro-slavery men and slave-catchers take courage, as the efficient services of young Rev. George Brownson, now prosecuting his theological studies in S——, can be secured on very reasonable terms. It is now hoped to save the Union, and effectually put a stop to the escape of all fugitives, who may attempt to secure their freedom by the Underground Railroad. He only demands ten dollars for riding from S—— to C——, with the slave-catchers, to put them on the track of the fugitives, provided it can be done in the night, as at that time he will not be so likely to be seen, and he is desirous of not injuring his religious reputation; yet he will secretly do all in his power to retake and re-enslave any one who has obtained freedom by fleeing from slavery, at an average of ten dollars per head.”

“I shall have no one to keep me advised of the state of things in C——,” said Edward, after he had shaken hands with Mr. Erskine, and was taking leave of Ella, “unless you can find it convenient to devote to me an hour occasionally.”

“Certainly,” replied Ella, “I shall find a pleasure in doing so.”

James—whom the reader has by this time discovered was greatly interested in the welfare of Ella and Edward—thought there was something in their looks, indicating that they were rather agitated.

Perhaps Mr. Erskine did not discover it; at any rate, he did not wait for Ella to say she would be lonely, for he immediately handed her to the carriage; and, if there was a tear in her eye, he was too careless to notice it, for he drew from his pocket one of the afore-said placards, which he said was to be circulated in C——.

Unfortunately for Ella, she stooped and picked up another paper which fell from her father's pocket. This

was no other than a note from Edward to Mr. Erskine, given on parting. Ella read it, and was deeply affected. Mr. Erskine also took it, and read as follows:

"SIR, — I have examined the papers of my deceased mother, and find that she herself was utterly ignorant of the manner in which she held the property, upon which we have resided since my childhood. Perhaps you are not aware that my father departed at that period, and that all the intelligence my mother ever received from him afterwards, was, that he was about to sail for France.

"I think my mother was not aware of the mortgage to Mr. Camp, as she never mentioned it to me, and I find nothing among her papers relating to it, except a regret that the estate had not been left in such a manner that she could sell, or defend it, if necessary. The place is endeared to me by all the associations of my childhood, and by fond remembrances of the only earthly relative I ever knew. But it is right that it should go, and I trust you will not burthen yourself with it, either pecuniarily or in any other way.

"EDWARD LE CLARE."

"I think," said Mr. Erskine, "that I will buy the place for you, Ella. If Mr. Camp should foreclose the mortgage, Edward could save nothing from it. But it is really worth several hundred dollars more than the claims against it. So I think I shall take it, and deed it to you."

Ella thought her father looked rather archly at her, but she only blushed a little, and he continued:

"I judge you never looked so well as you did when you were acting the part of the fugitive. I mean, when you were forcibly seized, and about to be kid-

napped; for James says that you *electrified*, not only George, but Edward."

Ella had had time to rally; and she said, "My father need only fulfil, on his part, his own kind intentions, and I will answer for a good understanding between myself and Mr. Le Clare."

"There is but little danger of disagreement between two persons with so strong an affinity," said Mr. Erskine. "But perhaps you would rather George Brownson would have the place, after all. I think you might persuade him to remain and purchase it."

"His prospects are flattering, I confess," said Ella. "He has a lucrative profession, as any one can see by this placard; and, while our country is governed, as it now is, by the slave oligarchy, he doubtless stands as good a chance for the Presidency of the United States as any one, for he has the most essential qualifications. He not only vindicates slavery and the Fugitive Bill, but he has actually performed, for the preservation of this 'glorious Union,' crimes according to the very letter of the bill, as described in this notice, myself being the witness. But I have no particular predilection in favor of presidential candidates, just at the present moment."

"Will you stop at Mr. Camp's, as we go home, and become the owner of the Le Clare estate?" asked Mr. Erskine.

To this last proposition Ella assented. "To-morrow," said Ella, as her father handed her the deed, "I will ride over, and give my orders to Richard."

"We shall, no doubt, see many improvements before Edward returns," said Mr. Erskine; "and, now I think

of it, I would say, that you may draw upon me, to the amount of one hundred dollars, previous to that time."

Ella returned home quite happy, devising ways and means to improve the property her father had so kindly bestowed upon her. "It will help me," thought she, "to pass many pleasant hours, which might perhaps otherwise hang heavily, as I have lost the dear friend with whom that place will ever be associated."

Richard received his orders in due time, and was elated at the idea of improving the yard, garden, and all the other appurtenances. He performed his labor to the perfect satisfaction of Ella and her father, who occasionally rode over to inspect Richard's operations.

Ella longed to write to Edward of her father's liberality; but it was too soon. She had made up her mind to wait a little longer, when an unexpected event seemed to demand that she must do what she so much desired, and she penned him a letter, which will appear in the next chapter.



CHAPTER XXI.

A SUDDEN AND AWFUL DEATH.

WELL, dear Edward, I was to keep you advised of occurrences in C——. Little did I expect to have good news to communicate. But what know we of the future? George Brownson went to Kentucky, seeking, to study law. He departed without even saying to C——, except to ride over one evening, to bid good bye' to his parents. No one else was honoured with a call.

You were doubtless informed, while in C——, that Brownson had been notified, that his services as a minister would not be required any longer by his church. Last Sabbath was the day chosen by him to deliver his farewell discourse. There was a general attendance, and the seats, which had been so long empty, were again filled with their former occupants. As he had an idea of making the occasion quite useful to the people; and he took for his text the 1st of Isaiah, 'Cry aloud and spare not; lift up thy voice like a trumpet;' and, from this, he went on to denounce every principle and all anti-slavery movements. He said, 'These were all the works of the Adversary of souls, and made use of unprincipled men and Infidels, through them, originated a fanaticism, which had spread through the land, spreading desolation and strife in our once happy country. And, not content,

with *that*, it had dared to enter into the stronghold of the Church, taking both old and young, male and female, from its ranks, until the Church was tottering. Many of the pillars upon which the spiritual Zion had stood were shattered, and now it must fall, for they were about to remove the very corner-stone. He continued: 'I have been a faithful minister of the gospel, for the last thirty years, in C——; but Infidelity has crept in and sown tares, and men are now trampling upon all laws, human and divine. There are those who dare to contradict, not only me, but even the apostles and the Lord Jesus Christ, and declare that they will not obey the magistrates of the land, in carrying out the holy Fugitive Law. And it is by such men that I am about to be removed from the sacred desk. It is for following in the footsteps of Christ and his holy apostles, that my son George, a servant of the living God, about to devote himself, soul and body, to the holy ministry, has been persecuted, reviled, spit upon, and, I can almost say, *crucified*, and forced to leave his home, his birth-place, his aged parents, yea, even the North, and seek a Southern home. But there, I trust, he will be received as the child of their adoption. And those who have treated him thus ought to blush for shame.

"'There is one in this house,' he said vehemently, 'who has sought to work that son's destruction, by her crafty wiles — one that he would fain have taken to his bosom!'

"By this time, many in the house, unable to conceal their laughter, had lowered their faces.

"'You may well,' he continued, 'hide your faces, and *she* among the rest. It is to you I am to "cry aloud, and spare not," and "lift up my voice like a trumpet."

"At this instant, Edward, I raised my head; but, as I thought of George, and how he looked, on the night of the escape of the fugitive, when he caught me, I could not control myself any longer. I met the old man's eyes, as he fixed them full upon me, with a sudden burst of laughter.

"And now, forth came the dreadful 'Woe! woe! woe!' while his fists were actually clenched, and he glared horribly at me. His appearance was so alarming and disgusting, that I, with my father and many others, arose to leave the house. I had not reached the door, when I heard a heavy fall; and I verily thought Mr. Brownson had leaped from the pulpit after me; but, as I turned to look back, two men entered the pulpit, and raised him from the floor. *Mr. Brownson was dead!* Dr. Freeman thinks his death was caused by an internal rupture, resulting from great excitement. And now, Edward, I have told you the horrid news, for such it certainly is! Poor Mrs. Brownson is really to be pitied. She looked at us as if she felt we were murderers, and ought to be tried, condemned, and executed. My father called upon her to offer kindness and assistance, but it was rejected. He thinks that if there had been pro-slavery men enough in town to have buried the deceased clergyman, the abolitionists would have been requested to leave.

"Father Perkins preached the funeral sermon. His text was, 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.' Here we all had to take it again, although he was not so personal — perhaps he was restrained somewhat through fear of a like fate.

"Dr. Freeman says, that Mrs. Brownson was a very smart, intelligent young lady, the daughter of a re-

spectable clergyman in New England; that her father was a denouncer of slavery, and that, before her marriage, he had often heard her speak in strong terms against the injustice and cruelty of the infernal institution. But marriage with him crushed her. Edward, I don't believe I shall ever suffer any man to do my thinking for me, as I am convinced that I will have to stand responsible for my own acts. ELLA."

Ella's letter was a long one, though she had not yet told Edward about her new estate. She almost decided to take him by surprise on his return. At any rate, she would wait awhile.

CHAPTER XXII.

EVENTS AT THE SOUTH.

IF Frank Le Rux's father had indeed been attacked by cholera, it was not cholera any longer; for it was now obvious that he was suffering under a fever. He was at times delirious, and talked of matters which Emily did not understand. Much of Frank's time was required by other duties. Some eight or ten slaves had died upon the other plantation; but, among the few whose business it was to attend to the fruit culture and to a large garden attached to the slave quarters, the disease had not spread.

Mrs. Le Rux, who kept up her lamentations in regard to the loss of the slaves, was of little or no assistance, and grew every day more harsh towards Dinah and the slaves employed in the house.

Dinah was faithful to assist Miss Emily, but she could hardly touch a chair before her head was bowed down, and she was fast asleep.

Emily's father sometimes came in to look at his brother; but the only sign of recognition which he could obtain, was a shake of the head and a pressure with his finger on the lips, as if to indicate silence.

This, to Emily, was conclusive evidence, added to what she had heard her uncle say at different times, that there was a secret between him and her father, which one or both were unwilling should be revealed.

She was sitting by the bedside of her uncle, one even-

ing, when she heard her aunt scolding Dinah severely, and even threatening her with the whip, if she did not pay better attention to her master. "I will call Dinah," thought Emily, "and retire for a short time, until my aunt is asleep, and then send her to my room; for she is evidently too feeble to sit up." Dinah accordingly came.

"You may take my place," said Emily, "and I will rest awhile."

Dinah seated herself, telling Emily that she "could do berry well wid mas'r."

Emily entered an adjoining room, leaving the door ajar; threw herself upon a sofa, and, contrary to her intention, slept. She was aroused, by hearing her uncle making a strange noise. Upon going to the room, she found Dinah, with her head bowed low, and her body partially settled down in her chair. After attending to the wants of her uncle, she spoke to Dinah; but, receiving no answer, took hold of her arm, and found it rigid.

"She is dead!" said Emily. "Her prayer is heard, her troubles are over." Emily proceeded directly to inform Frank, who could not help weeping, though Emily's feelings were those of joy.

They did not tell Mrs. Le Rux until the next morning. "You speak of it, Emily," said she, "as though you thought it a fine thing to have Dinah die."

"I really cannot help praising the Lord," replied Emily.

"Why, what do you *mean* by talking so, Emily?" said her aunt. "Dinah ought to have lived several years longer, and done a great deal of hard work yet. She's only about seventy-five years old; besides, at

this rate, we will soon be beggars. Only think what a loss we have met with! — ten have died on the other plantation, and then Julia, Bill, and Dinah here."

"I really loved Dinah," said Emily; "but I am not at all sorry she is dead. She has been praying that she might die this long time. Do many of the slaves pray that they may die, aunt?"

"I don't know what they do," said her aunt. "I did not know that they prayed at all — they ought to be whipped, if they do."

"Whipped for praying, aunt? Why, you are getting to be a real Infidel," said Emily.

"I don't know how they learned to pray," said Mrs. Le Rux, without seeming to notice Emily's remark. "I am sure I never taught them; and, then, to have them pray to die — that is real awful!"

"I expect," said Emily, "that the Lord sends the Spirit of Truth, as light into their hearts, to draw their minds to a thoughtfulness of what they are; and then sends the *Holy Spirit* to witness with their spirits, and they feel their hearts drawn out towards him. Sometimes they hear something said about God, and they think he is a good being, and, of course, they learn to supplicate him in their distresses. If one of their number die, they think he or she is out of misery; and, suffering as the slaves do, I suppose they think of little else than escaping from it. But I don't know how it is, though I have pondered upon it a great deal. What do you think, Frank?"

"I wonder they ever get any just idea of God at all," replied Frank, "for they hear so much said of him that is evil, and that would have a tendency to prejudice their minds against him; such stories as that

God will send them to hell, if they do not mind their masters; and then, they hear their masters, and overseers, and sometimes their mistresses, calling upon God to 'damn the niggers.' They soon get the idea that the white folks are as wicked as they are. But I think the slaves stand a better chance, in the next life, than do their masters."

"Dinah knew a great deal about God," said Emily, "and prayed to him very often, and most devoutly."

"And Dinah taught me to pray," said Frank.

Mrs. Le Rux looked surprised, but said nothing.

"And I loved her," continued Emily, "and always tried to do her good; and I am glad of it, for I shall have to meet her when I die."

"We must have Dinah buried decently," said Frank to Emily, as they left the room. "I will go down to the quarters and make preparations, and will come with the men myself, to take the body."

In less than an hour Frank appeared, attended by two of the slaves, bearing a coffin made of plain boards. Emily opened the door of a small room, leading out upon the back veranda, and disclosed the body of Dinah, wrapped in a white sheet, with a muslin handkerchief bound around the head. The body was soon deposited in the coffin, and Frank and the men bore it away.

During all this time Mrs. Le Rux did not make her appearance.

"I have a secret to tell you, cousin," said Frank, to Emily upon his return from the burial of Dinah. "I suppose Joe left last night. He will probably escape, unless taken up and lodged in jail. I was really sorry to lose him just now; but he has had a

settled determination to run away since his whipping, and now is a most excellent time for him—my father being sick, and no overseer being about the house, or at the quarters. When the thing comes out, we must meet it in the right way.”

“I can usually silence my aunt,” said Emily, “by meeting her with *truth*. I don’t think it goes to the heart, so as to bring conviction to her mind, but it silences her.”

“I believe my brother is convalescing,” said Emily’s father to her, as he lifted his eyes from a letter, which he had just been superscribing, and which she thought he had done with a trembling hand.

“Dr. Willis says,” replied Emily, “that, if uncle should not have a relapse—which depends upon his being kept quiet, and having good care—he will probably be about soon. Yet the doctor fears uncle’s constitution is seriously impaired.”

Her father was silent a minute, and then said: “I have been writing to Mr. Le Roy. The subject of the correspondence requires my absence for a few days, or, it may be, weeks; and I shall be under the necessity of leaving for the *North* in the morning, where I have some unsettled business, which demands my immediate attention.”

Emily was surprised, and expressed her fear as to her father’s health.

“It will doubtless improve my health,” was the response; “besides, I have found myself growing stronger every day since I made up my mind upon the subject.”

Emily thought he did indeed look more cheerful, and as if some load were removed from his mind, although he was evidently weak.

She was about to inquire whether she might not accompany him, when he said: "Nothing could be more agreeable than your company; in fact, it grieves me to be separated from you at all; but, in this case, I must submit, and just now your presence is needed here. You cannot leave the sick room of your uncle. We owe him too much, for the kindness he has bestowed upon us, to suffer him to need care for one moment. It is also of the utmost importance to us that he recovers his health. It is no longer of any use for me to attempt to conceal from you, that we are dependent upon my brother's hospitality. You may perhaps wonder at this, after seeing so much of 'high life' during our residence in France. It was my extravagant expenditure, at that period, which ruined me.

"There is another thing, Emily," continued he, "which, however humiliating, I am in duty bound to acknowledge — and it is, that I have lacked wisdom in my past life, and, as I said before, have expended too much for purposes which will only embitter my remaining days, by making me a bankrupt. I am forced to this plainness, Emily, although I had hoped to escape it. The acts of my past life have sadly weighed me down. Since my return to this country, everything wears a different aspect. *I hate slavery!* I know, better than you can conceive, the wrongs it entails, even from generation to generation. I would sooner bear the burden of the oppressed — I would sooner be a slave — than carry the remorse of the slavholder, after he becomes convinced of his guilt, and is led to look about him, and behold the blighting effect of the system upon him and his. For it shuts him out of heaven; it places an insurmountable barrier between him and his

God, and brings a canker to the heart. There is not a slaveholder in the whole South, with an unseared conscience, who would not be stricken in view of his guilt, could he see God as he really is. But, alas! they are blinded. They have a God of their own imagining, whom they think is so like themselves, that he is even pleased with their unholy acts—that he sanctions American slavery. Oh! Emily,” continued he, “what will be their feelings, when they are awakened to a full sense of their guilt, and find they have no God?—that the God of justice, of mercy, of truth, and of love, is against them, and he the only being who can save?—that that God who made of one blood all nations, and who hateth oppression, holds them in derision? They must go down, *down*, down, leaving those who come after them to follow in their train. Yes, they must go where there is ‘weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth,’ ‘without one drop of water to cool their parched tongues;’ while they behold the poor downtrodden slaves in Abraham’s bosom. Emily, if this is not their end, then there is no devil, no hell, and death is an eternal sleep.”

Mr. Le Rux was much agitated by intense interest in the subject upon which he had been speaking. He arose, and feebly walked the room in silence.

Emily was in tears. She had never expected to hear her father speak thus. Not that she was grieved at their penniless condition, for on this matter she did not bestow a thought; but he was correct upon the curses of slavery. This brought tears of joy; yet he was distressed and unhappy, and she sympathized deeply with him.

At this instant, Frank entered the room. Mr. Le

Rux fixed his eyes inquiringly upon him, as he took from his pocket a newspaper, and said: "Father's illness has prevented my perusing this paper sooner, but I find that the Fugitive Bill has passed both houses of Congress."

A deep groan came from Mr. Le Rux, with the words, "O God! I am too late; fool that I am! Emily, *you will curse me!*" He would have spoken more, but a paleness overspread his face; he sank back in his chair, and motioned Frank to open the door. Emily attempted to loosen his neckcloth, but he motioned her to retire. She turned to comply with his request, when he said: "Seek to gather strength, my child. You have a God. I have none, for I——." He stopped short, and said, "Come to my room in half an hour, Emily."

Emily went directly to her own room, where she did, indeed, seek to gather strength; but her mind was tossed to and fro. "Is my father deranged?" thought she. "How can I otherwise account for his strange words and conduct?" She remained lost in meditation, until the striking of the clock reminded her of the time to return to her father's room.

"I shall take only a valise, child," said he, as she entered, "which you will have in readiness. I trust I may return within a few weeks; but, if any accident should befall me, and I never return——."

He hesitated, and Emily said, "I shall leave this place of blood, dear father, and earn for myself an honest living, for I am proud of these hands which God has given me; and, with the education which you have so kindly bestowed, I shall find no difficulty in supporting both you and myself."

"The way is now open," continued Mr. Le Rux,

"for your return to France; and I wish you to go, immediately upon the receipt of an answer to this letter, even if I should never return." The letter was to Emily's grandfather, Americus Le Roy.

Emily was silent, and her father went on: "You know how to pray, Emily, and I sometimes feel that your prayers might perhaps prevail for me. Ask God to grant me forgiveness for all my past sins, which are many. I greatly desire to ask forgiveness of those whom I have wronged."

Emily was deeply affected.

"France is my destination," said he, "if I return; and France must be yours, if I do not." He then arose, and, taking a letter from a portfolio, handed it to Emily, with these words: "This will make you a Stoic. It is for your perusal, in case you should hear of my death, or at the expiration of three months, if I do not return. This direction is not given, because I am fearful that my health will fail, for that has improved much during the last few days; but we are at all times liable to accidents and death. I give it simply as an act of justice to you, as there is that in it which may serve you hereafter. But, if I return within the three months, I shall demand it of you unopened; and I trust I shall then be able to explain all." He then gave Emily his arm, and they went to dinner.

Mrs. Le Rux was in much trouble, at the loss of so faithful a house-servant as Dinah. Betsy could not fill her place at all. Dinah could do any kind of house-work, nursing or cooking; and her mistress had no idea that she was going to die so soon. "I do not see why she could not have lived longer," grumbled Mrs. Le Rux. "Many of the slaves will nurse all their own

children, and take care of their master's children, too, even if there be a dozen of them, and last until they are eighty years old, working twenty hours out of the twenty-four. I have known them to be whipped up on to their feet, many a time, when they were down with rheumatism; and then, after they got a-going, to do a good day's work. I did not whip Dinah much, and she got lazy, and that killed her; for I do not believe she died a natural death, anyhow." At last, the selfish mistress appealed to Emily, to know what she thought killed Dinah.

"I think the Lord removed her, in answer to her prayers," said Emily; "for she used often to tell me, that the Lord heard her prayers for her old man, that he might *die*. And that one night she prayed that he might die before the overseer came to whip him up on to his feet again; and that the Lord heard her, and took him away that night. She used also to tell me, that her back was all sore, where she had been whipped, even when she was doing just as well as she could for you. And when she told this, she said she prayed the Lord to kill her."

"And did you not tell her better, Emily?" inquired Mrs. Le Rux.

"No, indeed!" replied Emily, "I always encouraged her to pray, and prayed myself that her prayers might be answered."

"That is dreadful!" said Mrs. Le Rux; "for we hav n't got but a few niggers left now. Did you pray to have the cholera come, and kill all the niggers left on the plantation?"

"I did not pray for the cholera," replied Emily, "but I prayed that, in some way, the Lord would liberate all

the slaves, not only on yours, but upon every plantation in the South."

"That is dreadful," said Mrs. Le Rux.

"Well, then," said Emily, "you need not give yourself any uneasiness, for the Lord will not answer dreadful prayers, although he will punish those who make them. But how do you pray for the slaves, aunt?" said Emily. Mrs. Le Rux made no answer, and Emily continued, "I suppose you pray that they may live until they have to be whipped up on to their feet, because they have the rheumatism, and are old and worn out!"

"I did not say that I prayed for them at all."

"But you profess to be a Christian, aunt, and you ought to pray for everybody; although I believe there are some for whom we are not commanded to pray, and for whom we find no access at God's throne—for whom we feel no witness in our spirits that we are heard. But surely the poor slave is not of that class."

"I do not understand you," said Mrs. Le Rux.

"Well, then," said Emily, "for example, I have tried to pray that the Lord would convince you of the great sin you are committing, in holding men and women in slavery; but it always seems so dark, that I cannot get any witness in my spirit that my prayer is heard. Now, either it is a dreadful prayer, and God will not hear and answer it, or else your mind has become so dark, and you have so long sinned, that God has left you to believe a lie. I have prayed that God would open your eyes, to behold the judgment he is about to mete out to this guilty people. Is it because it is a wrong prayer, that it is not heard and answered, aunt?"

You do not tell me, but I will be satisfied to receive an answer to-morrow."

Mrs. Le Rux looked thoughtful; and, as she arose to leave, she saw the eyes of Frank and his uncle riveted upon her, and she said, "This will ruin us!"

"Yes," said Frank, "*it* will ruin us, soul and body, for time and for eternity. I fear there is no hope, mother. Another spirit has now escaped, and gone on before us, to appear in judgment against us."

Mrs. Le Rux looked at Emily's father, as if she expected sympathy from him. But he only exclaimed, "Lost! lost: all lost! Eternity—oh, what a fearful retribution!" Then, covering his eyes with his hands, as if to shut out some horrible sight, he arose and left the room.

Mrs. Le Rux sat herself down, wondering at what she had heard. She could arrive at no conclusion, but that it must all be the fruit of that "Infidelity," which she had heard was preached so much at the *North*; and she began to devise some method, whereby it might be put down.

CHAPTER XXIII.

EDWARD LE RUX VISITS THE JEW.—HE LEAVES THE SOUTH FINALLY, AND GOES NORTH.

MR. EDWARD LE RUX was known to retire regularly at eight o'clock; and no one thought of disturbing him after that time, except on some extraordinary occasion.

Emily had been with him several times during the afternoon and evening, but the subject upon which they had conversed in the morning was not referred to again, except to speak of his journey. Emily read to him from the paper which Frank had brought, and, at eight o'clock, retired to her own room.

In about thirty minutes after Emily retired, Mr. Le Rux arose, threw over his shoulders a large but light cloak, took from a closet a walking stick, and entered the street so stealthily as to be unperceived.

At about ten o'clock, he was admitted into a retired building, in one of the back streets in New Orleans. The man who admitted him was none other than Jew David, the same who had entered the house of Mr. William Le Rux, on the night of the burial of Julia De Wolfe, and to whom Emily had pawned the bracelet. He was an old man, and spoke tolerably good English. He had been a long time in America, and nearly forty years in New Orleans.

Mr. Le Rux, although evidently much fatigued, pro-

ceeded immediately to business. Taking from his pocket a large French gold repeater, he was about to offer it in pawn to the Jew, when he was interrupted by the inquiry —

“How ish your broder?”

Mr. Le Rux started, for he had no idea of being recognized by the Jew; but answered immediately that “William was sick;” and added, “I wish you to take this watch, and give me one hundred dollars on it for three months.”

“Vell, if your broder die, ven vill I get my monish?” inquired the Jew.

“How much does he owe you?” asked Edward Le Rux.

“All de monish he send to de North dese good many years,” replied the Jew.

“And what per cent do you get?”

“No matter what de per cent; he owes me six thousand tollars, and I must have it!” replied the Jew.

“And what per cent?” again inquired Edward Le Rux.

“I don’t care, so as I gits my monish,” reiterated the Jew, evidently designing to evade the question.

Edward Le Rux turned to leave the room, when the Jew said, as he fixed his eyes eagerly upon the watch: “Oh, I only ask if your broder gets well, so dat I gits my monish. I ’ll oblige *you*, Mr. Le Rux.”

“I don’t want you to oblige me,” was the haughty answer. “I only want you to be fair in your calling, which is bad enough, and give me one hundred dollars on this watch, for three months. It cost me——,” then, stopping suddenly, he said, “No matter.” And he laid it upon the counter for the Jew to examine.

"Oh, it ish not a very good vatch," said the Jew, "and I vants my monish very bad; but I vill give you seventy-five tollars."

Edward Le Rux again took up the watch to go.

"Oh, as you vants de monish *real bad*, I vill give you de one hundred," said the Jew.

The business was soon arranged. But, as Edward Le Rux turned to leave, the Jew said: "You brings much monish from France, Mr. Le Rux?" Receiving no answer, he continued: "Vell, I knows all about de *France*, and all about de *America*; I knows all about de *North*, and all about de *South*; and I shall have my monish."

Stricken to the very heart at the disclosures of the Jew, Edward Le Rux closed the door, and sought his way back. Now his head was bowed low—his step was slow, and it took him nearly three hours to reach his home. The words of the Jew had also the baleful effect to make him pass a sleepless night. At one moment, he would resolve to reproach his brother; but that brother was upon a sick bed, hovering between life and death. France was then his only hope. In this manner he spent the night.

"France" was the last word Emily heard him speak as he left. It was only after the 'farewell' was spoken and he had entered the carriage, that, looking out, he saw the tears streaming down her cheeks, and heard her sobs. Then he attempted to repeat something about "France;" but his voice faltered, his head bowed down, and the carriage was soon lost to the sight of Emily.

"My poor father—I fear——," said she, as she gave her arm to Frank. She did not finish the sentence.

"I will go to my Father in heaven," thought she, as she retired to her own room. "My father on earth bade me pray for him," said she, as she closed the door behind her.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE DOCTOR'S WARNING.—JOE'S ESCAPE.—DANGER TO FRANK AND EMILY.

IN less than an hour, Emily stood with Frank by the sick bed of his father. Frank was looking into her calm face, when he heard the voice of Dick, in the passage leading from the kitchen to the back sitting-room, saying :

"Susan say, you want me to find Joe. Wal, now, I looks all ober eb'rywhar, an' 'im ain't nowhar."

"He 's run away," said little Nancy; "for I hearn 'im say he 'd neber stay, 'kaze ole mas'r tell de ober-seer w'ip 'im, jest 'kaze 'im mind young mas'r."

Quick as thought, Frank took his way to the kitchen, taking care to close the door behind him, lest the sound might reach his father.

"Joe has ran away," said his mother, as soon as he entered.

"I suppose he has," said Frank.

"When did he go?" she inquired.

"I don't know, I have missed him for more than a week," replied Frank.

"And why have you not caught him?" asked his mother.

"I supposed, mother," replied Frank, "that you were already aware that I consider every man as having a right to himself."

"And I suppose Emily is praying that he may die?" said Mrs. Le Rux.

"She is more likely praying that he may get safe to Canada, mother, where colored men are free."

Mrs. Le Rux could stand this "Infidelity" no longer. Passing Frank hurriedly, she threw open the door, which he had just closed so carefully, and exclaimed: "We are *ruined*, William! You must get up, and go after Joe. Emily has prayed, until he ran away two weeks ago. She has prayed Dinah dead, and she has prayed ten more niggers dead down on the other plantation."

Emily endeavored to silence her aunt, on her entrance, but did not succeed; and, as she turned to the bed, to prevent her uncle from arising, she said: "I hope I have prayed them all to heaven, aunt."

Mr. Le Rux did partially raise himself from his bed, but fell back, perfectly unconscious, while his eyes glared horribly at his wife.

"The doctor—the doctor!" said Mrs. Le Rux, as she sank back into a chair. But Frank was already leaving the room, intent upon the errand. "He is dead!" said Mrs. Le Rux, as she partially lifted her head, and again met his glaring eyes. "Oh, it is dreadful! We shall all die, yet."

"It is only a paralytic shock," said Emily, as she lifted his arm: "See, it affects the whole of one side."

"Poor man!" said his wife. "I knew he would have a fit, when he found out what was going on with the niggers—that Dinah was dead, that Joe had run away, and——"

Emily was about to reply; but, checking herself, she led her aunt from the room. "You are imprudent, aunt," said she, assisting the heartless woman to a

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not enter the house, and partake of our hospitality? You will indeed be welcome."

The stranger raised his head, and looked at Ella; but it was too dark for them to scan each other's features.

"Give the gentleman your arm, my son," said Mrs. Wise, as she saw with what difficulty he was rising to his feet.

Ella drew forth the large chair, and begged him to be seated. He complied, but sat in silence, eyeing the three by turns, in a most scrutinizing manner. Supper was soon prepared for the stranger; but he partook very scantily of the repast so kindly prepared for him. He then, with much emotion, said:

"I have probably made some mistake. I came here to see persons I once knew, but I do not think I recognize you."

"Mrs. Le Clare used to live in this house," replied Mrs. Wise. "I had for some time resided with her, before her decease, which took place but a few weeks ago, and I have remained here ever since."

Ella was watching the stranger very intently, and noticed that he trembled exceedingly while Mrs. Wise was speaking. He at length arose, and stepped into the open air as if to recover breath. He soon returned and again seated himself.

"Mrs. Le Clare left an only son," said Ella, "who is at this time a student in ——— College. He has but just returned thither, after paying the last duties to the remains of his deceased and much beloved mother."

A groan from the stranger was the only answer she received, while it was apparent to them all that he was in great distress.

"Will you enlarge your hospitality to a night's lodging, madam?" asked the stranger.

"Most certainly, sir," replied Mrs. Wise; "and, if you are a friend or acquaintance of my dear and kind patroness, the late Mrs. Le Clare, permit me to say, that I only remain here at the bidding of her son, Edward, and that I am authorized to give you a welcome to his hospitality, be it for a longer or shorter time — such as *he* would give, were he at home."

The stranger thanked her for her kind offer, and then said, "I am not well, and will retire."

Ella showed him to the room of Edward, but it was with difficulty that he ascended the stairs.

"He is very feeble," said Ella to Mrs. Wise, on her return to the sitting-room.

"Whoever he is, he will have to remain here until he gets strength," replied Mrs. Wise.

"He seems to me," said Ella, "to be one of the stricken ones. Had Mrs. Le Clare a brother?"

"I never knew of her being visited by any relative, and I think I have heard her say that, to her knowledge, she had none in the world," answered Mrs. Wise.

"He is sick, or going to be," said Richard. "Besides, he feels very bad about something — I am sure of that. He looked upon everything in the room in such a strange way."

Many were the conjectures of the three respecting the stranger, even after they had ceased to express them.

"I am sure the gentleman is very sick," said Richard, as he met Ella next morning; "for I have heard him tossing and groaning all night."

"You must go to his room immediately," said Ella.

Richard obeyed, but returned in a few minutes, and

informed Ella that he thought the stranger was indeed very ill, and requested her to go to the chamber without delay.

Mrs. Wise had not arisen, and Richard attended Ella, who found the stranger in a raging fever. She inquired whether he were not sick. He did not seem to notice the inquiry; his eyes were closed, but his lips moved.

"He is praying," thought Ella. She listened a moment, and heard him say:

"Emily, I am lost!"

Beckoning Richard from the room, Ella directed him to go immediately for Dr. Freeman. On the doctor's arrival, Ella informed him of the manner in which the stranger became their guest, and also of the occurrences since.

"He has a very severe attack of nervous fever," said the doctor, "and is somewhat delirious. Mrs. Le Clare's name was, I think, Emily?" continued he, inquiringly.

"Yes," replied Ella.

"I could distinctly hear him pronounce that name, as well as 'Edward,'" said the doctor; "and there was still another name he sometimes mentioned."

Richard attended upon the sick stranger through the day, but Ella's sympathy was so much excited that she spent considerable time in the room.

Towards evening, his delirium increased. Dr. Freeman came, accompanied by Mr. Erskine. Ella was with the sick man, who had become almost uncontrollable. He tossed from side to side—talked incoherently of his journey—of being too late—of the Fugitive Bill, and other topics. In short, all in the

room became more or less excited by his manner, and felt a deep sympathy for the sufferer.

Under Dr. Freeman's soothing treatment, he at length became calmer.

"Will you please examine his valise?" said Dr. Freeman to Mr. Erskine, after Ella and Mrs. Wise had retired. "He is so feverish, that I desire a change of linen."

"He could not have intended to be long absent from home," said Mr. Erskine, "as he has but a single change of linen that has not been worn." This they used.

After Ella and Mrs. Wise returned, the doctor requested Ella to examine the valise more minutely.

"Here is a Bible, a pair of drawers, a pair of stockings, and here is a picture of a lady and two children!" was Ella's surprised remark, as she looked in the valise. "The lady's likeness very much resembles Mrs. Le Clare, except that it must have been taken when she was young."

"And it is very much like Mrs. Le Clare when I first saw her," said Mrs. Wise, looking at the picture; "and the child in her arms — why, it must have been taken for Edward, though younger by considerable than when I first saw him. And then," continued Mrs. Wise, "Mrs. Le Clare talked a great deal about her little daughter, whom she said Mr. Le Clare would not consent to be separated from, during his stay at the South. And Eddy, as Mrs. Le Clare then called Edward, used to talk about his sister Eda. I think her name was Edith.

"Mr. Wise was very ill at that time," continued Mrs. Wise, "and, had it not been for Mrs. Le Clare's

kindness, we must have suffered. She always acted the part of a sister to me. She used to weep a great deal, then, when she talked about her family, but she seldom spoke of them for several years previous to her death."

"And what was their fate?" inquired Mr. Erskine.

"Oh, I suppose they were lost on their passage to France," replied Mrs. Wise.

Dr. Freeman took the picture, and, after examining it, said: "Yes, this is undoubtedly the picture of Mrs. Le Clare, and of both her children—Edward, the youngest, and Edith, whom I once saw, as I was called to attend her in a case of croup. She was then about six years old. I can positively recognize the likeness," continued the doctor, "although it must have been taken some time before I saw her—probably before she left France; as I have seen no miniature painting of the kind so well executed in this country."

During these remarks, Dr. Freeman had stood beside the bed of the stranger. As he ceased speaking, the doctor again examined his patient. "He is becoming more conscious," said the kind physician, in a gentle voice, as he motioned them to withdraw.

"You will call me at any hour you please," said Mr. Erskine, as he closed the door behind him.

Dr. Freeman remained with his patient until twelve o'clock, at which time he found Ella up. "I have left him quite comfortable," said he, in answer to Ella's inquiry. "He has scarcely any fever, and has sunk into a quiet sleep."

What had been said between the doctor and the stranger, Ella knew not. But the doctor held in his hand a letter, which he informed her was to Edward, requesting him to hasten home. Mr. Erskine now went to the

chamber of the sick man; Dr. Freeman took his departure, and Ella retired to rest.

On the forenoon of the next day, while Richard was in attendance upon the sick man, a peddler entered the house, and, unceremoniously divesting himself of his heavy pack, placed it upon the floor, and proceeded to enumerate and expose to view the various articles, which, he said, he was sure the ladies needed. Mrs. Wise and Ella both informed him that they wished to make no purchases. The peddler became very positive that they stood in need of this, or that, or the other article, which he took from his pack, and which he would sell for less than cost, as he was anxious to return to New York. Our friends still persisted in not buying, but the peddler was in no sort of a hurry, and proposed a barter for some dinner. To this Mrs. Wise acceded, informing him that dinner would be ready in a short time.

The peddler seated himself, and seemed to be taking a view of the house. Looking sharply at the door leading to the chamber, he said, interrogatively, "You have a sick man up stairs?" and then added, "I saw the doctor going away, when I came toward the house."

"We have a sick stranger in the chamber," replied Mrs. Wise.

"Did he come here night before last?" asked the peddler. Receiving a reply in the affirmative, he continued: "I thought he must be the same man I saw, who was trying to find his wife and son; but I did n't believe he would find them here."

Ella, anxious to learn something, if possible, concerning the stranger, now became quite communicative. She asked several questions, as to where the peddler had met the invalid, what he had said, &c. And, at

length, Ella mentioned the death of Mrs. Le Clare, adding that she left a son, who had returned to college.

"And vat vash the name of the vomans who died?" asked the peddler.

"Mrs. Le Clare," said Ella.

"And vere ísh her son gone?"

"He has returned to college at C——," replied Ella.

Now the peddler wished to see the sick man, that he might be able to decide whether it was the man he had met, which Ella thought would be very proper, and she led the way to the chamber. The peddler was very considerate; he feared to disturb the sick man, and could not be prevailed upon to enter the room, but stood a little back from the door, where he could get a full view of the stranger, without running the least chance of disturbing him.

Ella felt some disappointment when the peddler informed her that the invalid was *not* the man whom he had met. And, when she answered a question, as to where was the young man who was studying, she was somewhat surprised to see the peddler take from his pocket a memorandum-book, and note down the answer. The peddler now became quite silent, manifesting, however, an impatience for his dinner, which he had no sooner eaten than he departed.

"Stop!" said a commanding voice to the peddler, on the third evening after his departure from the house of our friends in C——. "Stand! You must give an account of yourself."

Our peddler had not taken the road to New York, but had travelled rapidly in a southerly direction. He had left the cars, and proceeded about one mile on foot, on a retired road, leading from the railway. He had

evidently seen in the cars the face of some one by whom he did not wish to be recognized.

The speaker was within a few paces of him, pointing a pistol at his breast.

"Oh, *murder!*" cried the peddler, while he obeyed the summons.

As the speaker advanced, the peddler dropped upon his knees, exclaiming, in a supplicating manner: "Oh! I ish honest — I does no harm — my monish scarce — and I comes dish way to sell some goots, and I promise ——"

"Cease your perjury, villain!" said the first speaker, (who was no other than Dr. Willis). "I have tracked you but too well. I go to ——"

"Oh! I ish so sorry," said the peddler; at the same time he arose, and, advancing a step or two nearer the doctor, said, "I don't vant my monish." At that instant the doctor saw a stiletto gleam in his hand.

"Villain!" said the doctor, as he stepped suddenly aside, at the same instant dealing him a blow upon the right arm, which caused the weapon to fly from his grasp.

"Assassin! dog!" said the doctor, "remember Jameson."

"Oh, I leaves dish country," interrupted the peddler, as he ran for the woods.

"I ought to have you arrested," said the doctor, as he followed him with his eyes. "You will outstrip me." He stooped, and, picking up the stiletto, proceeded in the direction from which the peddler had come, and soon found himself at the depot, to await the arrival of the cars.

CHAPTER XXVI.

INTRODUCTION OF MR. LIVINGSWORTH AND MR. BATTLE.—SCENES AT THE SOUTH.

MR. WILLIAM LE RUX gained strength slowly under the treatment prescribed by Dr. Willis. Frank and Emily flattered themselves that he might, in time, become quite comfortable. But Emily was becoming exceedingly anxious to hear from her father. Frank was cheerful, although he had many forebodings of evil; the future to him was shrouded in darkness.

Emily was sitting in the parlor one afternoon, when her aunt entered, followed by a gentleman of some thirty-five or forty years of age, whom she introduced to Emily as Mr. Livingsworth. There was an effrontery in his manner which did not please Emily, and she arose to retire, but her aunt insisted upon her remaining, and she felt that she must comply with the request. But she had scarcely reseated herself, before she regretted it; for she perceived that she was the object of a severe and searching scrutiny from Mr. Livingsworth. "I am surprised," thought she, "that my aunt can even admit so ungentlemanly a man to her house, except in presence of my uncle, or cousin."

Mr. Livingsworth attempted to make himself agreeable to Emily; but, as he received nothing more than "No sir," or "I don't know," in answer to his inquiries, and did not receive a *look* of approbation for his com-

pliments, he soon entered into conversation with her aunt, whom Emily found could be quite agreeable to one whose manner and bearing gave *her* so much disgust.

"I leave for the North, to-morrow;" said Mr. Livingsworth, as he arose to depart. "I take my eldest daughter with me: we visit at different points, and, on our return, attend the meeting of the Colonization Society, in New York.

"I take a great interest in the proceedings of that society," continued he, "as it is admirably calculated to remove one of the greatest barriers to the safety of our institutions at the South. That society, by sending off the free niggers to Africa, so that they cannot be an incentive to freedom, helps us nobly."

As he cast another look at Emily, she felt so indignant, that she passed both her aunt and Mr. Livingsworth, without offering one word or bestowing one look upon either, and left the room.

"What is the matter, cousin?" asked Frank, as he met her in the hall. "I never saw you looking so much like being really angry before."

"Will you inform me of the character of that fellow now passing from the house?" asked Emily, as she pointed to the window.

Frank caught a full view of the receding form of Livingsworth, and answered: "Much the same, cousin, as the rest of our Southern aristocratic slaveholding 'Christians,' whose characters are, in most cases, black enough, I assure you."

"And may the Lord have mercy upon their wives and daughters!" said Emily. "That man mentioned taking his daughter with him to the North; but, if I

his daughter, and could not defend myself—which, e way, cousin, I have the faith to believe I could, from here to my grandfather's estate in France—then I would ask the protection of some one honest Joe, who escaped from Southern bondage a weeks since."

Cousin," said Frank, "I do not wish to injure your igs, especially at this time, when I perceive that are filled with as much indignation as you can contain; but I do desire to say, that I fully believe ry has an influence equally deteriorating on male female—that its influence is equally bad on father, mother, husband and wife, son and daughter. In y instances that have come within my knowledge, re seen it work ruin alike on both sexes. The dif- ce is this: The husband is bold and defying, wife, sly and designing. This is owing merely to differences in their positions. The husband will do : pleases, and she may help herself; the wife must led. Her mind revolts at the thought of being treated. Her propensities are the same as his, all she has to do is to hide her guilt! And this e reason," continued Frank, "that it is 'down, n, down, with this bewildered, blinded, hardened le.

There is one circumstance now rising before me, h I witnessed when I was but a mere lad. At ime, I did not fully comprehend it, but, it has, since , come up before me, with the interpretation also, lear as the noonday sun. This circumstance, ough horrid beyond anything you can conceive, I e to relate."

They were interrupted by a young negro boy, who

informed them that there was a gentleman in waiting, who inquired for "Mas'r Frank an' Miss Em'ly." They both descended to the parlor. The gentleman proved to be a friend of Dr. Willis, who had received from him a letter of introduction to our young friends. The letter read as follows :

"DEAR FRANK,— The bearer of this, Mr. Battell, is a young gentleman of much worth and integrity. He is friendless, and seeks kind hearts and sympathizing associates. I desire to recommend him to your especial notice until my return. He has spent the last three years in travelling, and will doubtless be an entertaining companion.

"Yours, in haste, DR. WILLIS."

Frank and Emily both received Mr. Battell with heartfelt cordiality. There was that, even in his first appearance, which told them he was a true man.

"He must have been in France lately," said Emily, after his departure ; "I think I can judge this by his manner."

"He is very pleasing in his address," responded Frank.

"How old would you judge him to be?" inquired Emily.

"Oh, perhaps twenty-five or thirty."

"Say thirty-five or forty, cousin."

"I freely acknowledge that ladies are the best judges of a gentleman's age," replied Frank, "although Dr. Willis gave him the appellation of 'young.'"

"Perhaps Dr. Willis considers every unmarried man entitled to that appellation. He is a bachelor himself, I think?" said Emily.

"No," replied Frank. "I have been informed that

chair. "You must either be calm, or not return. I heard a faint groan when you were speaking."

Mrs. Le Rux was satisfied to remain where she was, and Emily returned to her uncle. Upon the arrival of Dr. Willis, however, Mrs. Le Rux again entered the sick man's room; Emily came too, hoping to be able to keep her aunt quiet.

"It is a paralytic shock," said the doctor. "Has anything occurred to excite him?"

Emily motioned her aunt to silence; but, before Frank had time to reply, Mrs. Le Rux burst out: "Oh yes, Joe has run away, and Dinah ——." She was interrupted by a groan from Mr. Le Rux, and Dr. Willis motioned Frank to lead her from the room.

"He may perhaps recover from the shock," said Dr. Willis, "but it will take a long time; and, if he should have a second attack, I fear he will not survive it. I will leave medicine," continued he, "but much depends upon your watchfulness and care. He must be kept very quiet. Your mother seems exceedingly sensitive just now," continued the doctor, addressing Frank; "and I would advise that she be not allowed in this room until she is able to control her feelings."

Dr. Willis arose, and, motioning Frank to follow him, they entered the yard. When they were alone, he said, "I believe I *understand you*, Frank."

Frank made no reply, but waited for the doctor to explain himself; and he resumed: "I was, you know, your attending physician, during that sickness, after your return from the North. From what I heard and saw at that time, I supposed that *you* were not in favor of our peculiar institution."

Frank bowed an assent; and the doctor continued:

"I was born in Connecticut; and was a graduate of Yale College, when but twenty-three years of age. I am a Northern man in *principle* now. I am a gray-headed man; my age is seventy; you can believe what I say. I attended your grandfather Le Rux during his last sickness, and have been familiar with many of the occurrences in your father's family."

This the doctor evidently said with the intent to learn how much Frank knew in regard to the subject on which he wished to speak; but Frank was still silent, and the doctor asked, "Has Mr. Edward Le Rux left here for the North?"

"Yes," replied Frank.

"I was right, then," said the doctor, "in my conjectures. At a late hour last night, I saw two men in the city, whose appearance excited my suspicion. I was where I could overhear them. They were soon joined by a third person. Part of their talk related to the Le Rux family. One of the men was a Jew."

Dr. Willis here stopped, looked at Frank as if he would read his thoughts, and then went on: "There are those connected with your family who are in danger. Emily's father will, I think, be followed. What I most regret is, that your cousin Emily did not accompany her father on his journey North."

He stopped, as if recollecting himself, and said: "No, that would be of no use. If anything unpleasant occurs, notify me. In the mean time, act as a vigilance-committee around your own dwelling."

Frank knew not what to reply, but looked inquiringly at the doctor, who again spoke: "Frank, you know not the dark things connected with human slavery; too many of them have I witnessed. The register of

Heaven is stained with them; and, when there are a few more entered, God will pour out his phials of wrath upon the whole nation. It was *I*," continued Dr. Willis, "who attended Mrs. Devony, the noble daughter of the dissolute De Wolfe, in her last sickness. It was *I* who beheld the affection she bore to the child of the erring, but repentant Albert. And it was to *me* Albert told his fears for the fate of Mary, whom he loved. It was to *me* he made known the designs, in regard to the oath, which, although so sacred, did not avail; for Mary was given up to the vilest of the vile! Her daughter, the sweet Julia De Wolfe — oh, would to God I knew ——."

"And what would you know?" asked Frank.

"I would know what became of her," replied the doctor, "for I have suspicions that she too was sold."

"And she was," said Frank, "to my father, and died in this house, in my cousin's room, attended by her as she would have attended a sister."

"Thank God it was no worse!" said Dr. Willis. "Death is welcome to all like her. God will reward your sweet cousin a thousand-fold. But the time for me to make disclosures will come — then let the perjured fear."

The doctor stood lost in thought a moment, and then said, with emotion, "I must know more of this."

He departed, and Frank stood alone. He felt as if transfixed to the spot. "My cousin in danger, and my uncle followed! What can it mean? But why did the doctor not speak more freely? I see it," thought Frank; "he was endeavoring to ascertain how far I was acquainted with my uncle's affairs. He acted and spoke with the greatest caution."

It was not quite dark. As Frank Le Rux turned to enter the house, he thought he saw a man approaching the back part of the building. "Am I becoming nervous?" thought he, as he repeated the words spoken by the doctor—"Act as a vigilance-committee around your own dwelling." The man was going in the direction of the quarters; perhaps it was one of the slaves. Frank turned to enter the house, but as he did so, the words, "vigilance-committee," again seemed to sound in his ears. What could it mean?

Frank finally decided to follow the man he had seen. But he must first inform Emily, or she would be anxious on his account. He found her chafing his father's hands and arms. He thought she looked tired, and he would relieve her; this occupied some ten minutes. As he was proceeding to the quarters, with a noiseless but quick step, he met some one returning in the same noiseless manner, and the two men came suddenly in such collision as to cause Frank at least to stagger.

"Who are you?" demanded Frank. The strange man gave no answer, but instantly took to his heels. Frank could not follow him, but determined that he would, if possible, find out who he was, and what was his business there. He found the negroes engaged in preparing their food.

"Who has been here, Dick?" asked Frank.

"Don' kno,' Mas'r Frank; 'im w'ite man."

"What did he want here?"

"Don' kno'," was again the answer.

"What did he say?"

"'Im ask all 'bout mas'r, an' w'eder 'im gwine to die, an' w'eder 'im broder 's gone North."

"Was that *all*?"

"'Im ask all 'bout good Miss Em'ly; an' w'eder she be gone wid 'er fader; an' w'eder she be rael smart. An' I would n't tell 'im any'ting 'im wanted to kno' 'bout 'er, 'kase 'im talk jest like dem does 'bout de slaves, w'en dem's gwine to buy um. So I jest tell 'im Miss Em'ly's rael good, an' lady, an' all dat; an' dat she lib in France. An' den 'im say som'thin' to 'imself 'bout 'im money, an' call 'im *monish*; an' den 'im goes off 'gin. I jest t'inks 'im rael fool, for 'im talk worse dan de niggers."

"It can be no other than the Jew," thought Frank, as he took his way to the house: but what could such a fellow want of his cousin Emily, even if it were possible that her father was in debt to him, and he was fearful of losing the amount? Could he be deceived in any way, and suppose that Emily had money, and would be induced to pay him?

"Your father is sleeping," said Emily, as she met Frank in the hall. She was going to add more, but she stopped as she beheld Frank's pale and anxious face, which she thought he was endeavoring to conceal. "I have never seen my cousin look more unhappy!" thought Emily, as she ascended the stairs to retire; "but it would evidently add to his unhappiness for me to question him. She did not forget to offer up a prayer in her father's behalf. It was painful for her to think that, even according to his own confession, he had been a wicked man, yea, awfully guilty. But he was now sensible of his guilt, and might perhaps repent, make amends, and find mercy. But what had he done that so troubled him?

Emily could not control her feelings. "This horrid system of slavery," thought she, "is viler than hell in

its influence upon its votaries." She thought of Julia De Wolfe. "Few are exempt here," thought she, "from committing, or in some way partaking of, these most horrid crimes. Can it be that my father has ever sinned as did Albert De Wolfe? But it cannot be, for he has lived in France." Sleep at last came to Emily's relief; but there are doubtless many, who, if placed in similar circumstances, would have been sleepless. Yet, Emily found peace. It was that peace which cometh from above; which the world can neither give nor take away. Situated as she was, she was full in the belief, that ministering spirits were permitted to approach and watch over, soothe and comfort her; and it was this, that so often stilled the tumult in her weary heart.

Morning found Mr. Le Rux a little more comfortable. Emily had become so completely tired of hearing her aunt's remarks, in regard to the loss of property, while at the same time she seemed perfectly heartless and devoid of sympathy, that she resolved upon abandoning her altogether, or else upon taking a very plain course with her.

Mrs. Le Rux did not make her appearance until breakfast was upon the table, when she inquired of Frank concerning his father.

"He may perhaps be a little better," was the reply.

Emily could not refrain from asking Frank, if he were not sick himself?

"Yes," said Frank bitterly, "I am sick — not in body, but in mind."

"I thought," said his mother, "that you would at last see how things are. If your father should die, we would be in a dreadful situation, indeed."

"I do not think, mother," responded Frank, "that

we can be in a much worse situation than we are now, in this world. I do not refer to our pecuniary or temporal interests; for I know but little of those, except that we subsist upon the unpaid toil of others; what I mean is, our spiritual affairs. The time has always come, when God has meted out punishment to the guilty, even in this world. This time, I think, has now come with us. It has already come with many in this land. My cousin once remarked, that 'the proud family of Le Rux was no more noble than the once proud family of De Wolfe.' The latter have perished, root and branch. It would be dreadful," continued he, "for my father to die, for he is wholly unprepared; but I fear he will only accumulate more sin upon himself, if he lives." Frank was too much agitated to say more.

Emily was silent.

Mrs. Le Rux first spoke: "I think Frank is doing wrong to talk of his father in such disrespectful terms. He is prepared to die, if anybody ever was; for he has been a member of the church for the last twenty years, and he is now in good and regular standing. Besides, he has always been looked up to in religious matters, both on account of his piety, and because he has always given so liberally for the support of the gospel, at home and abroad."

"And what kind of a gospel have you supported, mother?" said Frank.

"Why, the Bible kind, of course. What a strange question for you to ask, Frank!"

"No," said Frank, solemnly, "you do *not* support the gospel that Christ preached. You have only supported a gospel that pro-slavery ministers preached to

you, and you will not permit a minister of the true gospel to come among you. You would put him to death, as the Jews did Christ. Yes, indeed, I am convinced that, if I were to preach the same golden-rule gospel in these streets, as practical, vital truth, that Christ preached in Jerusalem eighteen hundred years ago, I should be commanded to depart out of these coasts; and, if I did not obey, I should be put to death!"

The words spoken by Dr. Willis had settled so deeply into the heart of Frank, that it was impossible for him to conceal from Emily that he was troubled. "I would not, on any account, reveal to her the cause of my anxiety," thought he.

Emily, on the other hand, was constantly scrutinizing Frank's troubled countenance, as if to read there the index of his heart. She could not but fear that there was something besides the sickness of his father that weighed heavily upon him. "Has he heard anything from my father?" pondered she. "I have confidence in his judgment, and I will wait patiently."

Dr. Willis revisited them on the third day. Mr. Le Rux seemed to comprehend something of what was passing around him, but the doctor still urged the necessity of his being kept quiet.

Frank attended him to the outer door, when the doctor stopped; and, putting a note into his hands, inquired whether they had received any news from Mr. Edward Le Rux? Emily heard the inquiry, and advanced near enough to hear Frank's reply in the negative.

Dr. Willis turned suddenly, and left the house. Frank followed him to the yard, with a determination to ask more concerning what seemed to him so strange.

"I am much interested in that cousin of yours, Frank," said the doctor. "Her father never should have brought her here, to witness these unholy scenes. But, if I am not mistaken, she would act her part well in almost any emergency."

Frank gave him his assurance that he might depend upon that, and was about to ask an explanation of former hints, when Dr. Willis said:

"Trust me, Frank, and remember the words which I speak: act as a vigilance-committee in and around your own dwelling."

Frank was about to speak again, when the doctor said: "I must not be delayed—I leave the city within this hour. God willing, I shall be in this place again within three weeks. There is danger threatening those whom I love, whom you love; but I have learned to trust a stronger arm than mine. Farewell."

Frank was alone. He had remained thoughtfully, a short time, where the doctor left him, when he was startled by a footstep, and, the next moment, Dr. Willis took him by the hand, and said:

"Have I erred, Frank, in believing that you were sustained by that religion which would enable you to trust a higher power than man? Will you sink into despondency, and perhaps bring on disease? I go to brave danger, perhaps death, for our friends, with nothing to guide me but the holy light of truth and right, which beams into my soul from above, pointing me to duty.

"These are perilous times," continued Dr. Willis, "for the proud family of Le Rux. These are very guilty times, for this boasted 'land of liberty;' for darkness has come with her prosperity, and she has

forgotten the arm upon which her fathers leaned. But judgment hastens. Men do not believe, because they are not swept *en masse* down the rolling tide on which their crimes convey them. One after another, they enter the current of error, and each in turn passes over the dread cataract. Each in turn, did I say? Yes. Know you not that the massive Webster has now taken that fatal step which will soon hurry him down to oblivion? Oh, I could fain weep over him, for he was my friend in other days; with him have I taken sweet counsel."

The doctor was eloquent. He had touched the right chord in Frank's heart, and his object was gained.

Frank was ready for action, still he looked inquiringly at the doctor, who said, "Seek not to know all too soon, but learn to trust in the Almighty God."

As Frank returned to the house, he thought, "Have I not offered myself a living sacrifice, and shall I then falter in the hour of peril?" The words of the doctor had sunk deep into his heart, although he did not fully understand them. "It must come," thought he; "the mighty retribution must indeed come."

On entering the house, Frank glanced at the superscription on the unsealed note, which the doctor had handed him. It was to Emily. He found her by the bedside of his father, and together they perused it. It was simply a request that Emily would commit to writing every circumstance connected with Julia De Wolfe, from the time she first saw her, as the slave of Mr. Le Rux, until her death and burial.



CHAPTER XXV.

THE INVALID STRANGER AT MRS. WISE'S.—MYSTERIES EXPLAINED.

It was in the early part of a pleasant evening that a carriage was driven slowly into the quiet village of C——.

“I will be left here,” said an elderly gentleman, in a somewhat tremulous voice.

The driver was turning the horses' heads in the direction of the only inn which the village afforded, when the gentleman added, “I will alight *here*; you do not wish to put up at the inn, and it is just as well for me to stop here.”

The driver stopped his horses, and let down the steps to the carriage. The gentleman, in alighting, showed considerable weakness and infirmity. The driver received his fare, and returned in the direction from which he had entered the village.

The stranger now feebly took up his valise—the only baggage which he had—and turned as if to go west.

“He seems every inch a gentleman,” soliloquized the driver, on his way back; “but it was mighty queer in him to be left there in the road, weak and sick as he is. He was so silent, too, as to who he was and where he was going. But if he hain't got some friends pretty near there, why, I pity him, that's all.”

"I believe," said Richard Wise, as he entered his house some two hours after the stranger had been left in the village of C——, "that there is a *fugitive* coming up the road."

Mrs. Wise looked a moment, and said: "Yes, and he is evidently very weak; for he moves slowly, and seems to support himself almost entirely upon his staff. Make a better fire, Richard, and put the tea-kettle on the stove, while I go and awake Ella. Her father did not come this way from Nathan's, and she has dropped asleep."

"She was glad he did n't come, I think," said Richard.

"She don't like to stay here any better than I like to have her," replied Mrs. Wise.

"I wish she would always stay with us," said Richard. "It is providential that she is here now, for I should be put to my wits' end, if the fugitive were to be followed here; but I suppose I should go down and notify James, and let the slave-catchers chase after *him*, instead of the fugitive."

Ella soon made her appearance. By this time, the supposed fugitive had approached the house, and sat down upon the neat stone step. Bowing his head low upon his breast, he seemed greatly agitated.

"He does not look like a fugitive," thought Ella, upon opening the door.

"He is a gentleman," whispered Richard to his mother, "if I can judge anything by his looks."

"He is in distress," said Mrs. Wise; and she advanced to the door with motherly interest.

"You seem weary, stranger," said Ella. "Will you

he lost his wife, after he had been married but a few years, and that he has been inclined to melancholy ever since."

* * * * *

Dr. Willis we left awaiting the arrival of the cars. After a short journey, he was admitted into one of the cells of a prison in T——. His coat is buttoned to the chin as he enters, and he is not recognized by the convict. "My errand here has always been one of mercy," said the doctor, "but now it is one of *justice* and mercy."

The prisoner bowed his head, and said: "*Mercy — justice* — where are they to be found? Not in judges, or jurors, not in this world. But I await them at a higher tribunal, and it will not be long hence."

"Have you ever seen me before?" asked the doctor, as he placed the dim lamp in such a manner that it reflected upon his face.

The prisoner scrutinized him for a few moments, partially shading his eyes with his hand, and said: "These eyes have become somewhat dimmed by my long confinement in this darkness, but they will still recognize one who so unjustly sentenced me, when scarcely twenty years of age, to a living death! Your act might have been deemed just or merciful; but it was neither! Your sentence was unjust, for I was innocent; and you performed no act of mercy. For what innocent man would not sooner go from the gallows to a just tribunal above, than spend a life of suffering and shame on earth, within the gloomy walls of a prison?"

"However much I might have erred in judgment,"

said the doctor, "it was meant as an act of mercy. Will you not forgive me?"

The prisoner was silent a few moments, and then said, "Yes, for I have found forgiveness for many acts in my past life which were wrong."

"And does not that prove," said the doctor, "that, even in case you were not guilty, I performed an act of mercy? Is it not here that you sought and found that mercy?"

The prisoner nodded assentingly, and then asked: "But why came you here? Bring you aught——" He stopped; but it was evident that there was hope excited in his breast.

"How would you meet a pardon?" asked the doctor.

"With joy, sir!" replied the prisoner, "if it was granted upon proof, or even a belief in my innocence. Yes, even if it were not so granted, for I might then be able to prove myself innocent."

The doctor was much affected at the prisoner's reply and manner. "Well, then," said he, with some hesitation, "I bring you a pardon from the governor, based upon the conviction of your innocence, and with the hope that you can be proven so."

CHAPTER XXVII.

EDWARD'S RETURN HOME.

EDWARD LE CLARE was sitting in his room, pondering in his mind the events of the last few weeks. "Oh!" thought he, "would that all could see as I do; for then would they realize a God in all their ways." Instantly he thought of the words of his mother: "Unless God, in his mercy and for his own wise purpose, interferes in our behalf, you know all that you or I can ever know of your father or Edith."

"I will write to Ella," resolved he. The door was just then opened, and one of the students handed him a letter. He glanced at the superscription, and recognized the handwriting as that of Dr. Freeman. The seal was soon broken, and the letter read. "Not a minute is to be lost," thought he. "Perhaps I may learn something; and yet, if he should die before I see him! I will start within the hour."

As he again thought of those oft-repeated words of his mother, and lifted his heart to God, the youth felt that his heavenly Father was about to deal with him in mercy. It was with this confidence that he entered the room of the sick man, after arriving at home, and he gazed upon the scene before him with sensations such as he never felt before.

There lay the object of all his hopes, in a raging fever, utterly unconscious of his presence. His lips

sometimes moved, and he would lift his hand as if to push from him some unpleasant object.

"This is the fifth day of his sickness," said Dr. Freeman; "there may be a change by to-morrow."

As the doctor took his leave, Edward requested that he might be permitted to sit by the sick man alone. "I will call you, Ella," said he, "at any time when I find that assistance is required."

Scarcely was the door closed, when Edward was on his knees by the side of the bed. With what feelings of heart, with what fervency of spirit, did he silently commend the sick man to the mercy of his Creator! He at length said, aloud: "I shall know more of my father and of Edith."

As he spoke, he was startled by a groan, and by hearing the name of Edith repeated by the invalid, whom he had supposed to be utterly unconscious. "I must be more careful," thought he. He arose, and commenced bathing the head and temples of the sick man with cold water. "His fever is abating," thought Edward, and he continued the bathing until nearly one o'clock.

One whole week did Edward attend by that sick bed, except when relieved by Ella, when he would not even then retire, but sought rest upon a sofa in the room. Most earnestly did Edward wish that the gentleman might recover, for sure was he that in him lay the only hope of solving family mysteries.

After a severe sickness of two weeks, it became evident to all that the stranger was improving, both in body and mind.

"Let him take his own time, and make his own inquiries," said Dr. Freeman, as he parted with Edward

one morning. "I think he is observing things more closely."

On the afternoon of the same day, the convalescent opened his eyes, looked at Ella, who was standing by the bedside, and said, "Emily, child!"

Instantly she stepped aside, and Edward stood in her place. "Ah! and you are here, too?" said the gentleman. On opening his eyes again, he said: "How dim my sight has grown; you do not look like yourself."

"How strange!" thought Ella, as she looked at Edward, but she did not meet his look, for his head was bowed. He too was thinking, "How strange!"

"Could the stranger have meant my mother," thought Edward, "when he pronounced the name of Emily?" Then speaking to Ella, he said, "I will not leave him for the present."

"But you must not over-exert yourself, Edward," said Ella, "or we shall have a second invalid. Besides," continued she, "I am as anxious to know what the sick man says as you can be; and I will remember every word, and tell you, too, just how he looked when he talked."

Edward was a little embarrassed. "Oh!" thought he, "could she know all — could she know what I feel! But I must bear it, as did my mother, alone." As he left the room, he longed to say, "This is like all your kindness, dear Ella, my more than sister;" but he did not. When he returned, Ella told him the sick man had mournfully said, "I shall be too late." "And he looked weary," said Ella, "as if he were speaking to some one on the opposite side of the room. And now, Edward," continued Ella, "go to bed, and I will call you at a suitable hour."

Edward cast one anxious look at the invalid, and complied.

"How long have I been sick?" inquired the patient, the next morning, of Dr. Freeman, as he was sitting by the bedside. But, before the doctor could reply, he added: "Your face is not familiar to me, sir. Will you call my daughter?"

The doctor made no reply, and his patient was soon quiet again.

As Edward entered, he looked at *him*, and said, "I thought it was *Frank*." He then appeared as if trying to recollect himself. After a minute, he said, "I see how it is; I am ill, and with strangers."

"That is it," said the doctor, "but you have fallen among those who feel a deep interest in you, and desire to do you good. We will do everything in our power for you; and, as you are weak, we desire you to feel that you are among friends, and not worry about it."

The invalid was silent, and Edward thought he had fallen asleep; but he beheld his eyes riveted upon his own features. Stepping to the bed, he asked, "Will you have anything of me?" The sick man made no reply.

Dr. Freeman arose, and motioned Edward to take *his* seat by the bed. The latter obeyed, and the sick man continued his scrutinizing look, occasionally closing his eyes, however.

At length he slept soundly, and Dr. Freeman beckoned Edward from the room. "I think I understand the case sufficiently to be able to advise as to the course to be pursued, until the gentleman recovers his recollection, which he is fast doing. Ask him no questions at all," continued the doctor, "but answer all his ques-

tions correctly, as far as you can, without injury to yourself, attend upon him alone. Nothing will conduce more to his recovery than perfect quiet. When you need rest, lay upon the sofa, and Ella will attend him. It is needless for me to tell you, that she will be judicious in her care of him."

When Edward returned to the room, he found the sick man awake. As he stood by the bed, the invalid made an effort to turn, but, finding himself too weak, desisted. Edward reached, and took hold of his hand.

The invalid looked at him in a kind and grateful manner, and asked, "Is there not a young lady in the room?"

"Yes," replied Edward.

"May I ask her name?"

"Ella Erskine."

"I think my head is not quite right," said the invalid, "and my eyes seem weak. Perhaps I have been delirious?" and he looked inquiringly at Edward.

"You have been so," was the answer.

"In that state, I probably said many wild things; but I trust no one would be disposed ——" Here he stopped, and looked at Edward in a scrutinizing manner.

"I pledge myself," said Edward, "that you have said nothing to the disadvantage of any one, since your illness. Your delirium has not been of a kind to make you very communicative."

The invalid appeared satisfied, and soon after was sleeping soundly.

Edward approached the table, and, taking the Bible, reseated himself by the bed. His mind was directed to the promise of God, to be "the support of those who

put their trust in him." "Oh!" thought he, "I will trust him forever: for his promises are sure."

Fearing that the invalid was sleeping too long, Edward placed his hand gently upon his shoulder. The gentlemen groaned, and his lips moved. Edward bent his head, as the invalid pronounced the name of "Edith." He awoke, and said, "I am coming, Emily. All lost, did you say?" He looked at Edward in surprise, and then turned his eyes towards the door, as if expecting to see some one else. He at length said, "Why did she not stay?"

"You have been dreaming," remarked Edward. "There has been no one in the room but myself."

"Dreaming!" said the invalid. "I have surely seen her, or an angel so like her, that I am sure she must be dead."

"You have been dreaming," repeated Edward, "for there has been no one in the room but myself. You are very weak indeed."

"Yes, I am weak," said the invalid. "I see how it is, but I must go; I cannot stay." And he made an effort to rise from the bed. "Oh, yes, I am indeed weak; but you will call a carriage, for I tell you I *must* go."

"You must wait a few days," said Edward, "for it would endanger your life."

"*Life!*" said the invalid, wildly. "What know you of life? Life is nothing to me, unless I may go. To fail is death,—death—eternal death!"

Edward became agitated. "Be calm, stranger," said he; "I beseech you, be calm," placing one hand soothingly on his brow.

The invalid was exhausted; he fixed his eyes imploringly upon Edward, but did not speak.

But it is impossible for us to record all the sayings and doings in that sick room, or the hopes and fears of Edward. Suffice it to say, that Dr. Freeman, who never omitted either his morning or evening visits, pronounced his patient better each time, and still recommended the same course to Edward.

"I think his mind is becoming sound," said the doctor one morning to Edward, in the presence of Ella and Mrs. Wise.

"And he seems less communicative," said Edward.

"I doubt," said Ella, "if he remembers coming to the house at all."

"He may remember that," observed Mrs. Wise; "but I think his mind was not clear at the time."

"No," said Dr. Freeman, "I think he must have been quite sick for several days before, judging from his condition after I saw him."

"I believe," said the stranger to Edward, one morning, "that I shall soon be able to pursue my journey. I have doubtless made a mistake, during my illness, and imagined you to be a friend whom I left behind me, for I have now some recollection of thinking so. Still, it seems to me, now, that your face resembles one that I have seen."

Then, turning to Ella, he added, "I have a daughter; methinks she resembles you in kindness."

"You probably do not remember," said Ella, "coming to this place at all."

"It has been lost to me," said the stranger; "but I now recollect entering a house, and ordering dinner, and, at the same time, inquiring for a carriage, that I might proceed on my journey. Soon afterwards I felt very ill. That is all, until, on coming to myself, I

found that I had been conveyed to this chamber. I was then probably somewhat bewildered, for I had been sick several days."

Ella, glanced at Edward, and, meeting an approving look, observed: "That was not the way in which you came here. You must have lost some time, which you will probably yet recover; for this is not an inn, but a private house."

The stranger then arose to his feet; Edward offered him his arm, and he looked out at the window. "Where am I?" demanded he, with evident emotion.

"In C——," replied Ella.

"And who are you?"

"My name is Ella Erskine, sir."

"And who are you?" asked the stranger, as he turned to Edward.

"My name, sir, is Le Clare."

"Oh God!" said the stranger as he fixed his eyes upon Edward; then, instantly withdrawing them, he seemed anxious to recover his self-possession.

At this time, Ella, as if conscious that such was the wish of the stranger, withdrew.

Scarcely had she closed the door, ere the stranger said, "Is your name Edward Le Clare?"

"Yes."

"Am I in the town of C——, and in the house of Mrs. Emily Le Clare?" asked the gentleman.

"Yes."

"And where is she?"

"She is dead," sadly responded Edward; "but if purity of life; and a holy trust in God, who alone was her support through life, are acceptable to him, then is she now an angel!"

"And what am I?" groaned the stranger. "Lost — condemned — ruined! I can never find mercy; I cannot so much as lift up mine eyes to ask it." And he pressed his hand upon his heart, while he was apparently overcome with emotion.

"You must rest," said Edward, soothingly — "rest until you are stronger."

"I cannot rest," said the stranger, "I am lost — I am eternally lost!"

"You are mistaken, sir," said Edward. "All can be saved, who seek for mercy, through faith in Christ."

The stranger was silent for a few minutes, while his eyes were closed; and then he said: "No, you are mistaken. There is no mercy for me — all is so dark! Nor is there any rest," continued he, "for *she* cannot speak to me words of forgiveness. I was rightly warned, 'it is now too late.' I must have been delirious for a long time — yea, for years — or I would not have thus delayed." He looked at Edward, who was in vain striving to hide his emotion, and added: "Ask me not to rest. I have not long to stay on earth. I must soon meet her at the judgment, and hear my sentence. And I have much to say, much to do!"

"Do not talk so," said Edward, with much feeling. "I will pray for you. You must not despair."

"*You!*" cried the stranger. "My name is Edward Le Rux." And he fixed his eyes full upon the young man, as if to read his thoughts.

Edward again said: "I will pray for you."

"*You!*" repeated the stranger. "*I am your father!* Can you pray for me now?"

"Yes, dear father!" said Edward, as he dropped upon

his knees beside him, while his heart seemed bursting with mingled emotions.

Mr. Le Rux was silent.

Edward's voice trembled, and, for a few minutes, he could not shut out the scenes of the past. But at length he triumphed, and his spirit was lifted up: he seemed to hold converse with God.

As he arose from his knees, his father took his hand, pressed it fervently, drew it to his lips, then relinquished it, and closed his eyes. Edward thought he rested; and the gentleman did, at length, fall into a quiet sleep. Edward did not leave him. A calmness overspread his spirit, which he had not felt since reaching home.

"Unless God in his mercy interfere," thought he, as his mother seemed to stand before him, as she had done when she had spoken the words. "Lost! No, my father is not lost; he will yet find mercy, for it was ever her prayer, 'that, if he still lived, he might seek and find forgiveness of God.'"

Mr. Le Rux slept nearly an hour, when Ella entered the room, in order to relieve Edward from his long watching. Edward, however, said he did not feel weary, and she again retired.

After Ella left, Mr. Le Rux said: "Edward, it is not from experimental knowledge that a trust and confidence in God will enable us to pass through trials and afflictions with a fortitude which nothing else can give, that I rejoice to find your mind thus stayed; but because I have seen it in others. I have much to tell you that will distress and shock you."

Edward was silent, and his father continued: "I feel that my time is short; although I hope to be spared until I shall have performed a few duties devolving

upon me before I enter upon that eternal punishment which I cannot escape! God grant that you may be sustained, my son. How mysterious are the ways of Him who created all things, and who alone can pardon; and who, though He will shut me out from heaven, 'dealeth justly, and loveth mercy.'"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE MYSTERY OF EDWARD'S PARENTAGE EXPLAINED.

"DEAR EDWARD, you must understand that my name is not Le Clare, but Edward Le Rux. I was born in the vicinity of New Orleans, June 4, 18—. My father's name was William Le Rux. He had descended from one of the proudest families in France, and often spoke of his nobility, and of his long line of aristocratic ancestors. But, beside him, there was none now left to bear up or boast the name.

"My father was a slaveholder, and very cruel to his slaves. My mother, on the contrary, was naturally kind, although proud and aristocratic. The love of money was the root of all evil with my father.

"I was not more than six years old, when there was brought into the house a child. Never shall I forget the appearance of our kind old nurse, when she first brought the child into the room, where she had left me, when my father called her; for, large as I was, she had been holding me upon her knee, and telling me of her old home, and of her little boy, whom, she said, my father had sold when he was about as large as I then was; declaring, while I could see the big tears rolling down her cheeks, that she loved him just as well as my mother loved me. I was sorely grieved at her recital, and loud in my exclamations. This was one of my first impressions of our wicked system of slavery. My

nurse looked sharply at the little girl, and declared, 'She's jest no nigger, any how.' Then, turning to me, she said: 'She's jest's good's you, Eddy, an' she ain't no more a nigger, 'kase I jest knows, an' I'll jest warrant 'er moder's half dead 'bout 'er.'

"The child was frightened, and said something which Margaret did not understand, at the same time beginning to cry.

"'If I jest know'd whar your moder is,' said Margaret to the child, 'I'd take you to 'er, an' den, if she would n't buy me, I'd run off wid ye, for you're jest de sweetest t'ing I eber seed, an' you ain't mor'n tree years old, noder.'

"I myself also thought that she was the sweetest child I had ever seen, and that she was 'no nigger.' Margaret proceeded to disrobe her; and, on removing her skirt, she found something attached to it by a cord on the inside, which she examined attentively, and placed in her bosom. Then, turning to me, she said:

"'Eddy, don't you lub ole nurse?'

"I was not ashamed to tell the truth, and I said, 'Yes.'

"'Well, den,' said she, 'don't you tell mas'r or missis what you see me take from dis baby, an' den I'll tell you great many purty stories. Ole Maggy don't want it, 'kase she don't want nothin' but 'er chil'ren. But she jest wants to keep it, 'kase dis is somebody's chile, an' I jest b'lieves she'll be your'n little wife, Eddy, if dar's anyt'ing in dreams — an' missis say dar be, an' I jest knows dar be, 'kase I seed 'er last night, in my dreams, 'fore dey bring 'er here.'

"By this time, my childish imagination was well aroused, and it could stretch far beyond the conceptions of old Margaret. Whether Margaret had been enlight-

ened by a dream or not, her remarks made such an impression upon my mind that I never ceased to love the little girl, or think of her as my little wife.

"When the pretty creature was arrayed in her new coarse dress, Margaret stood at a little distance, making faces, which, I afterwards learned, were indicative of her displeasure and disgust. The old nurse then said: "Dey neber can make a nigger ob 'er, an' it's jest a rael shame for 'em to try, for she ain't eben a quatoon, as mas'r say. Den ole Maggy knows dey jest kidnap 'er, an' dey won't hab no marcy on 'er, neder. But I jest b'lieves I'll allers 'member 'bout it." And she put her hand to her bosom, to see if the trinket she had taken from the skirt was safe.

"After attending to our suppers, Margaret put the little girl into her own bed, which was not much like my nice one, which she drew out before her own; and then she sat down to perform her evening's task.

" 'She 's jest grieved near 'bout to death,' said Margaret, 'or I'll warrant she would n't ha' sobb'd 'erself to sleep.' "

"But sleep would not come to my eyes, for the lovely little girl was before my mind, and I wished that I could even lie upon the bare floor, if, by that means, she could have my bed, with its clean sheets, and white counterpane. And I wondered if her mother was any like my mother; whether she wore such beautiful jewels in her ears and on her fingers—whether she was crying, or scolding the nurse, because her little child was lost.

"From that time, all my childish hopes were centered on the beautiful unknown. Few persons, perhaps, have ever been called to look back, and trace an

event, which occurred at such an early period of their life, and been able to scan it in such a manner, as to perceive that it served to fix their destiny for life — yea, I may say, for an eternity. But the thoughts of my heart on that night were pure, natural, and unavoidable. And as they were afterwards fed by Margaret, to whose care I was entirely entrusted, they thus became the controlling ideas of my boyhood, and shaped my whole career.

“Mag — as we called her — had a sort of ‘second sight,’ which enabled her to discern the future. My mother was sometimes quite superstitious, and often declared that, if there ever was such a being as a witch, Mag must be one. She was so useful in her position in the family, that mother could not think of selling her, yet Mag was forbidden to mix with the other slaves, lest they should be injured by some influence she would exert over them. But to her care was I entrusted almost entirely. I loved her, for she loved me, and seldom denied me anything.

“My father had forbidden her to take the little slave girl, to whom he gave the name of ‘Judy,’ anywhere, except into the back yard, or into a field which extended beyond the garden, whither I always attended her.

“My mother was fond of pleasure, but she never could think of being troubled with me in the carriage. ‘There is time enough for Master Eddy yet,’ she would say. She sometimes consented that my brother William might attend her on a ride. ‘He is really very funny,’ she would sometimes say, ‘and often diverts me by his remarks.’ Besides, the ladies and gentlemen whom my mother met, noticed him a great deal. But

she said I was 'always so stupid.' I was 'like an old man, who had arrived at his second childhood,'—always lost in my own thoughts, if, indeed, I had any thoughts,—so that she would have to speak to me the second time before I would hear. She hoped, however, that I would be able to leave the nursery before I was old enough to be married.

"These remarks were frequently heard by me, and each in turn were treasured up in my childish memory. It was hard to believe that my mother had told an untruth, or even that she had made a mistake. I believed myself to be just what she had said; and that the same was true in regard to William.

"William was like my mother—naturally kind and impulsive in disposition. I believe he loved me ardently, but he seldom gave me, or indeed any one, more than a passing notice. He would sometimes appeal to my mother in my behalf, when the carriage stood at the door, that I might be permitted to go. But, when she would reply, 'Oh! he is so much trouble;' or 'he is so dull;' or 'I am going to call on Mrs. this, or that,' William would give me a pleasant look, or perhaps say, 'I'll fetch you something, Eddy.' Then, in fine spirits, he would enter the carriage, and be driven from the house, without even a second look, while my mother would regard him as if he were to be the hero of the day, or as if in him were centered all her hopes.

"I shunned my mother and William, and finally even ceased to wish to ride; nor did I often appear on the veranda, or in the front yard. All I now wished, was to pass my time with Judy, either in the nursery, in the back yard, or in the field, where she was per-

mitted to play and ramble. Happiness was felt only while in her company. Strange as it may seem to you, and strange as it now seems to me, my mother gave Margaret great credit for keeping me from running with Judy.

"My father had forbidden Margaret to let Judy wear a bonnet, wash her face, or comb her hair; but had ordered her to send her out on hot sunny days, into the open air or field. This excited Margaret's indignation; but it was only in my presence that she dared speak of it, which she did by declaring, in plain terms, that 'dey wanted to make de sweet little t'ing look like a nigger.'

"There was a small stream running through the field where she was permitted to go. On reaching it, I would wash Judy's face and hands clean, wipe them with my apron, then lead her gently to a seat, and with my fingers smooth her ringlets nicely; after which I would lead her to the house, into the presence of Margaret, and bid her look at my little wife. At such times, Margaret would utter an exclamation expressive of admiration; would turn the little girl, first one way, then the other, gaze earnestly upon her, and say: 'Eddy, my boy, Judy ain't no nigger, not even a quatroom. She's just some big lady's child — may be she's a queen's.' But whatever the old nurse said, she always ended with, 'Judy 's jest as good as you, or any body; an' she 'll be your wife, Eddy.'

"Sometimes I would ask Margaret to let me see the trinket which she had taken from Judy's skirt. But she would put on a wise face, shake her head, and say: 'Oh no! mus'n't look at dat, no how; 'kase I means to keep dat till I finds 'er moder. An' don't you neber tell 'bout dat, Eddy.'

"Thus, year after year rolled on. I do not mention this as being in any sense an apology for my after life, but that you may see the absurdity, the danger, and even the guilt, of the course pursued by my parents, as well as by thousands of others, who are dealers in flesh and blood.

"For years was I given in charge of Margaret, who had been taught no more virtue than a brute, in regard to the other sex — who was herself subjected to the entire will of master and overseer in everything. And yet she possessed natural discernment far beyond many of the white race.

"Under such circumstances, was it any wonder that my mind grew up to weeds? or that millions, placed in like circumstances, have their characters poisoned in their childhood? Assuredly, such is the case with both sexes! Let him beware, my son, who weds a daughter, or sister, or widow of a Southern aristocratic slaveholder! Fathers who sell their own offspring into perpetual bondage, and count it no dishonor, think themselves men. But they are not men; they have fallen from their moral manhood, and I know not what to call them!

"Their daughters and wives have the same example, the same temptation, as the sons and fathers. They have also the same training. And, although it is wrong, yet the odium which is attached to the female, more than to the male, who commits the same sin, forces them to hide their guilt. But it is my opinion that, as with the slaveholder, so is it with his wife: as with the son, so with the daughter. But the mother and daughter cannot, so easily as the husband and son, conceal

their guilt. No matter if old nurse is ordered to commit infanticide — let her breathe it, if she dare.

“Tremble!” said Mr. Le Rux, impressively, “oh, ye mothers, ye fathers, ye sons, ye daughters, ye husbands and wives of the South; ‘for there is nothing covered, which shall not be revealed, nor hid, which shall not be made known.’”

Mr. Le Rux remained silent, in much agitation, for some minutes, and then continued: “I have digressed. Pardon me, my son: you know not what I feel — you know not the extent or the evil of slavery. It is high as heaven! for its groans, ‘have entered into the ear of the Lord of Sabaoth.’ It is deep as hell, for it has driven its thousands to that dark abode!”

“When I was old enough to attend school, I could hardly content myself to be separated from Judy such a length of time; and she, although so young, was much grieved that she could not go to school with me. But here Margaret came to our relief. I could teach Judy to read. She went straight to her depository — though, with all my searching, I could not at that time find out where it was — and brought forward a part of a spelling-book, saying: ‘Mas’r Eddy, you’s big ’nuff for a school-mas’r, an’ you cap show de letters to Judy jest as well’s anybody. Your fader an’ moder need n’t know nothin’ ’t all ’bout it.’ And it became my delight to do so.

“When I was *ten* years of age, and Judy probably about seven, I was attacked with severe sickness, and my father employed a physician by the name of Willis, who, though young in his profession and almost a stranger, had won the confidence of my father, by having managed the fevers, prevalent in our climate, more

successfully than any of the other practitioners. I was sick several weeks; and then, as well as when I was in health, my parents entrusted me entirely to the care of Margaret, only coming in, occasionally, to see me, and inquire how I was.

“By this time, Judy’s complexion was somewhat browned, though Margaret still boasted that ‘dey couldn’t, no how, make even a quatoon of ‘er.’ She was now large enough to be of some assistance to Margaret, and she would sit by my side, and give me such potions as were necessary for me to take, when Margaret was otherwise engaged.

- “Dr. Willis took a great interest in Judy, and gave her the appellations of ‘little nurse,’ and ‘sister of charity.’ Judy was not a child of many words, although, when freed from restraint by the presence of others, she was as merry as a lark. The doctor would often look at her for several minutes together, and then, approaching her, take hold of her hair, and twist her curls upon his fingers, at which time he would appear much puzzled. I noticed that he was sometimes engaged in low conversation with Margaret; and I was led to believe they were talking of Judy. It always pleased me, for I thought he was praising her.

“But I must hasten,” said Mr. Le Rux, with a sigh, “although it is a theme on which I love to dwell. It is sufficient for me to say that Judy had every good quality, in my estimation, and that I continued to feel the deepest interest in her. My mother had also marked her good qualities. After my recovery, I was admitted more frequently into my mother’s room; and she then took it into her head that Judy could serve her as an attendant. Mother had her dressed quite neatly, and

kept in her room; and it was, 'Judy, hand me this,' and, 'Judy, do that for me.'

"Judy's nature was to love, and she soon loved my mother. She was always obedient and attentive to her wishes. She did not in the least forget Margaret, but would fly to her, in my mother's absence, and spend her time as if she wanted to make the old nurse happy. Her manners were soon improved; for my mother learned her to be a genteel waiter. Everything must be 'genteel' about *her*."

CHAPTER XXIX.

EARLY HISTORY OF EDWARD LE RUX.—MORE MYSTERIES EXPLAINED.

“DR. WILLIS called often at our house, and my mother remarked that it was ‘quite interesting to hear him relate the incidents connected with his travels.’ She also pronounced him ‘a perfect gentleman, and exceedingly well bred,’ which she attributed to his residence in the South, and the advantages he had received from travelling, by being admitted into the higher circles of society. Said she: ‘He is a Northern man by birth, and they are a very awkward set, and even perform the meanest offices for each other, such as our negroes do for us,’—adding, that she did ‘not suppose there was a real gentleman or lady in the North, according to the true acceptation of the term, except, perhaps, now and then one like Dr. Willis, who had travelled, or resided long enough at the South to acquire our manners and address.’

“Dr. Willis always spoke to me in a kind manner, and, if Judy was not present, would inquire for my little nurse. At such times, when not prevented by my mother, I would call her. He would often bring each of us a small present, and when Judy thanked him, in her sweet way, he would compliment my mother upon her faculty in training the little girl to be

genteel. This stimulated my mother to take extra pains with Judy.

"At this time, I felt that my mother's affection had increased for me. 'You have really improved very much,' she would say, 'though you never will be like William. You are becoming very much like one of my brothers, who went to Italy and died.' My mother was deeply affected when she spoke thus.

"Well," continued Mr. Le Rux, "I believe my mother learned to love Judy; and, as Dr. Willis remarked upon the importance of having genteel attendants, and the danger there would be in suffering her to mingle with the more vulgar slaves, my mother concluded that it must not be. 'I shall soon,' she would say, 'have a waiter who will astonish all who call at the house. There is quite a difference in the race, even among the quadroons.'"

"'Why don't you teach your little nurse to read?'" asked Dr. Willis of me, one day, in the presence of my mother. Then, turning to my mother, he added: 'I have often thought how pleasant it would be, if Judy could read to you. It certainly is a very important qualification for a waiter or nurse. I have wondered that this class were not instructed sufficiently to be able to read or write for their mistresses. You will probably keep Judy as long as you live, and how exceedingly pleasant it would be to have her able to read to you. Your eyes are somewhat weak, now; and, when you become older, perhaps they will fail you entirely.'

"My mother seemed quite thoughtful for several minutes, and then said, 'I am sure it would be one of the finest things in the world.'

“‘Yes,’ continued the doctor, ‘I like to have some one read to me, when I am fatigued, or a little unwell.’

“‘But it cannot be done,’ replied my mother; ‘Judy could not be admitted into the school.’

“‘Master Edward would teach her to read in a short time,’ said the doctor.

“‘Oh yes,’ said I, ‘Judy learns very fast——’ I checked myself, and added: ‘She learns everything which my mother teaches her very quick.’

“It was soon arranged that I should teach Judy to read; but this should be done in Margaret’s room, as we would be liable to be interrupted in my mother’s.

“Margaret was instructed accordingly, with the injunction not to tell any one about it.

“‘O law’s, no!’ said Margaret, slightly vexed. ‘S’pose I’ll go to tell ’bout dat? I neber does such t’ings—missis know’ dat well ’nuff. Missis knows I neber tell ’bout such t’ings.’

“Margaret was going on; but my mother said, while her face became quite flushed: ‘Well, well, that’s right. I always knew you could be trusted.’

“About one month subsequent to this, Dr. Willis called, and, after chatting with my mother awhile, bade me summon Judy, and let him hear her read and spell. I obeyed, and stood before her, with all the important bearing of a teacher. She commenced in her book at ‘crucifix,’ and went forward to several harder tables, which she read with great ease, pronouncing all her words correctly. I then put words to her, and she spelled equally well.

“My mother was much astonished.

“The doctor praised both teacher and scholar; but I thought he must have been informed by Margaret of

Judy's being taught before my illness. He remarked, however, that it was 'astonishing how fast children would learn;' exhorted both me and Judy to perseverance, and congratulated my mother upon the prospect. It was the pleasantest duty I ever performed, to instruct the little girl, and it also stimulated me in my own studies. I felt exceedingly proud of my station, as instructor, especially when visited by the doctor.

"At the age of twelve years, Judy was able to read to my mother, in a manner which did much credit to herself and her instructor. She then informed me of her desire to learn to write. This knowledge was imparted stealthily, with the assistance of Margaret, who often stood peering over Judy's shoulder, declaring that she could 'make dem marks all 'er own self, if she'd know'd how, jest as well 's Judy.' But alas, for poor Margaret! Her fingers were too stiff; besides, she had been condemned to some punishment by my father, soon after he bought her, and the sinews in her right wrist were shrunk. By devoting one hour each day, when opportunity offered, in the absence of my mother, Judy, in one year, became able to write well.

"At the age of seventeen, I commenced my studies at K——, with the intention of taking a full course. My father desired William to remain with him, considering him, as he said, 'the most business-like.'

"I have been quite particular thus far," said Mr. Le Rux, "as I considered my early history important. I shall now be more brief."

"Notwithstanding my mother's depreciating words, I was always first in my class, both as it regarded recitations and deportment. I mixed, as others did, in
societies

"Judy had taught me a lesson of virtue and self-denial; not by words, but by the purity and nobleness of her conduct, which seemed to be an innate fountain, flowing spontaneously in thought, word, and deed. My society was courted by the ladies, although I did not strive to become what is termed 'a ladies' man.' It was at this time I learned the extent of my affection for Judy. Nowhere did I meet her equal in worth; all suffered by a comparison. Her many virtues stood out in bold relief before me. 'Do I love her only as a sister?' thought I. And then came the conviction, that, without her, I could never be happy, and, with that conviction, a *full sense* of my situation. On my first visit home, I found that a change had come over her: she appeared melancholy. I returned to K—— without learning the cause, but with an increased affection for the beautiful girl.

"I will pass over the event that transpired while I was at school.

"At the age of twenty, I returned home, under the plea of poor health, and unfitness for study. Judy was evidently very unhappy, and it did not take long for me to discover the cause. My father had had his designs upon her, and, failing in his purpose, had subjected her to many trials. He had beaten her with his own hand, and threatened to have her whipped by the overseer, but had desisted, upon the earnest entreaty of my mother, on condition that she should not object to Judy's being sold.

"I learned these things from Margaret, who added: 'Judy ain't no nigger, no how; but mas'r 'll get big money for 'er, 'kase she's so 'andsome.'

"Stung to the heart, I went immediately to my

mother. I found her much afflicted at the necessity of parting with Judy, but she had pledged her word. 'You know, as well as I,' said she, 'that your father will not be diverted from his purpose. Judy is not to be worked, but to be *kept* by Esquire D——, who has agreed to pay your father two thousand dollars for her.'

"I was maddened to desperation. I went immediately to Dr. Willis, and to him opened my whole heart. He questioned me closely respecting my affection for Judy, and I answered honestly. He said he had no doubt that the girl had been kidnapped, and he hoped that the villany would some time be brought to light. He told me to return home, go to Margaret, and persuade her to give me the trinket that she found upon Judy, at the time she was brought to my father's house. If I could not get it otherwise, I must bring it away by stealth. 'She hides it,' said the doctor, 'in the foot of an old stocking, which she fastens by a string to her bedcord, and then slips it through a hole in the tick, among the straw. Get the bracelet; tell Judy to be at my house by twelve o'clock, this night; and, if you are willing to marry her, before God and man, either bring her here yourself, or come by half-past twelve.'

"I went to Margaret and asked her for the bracelet. I told her that Judy was in great danger of being sold; that I was determined to take her away, and marry her. Margaret hesitated. I then told her that the possession of the trinket might be a great help to Judy, in finding her mother. The poor old creature burst into tears, and brought it to me, saying, 'Oh, I lub Judy bery much, an' I wants 'er to find 'er moder.' She then spoke of her own poor lost children, and, dropping upon a bench, swayed her body to and fro, in great agony."

CHAPTER XXX.

THE ELOPEMENT AND MARRIAGE OF EDWARD LE RUX.

"I ENTERED my mother's room. She was sleeping upon the sofa. Judy had been reading to her, and motioned me to silence. Judy was attired in a neat loose dress, fitting simply to her form, which my mother had ordered her to wear when attending her; and I was sure that I never saw the dear girl look so lovely.

"I took my pencil and wrote: 'Judy, you are in great danger of being sold; we must take our flight to-night.'

"She read it; and, taking my pencil, wrote underneath: 'I am aware of it; I will go.'

"I heard my father's step at the door, and had barely time to slip the paper in my pocket, when he entered, cast an eye upon me, then said to Judy: 'Come below stairs to me at ten o'clock.' It was now nine.

"My father had no sooner gone, than I wrote on the paper, '*Now is our time!*'

"Judy, without saying a word, stepped to the closet; put on her bonnet; cast one look at my mother, who was still sleeping; opened the door softly, and we descended the back stairs quietly, and gained the street. Judy was much agitated: I drew her arm gently within mine, and, with all possible haste, we made our way to the city.

"We rung at the door of Dr. Willis. He soon made his appearance, and conducted us to the chamber. 'It

sirable,' said the doctor, 'that we all should feel the responsibility of our situations, and act accordingly. I was aware that you escaped none too soon. Had you waited till twelve, it would have been too late.'

To Judy he said: 'Be calm, my daughter. I will give my life before any harm shall befall you.' He then consulted her, in regard to her wishes for the future. He thought I had best make her what propositions I pleased, in his presence. I did so. And Judy was perfectly frank in deciding that she would become my daughter.

He spoke a few words to her, and she withdrew. In a short time she re-appeared, arrayed in a rich and elegant dress. The doctor, as well as myself, was surprised at the chaste beauty of her appearance, and the grace of her movements. He smiled, and said, 'I think your face is sufficiently disguised.' And then he desired her to follow him, and assume a new dress.

Upon my re-entering the room, Judy seemed anxious to leave it; she was evidently fearing me as a stranger. The doctor, taking her by the hand, re-assured her, and joyfully introducing us.

We were conducted to the parlor, and, in a few minutes a clergyman entered. Dr. Willis arose, and introduced me as Mr. Edward Le Clare, and Judy as Miss Mary Willis, his adopted daughter. After the marriage ceremony was performed, the clergyman with-

Dr. Willis then brought forward a small trunk, and

'This trunk fell into my hands, some considerable time since. I believe it must have been the property of a wealthy person, who had been on board a vessel which was wrecked in a storm on the coast. The person to whom it once belonged was undoubtedly lost,

as no inquiries have ever been made for it, and nearly all on board the vessel perished. It contains gold of the French coinage, and I have never spent any of it; but have ever intended to bestow it on some worthy object. When I first saw you, Judy, I believed you to have been kidnapped, and felt interested for you; and you were associated in my mind with a child I had lost, but one year younger than yourself. I now feel that you are the one on whom I should bestow this gift; and I wish you to receive it as a daughter's marriage portion.'

"Then, turning to me, he said, 'Edward, you have now left your family, from whom you can expect but little sympathy. Your father will feel that you have stolen from him property worth two thousand dollars; besides, you have obliged him to lose his revenge on Judy, for her unyielding obstinacy. You have forced him, against his will, by the circumstances of the case, to break his contract with Esquire D——, which you well know, among honorable slaveholders, is considered almost an unpardonable sin. Besides, Edward, you and your wife will now have to secrete yourselves, as best you can, from the almost omniscient eye of the slave power; and, as soon as prudence will permit, you must flee your native land. You must now realize your difficulties and responsibilities, that you may be able to surmount them. Remember, then, that your lovely and confiding *Emily*—for you must now call her *Emily*—the wife of your bosom, the idol of your heart, is still a slave—yea, more, a fugitive slave—and, according to the laws of this glorious American Union, she owes life-long service. Now, Edward, let me assure you, that you very much mistake the nature

peculiar institution, if ever you permit yourself a moment to feel safe, while you remain under laws of the United States — while over you floats significant banner of *long red stripes*. On your account, Edward, you must be wary; for you are, under American laws, a felon, a fugitive from justice; and, if a demon seizes you while in his den, you may be able to escape his fatal grasp.

Remember, also, never to let the gratitude of your friends betray you into the indiscretion of mentioning your part in this affair; for, although I have acted in obedience to my Divine Master, yet neither my gray reputation, nor wealth could shield me, were it not for —

I think Emily is of French parentage, as well as myself. Go, therefore, to France; employ her for her teachers; introduce her to the best society you can find, and let her always wear this bracelet. You will find there is much dissipation in France, but shun it as you would the pestilence. The money Emily has now saved, should you safely escape with it, will be able to support you, till you have studied for a profession, and can depend on yourself for an income. Our correspondence with me, be conducted under the name of Le Clare, for the present.'

We were then secreted in a retired upper room, where we had ample time to reflect upon the *new relation* sustained to each other and our country.

When we left New Orleans, we did not go immediately to France, but remained in America almost a year; it is not necessary, however, that I now relate to you that year's trials.

Before sailing for France, I learned that poor Mar-

garet was suspected of having been accessory to our elopement, and that she was most cruelly punished, still refusing to make any disclosure. Dr. Willis was much grieved at this, and Emily shed many tears. I also learned that my mother suffered great anxiety on my account.

“ My brother William, although he condemned my course, was inclined to be lenient towards me, and did all that he could to soften the feelings of my father, who said that he would disinherit me.

“ Dr. Willis visited at the house of my father, and strove to console my mother. He was not suspected of any participation in the elopement.

“ Emily was confined on her passage to France, as we were much longer in making the voyage than was anticipated, owing to bad weather ; but she bore all her trials with a heroism rarely equalled by any one. I named our first child Emily ; its mother added the name of Edith, saying, she had a partiality for that name, as it seemed familiar, and yet she knew not why.

“ I followed Dr. Willis’ advice to the letter, after my arrival in France. Emily had the best teachers in music, drawing, dancing, &c., and in a few months made her *debut* in society.

“ Although rather retiring, she was much admired, and my love increased for her every day, as her mind and powers developed themselves. She was truly all I could wish. There was but one lady in Paris who could, in my opinion, excel her in appearance, and that was owing more to the splendor of that lady’s dress than to her personal charms. This feeling led me into many extravagances in the purchase of jewels and other ornaments for my wife. I was bent upon Emily’s

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excelling Miss Le Roy, who was the only child of one of the richest men in Paris, and who was fond of pleasure to an extreme. Her father, on the contrary, was of retiring habits and, it was said, had suffered deep affliction in early life, having lost his bosom companion, while on her passage to America, to visit a brother.

“Emily often expostulated with me on my expenditures for her; but I had ever a ready answer. I do not think, however, that she was aware how far I drew upon my resources. I wrote to Dr. Willis, from time to time, always giving him an account of my happiness, and the manner in which Emily was received into society, as also of my love for her, and for little Edith. Emily. And, in every letter I received from him, I expected to hear of the reconciliation of my father.

“At your birth, Edward,” continued Mr. Le Rux, “your mother suffered much from protracted illness, during which time I did not confine myself at home.

“Meeting Miss Le Roy as I did, unattended by any one, I paid her many attentions; and, as she was the reigning star, I took a pride in appearing with her leaning upon my arm, and then it was that I became what is termed a ladies’ man, and was acknowledged as a most polite and agreeable gentleman.

“Emily recovered, but she refused to mix much in society; nor did I urge it, for she had lost her bloom, and no longer rivalled Miss Le Roy. It was not that I loved Emily less, but I had entered that vortex of dissipation, of which I had been warned by Dr. Willis, and thenceforward I devoted myself almost exclusively to pleasure. I had hitherto spent some time in pursuing the study of law, and had every hope of success.

I was always fond of our dear child Edith ; but now I felt my love for her increase tenfold. Let him explain who can, but such was the fact.

“ I pass over much, which will only serve to pain you, until I found myself becoming embarrassed pecuniarily. I was invited to the gaming-table. I went, and was ruined ; but I still clung to the doctor's words respecting my father, until he wrote me of his death. William received all the property, as father had threatened. ‘ William's heart is soft towards you,’ wrote the doctor, ‘ and I trust all will yet be well. You can retire more from society. Emily's nature is such, I feel convinced, that she will prefer to devote most of her time to those little ones. You doubtless both remember what you suffered in your childhood — she, by being torn from the arms of her mother ; and you, by being given over to the care of those necessarily unfit to train the youthful mind. Prosecute your studies, Edward, with energy and skill, and a profession will secure your independence. Spend the next two years in preparing yourself for active life. You have talent, and may rise high, and you will find happiness increasing upon you. I have now one thousand dollars that I can spare, and I enclose it to Emily.’

“ Such was Dr. Willis' letter. I received it one evening, as I was on my way to the theatre, but did not peruse it until after returning home. At that time, I saw nothing but beggary for me and mine, as I had scarcely enough to defray my honorable debts. I shudder, even now, as I take a retrospective view of my feelings at that time.

“ There is now hope, thought I, as I entered the house. The next morning I informed Emily that we

for America immediately. My resolution ; I would return to my native country, and my family at the North. I had occasional s of evil to Emily and her children. At , my heart clung to Edith as it were with a , and I resolved, come what would, that would never be separated.

iled for a northern port of the United States ; landing, I informed Emily of my circum- d my resolution to remain at the North. I ased this place.

are very happy in our retirement. But what to obtain a subsistence? I finally resolved New Orleans, and throw myself upon the of my brother William; acknowledge all to Dr. Willis; get assistance from both gen- turn North; finish my professional studies; e support of Emily and my little ones, labor py. Woe! woe is me! From that time, I known happiness!

ching New Orleans, I found that Dr. Willis e city soon after my father's death. He had d practice as a physician, and resided in

other received me with much cordiality. I prosperous, in full possession of the planta- s, and all the other property of my deceased aving learned all the circumstances of my iam covered me with ridicule. He called my boyish freak, of which I should now make t. When I told him the condition of my l the affection which I felt for them, he broke laugh, and said: 'I am thankful, if that is

all. Now, what you want is a fortune, and a fortune you must have. *I* am about to add to my already large estate, by marrying a daughter of one of the richest planters on Red River; and she is a beauty into the bargain. It is well enough for you to provide for your family, as you call it, Edward; but, tell me, do you not know some rich heiress in France who would be proud of bestowing her hand and fortune on a Le Rux? Here are one thousand dollars,' said he; 'now go back and fix Judy to your liking; and, if there was ever truth in your brother William, he will see that she is well provided for in future, and never know that you are in the land of the living; and, after you are dead and buried——why, folks won't mourn always.'

"O God!" said Mr. Le Rux, "why did I listen to the tempter? But so I did. I was conscious that I had won the affections of Annette Le Roy; and what more than she possessed could I desire in regard to fortune? Where could a lady be found whom I would be prouder to claim? If I remained with Emily, by what means was I to support her and her children? I had taken her from slavery, and thereby rescued her from the worst of fates; and now, if she were comfortably provided for, what reason had she to complain? The law——why that would not even permit me to hold her as my wife. In short, such were my wicked reasonings, and I thought I was even making a virtue of necessity. But my lovely little Edith? Well, I could take *her* with me. I had been a married man in France, and I could go North, and get Edith, and place her with William's bride, until such time as I was ready to sail for France. As a widower, I could marry Miss Annette Le Roy, and become a man of wealth.

"These were mostly suggestions of William. He would do as he had said in regard to Emily and her boy, and he would also see that the boy was educated in one of the best institutions of the North. Seeing me irresolute, he at last hinted that, if I refused, he had power, by his father's will and the slave laws, to seek out Emily and her children, and reduce them to chattels. Alas! alas! why did I yield? Why embitter the life of the only woman I ever loved? Why desert my only son, and tear from a fond mother her first-born, on whom her soul doted? Why did I draw down the retribution of high Heaven upon my guilty soul? I will tell you. I was mad. It was the fruit of slavery. It was the curse which it entails from generation to generation.

"Woe! woe! is me; I am forever lost!"

Mr. Le Rux was exhausted, and ceased, for a time, his narrative.

Edward saw that his father had summoned all his energies to proceed thus far. He now feared that the invalid's strength might utterly fail. But he was convinced that Dr. Freeman understood the case, and that it was best to let the penitent man take his own course. Edward was also fearful that his father was not long for this world; and, as yet, he had heard nothing of Edith.

"Ah!" thought Edward, "*I am a slave*, subject to the will of him who was so heartless as to induce my father to desert me, and cast dishonor on so pure a being as my dear mother. Yes, in law, *I am a slave*, subject to his will, under the Fugitive Bill; and it was this thought which broke my mother's heart. It was this knowledge that caused her to fall dead upon the

floor, when she read that the accursed bill had passed through Congress. She hoped, by suffering alone, to save me from the pangs which I now feel; and it was this which made her so fearful.

"O Ella!" thought Edward, "I have loved—I do now love you. I had hoped that I might dare to speak—to tell you all. But how can I repeat such disclosures?" Ella was the first to mark the increased melancholy of Edward's countenance. He resolved that she should know all; and, if she loved him—as he believed she did—it would stimulate her to forget him.

Then, as he thought of his sister Edith, he groaned aloud. "Let my father hasten his disclosures," thought Edward, "and I will seek her, and, if need be, lay down my life for her rescue. We can, perhaps, fly to the dominions of the British queen." And the young man rejoiced that his mother had gone from earth to heaven.

While reflecting on the stricken state of his father, and the wretched condition of himself and Edith, Edward viewed, with increased horror, the guilt of those doughfaces at the North, who had sold themselves to establish such villanous laws.

He was interrupted in his reflections by the entrance of Dr. Freeman and Mr. Erskine. The kind physician conversed with Mr. Le Rux; questioned him in regard to his health; and the two gentleman spent an hour in the room. Edward strove to appear cheerful, but was utterly unable to do so. When the gentlemen took leave of Mr. Le Rux, Edward accompanied them below stairs. Dr. Freeman expressed his fears that Mr. Le Rux was not so well, but said, "I am still of the

opinion that there is the most safety in letting him take his own course."

"But where is Ella?" inquired the doctor. "I have some news to tell her." She soon made her appearance, and Dr. Freeman informed her that he had that morning been called to attend upon Mrs. Brownson, and found her very ill. Her illness, he believed, was brought on by a letter from George, announcing his intention of going to Missouri, and asking for funds from the unsettled estate, in order that he might prosecute his studies. "The old lady has evidently many fears," said the doctor, "that he is becoming a spend-thrift, as he took sufficient money with him for a longer period; however, it is now out of her power to satisfy his present demand. She requested me to write, and entreat him to return home. Have you any suggestions to make to him, Miss Ella?"

"Certainly," replied Ella; "but you shall not hear them, unless you will promise to give them in full." •

"I promise."

"Tell him, then, it is my most earnest wish that he become a man of honor; that he return to his aged mother, and serve as the staff and support of her declining years. You will please inform him, also, that, finding he did not purchase the Le Clare estate, my father purchased it, and has kindly given it to me."

"As a marriage portion," said the doctor, mischievously, fixing his eyes upon Edward. But those eyes were cast down; and all seemed conscious that sorrow was in the heart of Edward.

It was not until the next morning that Mr. Le Rux continued his narrative.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MR. LE RUX CONTINUES HIS HISTORY.—A CRUEL
DESERTION.

“ I RETURNED North, and after paying three hundred and fifty dollars towards the house and lot, and giving Emily one hundred dollars, without informing her in what way I had left the property, I departed for the South. I took Edith from her mother, under the pretext that I should be lonely during my stay at the South. I left Emily with the impression that I would return in a few weeks. But I tore myself from her; and, in so doing, sealed my doom.

“ On reaching New Orleans, I was fearful of meeting with Dr. Willis; but he had not returned to the city. I spent most of my time with my mother, to whom William had communicated my designs as to the future, and Edith remained there with me. William and his bride were then living in the city. All now spoke to Edith of the death of her dear mother. I often found her weeping about her loss; but I forbore any remarks, although it cut me to the heart.

“ Before leaving Emily, I took from the box, containing her jewelry, the bracelet which had been found upon her when a child, and so carefully preserved by Margaret. I did it, in hopes that it might yet lead to a discovery of Emily's parentage, and thereby benefit Edith.

“ We sailed for France, clad in the habiliments of mourning; and, upon our arrival, it was soon known that I had lost my wife in America.

“ I lived somewhat retired for a few months, and, in the mean time, made several calls upon M. Le Roy, accompanied by my little Edith, or Emily, as I then chose to call her. I was, as I had anticipated, soon in the good graces of M. Le Roy, and he became exceedingly attached to Emily. In less than one year, I threw off my mourning, and became the husband of Annette Le Roy. M. Le Roy gave her a large marriage portion, and we commenced the giddy round of pleasure.

“ As Emily grew older, Mr. Le Roy claimed her society, and she was very happy with him. Annette was good,— that is, she was kind and affectionate, and loved me; but oh, how different from her whom I had deserted!

“ Mr. Le Roy often spoke to me, with regret, of his daughter's strong desire for admiration, and love of pleasure. ‘ It has been my fault,’ said he. ‘ After the death of my wife, I entrusted her to the care of one who fed her vanity at an early age. But I hoped that, in bestowing her upon you, I had found a remedy. I judged more from what I saw of your child, than from the knowledge I had of your character. Your child is, perhaps, more indebted to her mother than to you for her retiring and thoughtful habits. She is a treasure to me, and I hope Annette will never wield injurious power over her, to her injury. As your expectations of wealth are in the future, you will do well to remember that large estates are sometimes soon spent, when unprofitably used.’

"These remarks troubled me ; but I never had the least power to control Annette. Long before her death, I ceased to enjoy the frivolities of fashion. I was, as it were, a dead weight upon myself. At times, I wished, of all things, to escape from myself. Annette, on the contrary, though not so much flattered, still cherished the same vanity.

"Little Emily, as she grew older, saw her stepmother's weakness, and pitied her.

"At this time, I had become a free-thinker, and looked upon death as sleep, or rather, oblivion of thought. I felt that this would not be unwelcome ; for, what could be pleasanter than to cease to think — to forget the past ?

"The cholera raged, and Annette was one of its first victims. Emily was with M. Le Roy. Annette clung to life, but, at last, expressed a willingness to die. I remember her last words to me : 'Edward, there is a God, and you and I must meet him in eternity !' She had loved me as well as a woman of her temperament could love. Although I had wished to die, I now trembled at death's approach. I lived through the epidemic, but became an invalid.

"Mr. Le Roy lived retired with Emily ; and, unwilling to spare her, he invited me to remain with him.

"While an invalid, I was forced to examine my affairs. I found that my course of living, which brought in no income, had so far exceeded my means that I could not retrieve myself. I also learned that Annette had contracted debts, and then had drawn upon her father to pay them, without my knowledge. This proved that she feared my displeasure ; and yet her extravagance was such that she had trusted to the

indulgence of her father in an emergency. He had met her demands repeatedly ; each time remonstrating with her, and each time receiving a promise that she would desist.

“ ‘ I do not feel disposed,’ said Mr. Le Roy, after her death, ‘ to censure you, Edward, for not controlling one whom my weakness indulged. Annette was capable of manifesting every noble quality of mind. Often did I admire her in her childhood for what I deemed promising traits of character. It was weakness in me, not evil in her, that led her into a life of frivolity. If I have been wrong, it behoves me now to do what will, I trust, make you a stronger man, and nerve you to action. You must arouse yourself, and depend on your own efforts. There is not a being upon earth I love as I do your Emily. For her I am willing to do all things necessary. Were it not that I feel a strong impression that the love of truth and duty towards you demands it, I would be forever silent. But there is a something which urges me to tell you more of my history than I have ever done ; it constantly presses upon my mind, and I must obey. I married,’ continued Mr. Le Roy, ‘ Annette Edith De Wolfe. I need not tell you about her, except to say, that never did daughter more resemble mother than your Emily resembles her, so far as her manners and mind are concerned ; and there are times when I seem to see a resemblance in the expression and flash of her eye. The similitude often comes upon me suddenly. It is when she is excited, and resolving upon some high and noble purpose, that her eye has this peculiar light. But Emily resembles you in her features. A noble family were the De Wolfes in France. They were noble in all things — high-minded, generous,

and intellectual. Their children were trained in the paths of piety and virtue. But death came and removed the parents. There were three children—Albert, the eldest; Annette, my wife; and Marsells, the youngest.

“Albert wedded a companion worthy of himself. They emigrated to North America. He was a man whom I loved for his many virtues. But, alas! it was the “peculiar institution” of your country—I mean American slavery, a phrase which I blush to speak in connection with republicanism—which destroyed Albert De Wolfe. For what,’ continued Mr. Le Roy, ‘can make a man’s soul so unhallowed as to rob men, women, and children of their right to themselves, and then feed their unhallowed passions upon their victims? But the De Wolfes have all gone to judgment. In America, their name has become extinct.’

“Mr. Le Roy was much affected, and every word he uttered pierced me to the heart.

“‘Well,’ continued Mr. Le Roy, ‘I married Annette De Wolfe, and we were happy. In one year, she became the mother of a lovely daughter, and we named the child Edith Annette. Our brother Albert was loud in his praises of America, and urged us to come over and make our home in the new land of liberty. The settling of father’s estate had been left with me, and there were several thousand francs more due Albert. He urged me to come over, with my wife and Marsells, and bring the money. Marsells wished to go and remain with Albert. To this I made no objection. An intimate friend of Mrs. Le Roy, with her husband, was to sail in a few days for America, and we finally decided that Mrs. Le Roy and Marsells should accompany

m. The money was converted into gold, and deposited in a small trunk.

“The ship was lost on the American coast. She had withered a long storm, and the passengers supposed themselves to be entering the harbor in safety, when a cry was raised that the ship was sinking! There were only persons enough saved to tell the sad tale.

“On receiving intelligence of the loss of the vessel, I immediately sailed for America, hoping to learn something in regard to my relatives. My daughter was then a little more than three years old. The visit to America was unsuccessful. I learned nothing about the one so dear to me. I had got on shipboard, to return to France; the vessel was nearly under way, when a man entered my room hastily, and, placing a child in my arms, left before I could even ask an explanation. ‘It is my child!’ thought I—‘my own dear child,’ as my eager hands, I withdrew the handkerchief which nearly covered its face. Alas! it was not my child, but a beautiful girl about one year younger than Edith. She was in so sound a sleep that I could not easily arouse her. She was evidently stupefied by an opiate.

“As I rushed upon the deck, with the sleeping one in my arms. I said: ‘Where is the man who gave me this child? It is not mine.’ So intently absorbed was I by the occurrence, that I did not perceive that the vessel was in motion. I explained the matter to the captain, but he soon convinced me there could be no prospect of finding the man who left it, even were I then on shore, as it was evidently left on its repose. ‘She shall be mine, then,’ said I, ‘and fill the place of my lost one.’ I gazed upon the sleeping

innocent, and, while the tears coursed down my cheeks, I determined to protect and adopt her.

“The fellow who left the child also stole my pocket-book, with money and many important papers. I was then satisfied the villain acted intentionally.

“When the child awoke, she showed signs of hunger. ‘Poor thing!’ said the captain. ‘James, bring her some food,’ he said to the steward.

James, as he went to execute the captain’s orders, peered into the face of the babe, and bestowed a compliment on her beauty. Almost every one appeared to be attracted towards the young creature. An Irishman, who was on board, could not restrain his feelings, and said, in his rough way: ‘A swate darlin’ ye are, indade; and it is meself, shurely, who would like to take ye home to me own swateheart. For it’s good luck, she’d then be having; fa’th she would, all the days of her life; and it’s meself that would n’t mind the trouble of ye, at all at all.’ When the food was brought we were all much gratified to find that the child showed a good healthy appetite. But who was to nurse and attend this little one? was now the question. But it was done, and we landed safe in France.

“I named her Annette, and employed a nurse for her. And I never before told any one that she was not my own child. I fully believe that she never even suspected that fact.

“I still have a hope, that I may yet learn more concerning my own lost ones. For there was something agreed upon between myself and my wife, which might serve as a clew. It was agreed that, in case of any disaster, my wife should fasten securely to our child’s clothes, one of her own bracelets, while she should

ear the other, bearing her own initials engraved, "A. . D. W." This plan was induced, by our having read at the parentage of a child was once discovered, by e same means, in Scotland. These costly bracelets ere put into the trunk containing the gold."

"'Thank Heaven, Emily is not present!' I said, entally, as I felt the blood mount to my face, and en recede in such a manner as to make me feel that was about to fall from my chair.

"'Do not suffer yourself to be thus affected,' said r. Le Roy, at the same time proffering assistance.

"'But I could not command the tumult in my breast. am indisposed,' said I, withdrawing; 'but I will re-in you in an hour.'

"I went immediately to my own room. The first ing was to consider what I should do. I now knew at my deserted Emily was the real daughter of Mr. e Roy, for the initials, A. E. D. W., were upon the acelet preserved by Margaret. Guilt, shame, and dread rbade my disclosing it to him. No, I must still play e part of a villain, I could not for worlds let him un-rstand my true character. I could not think of ever gain looking him in the face. I was horrified. But e bracelet, fortunately, had not come under his in-pection, as Emily was not fond of ornaments; and ow I resolved that I would secure it in such a manner at it might never meet his eye. The more I reflected my past doings, the more I was determined Mr. Le oy should never know my unfaithfulness. I must go way — I must and would return to America. 'Surely, ought I, 'Mr. Le Roy has himself been to blame; he is deceived me;' and in this thought, weak as it was, strove to find some palliation for my own guilt.

"I returned to Mr. Le Roy in an hour's time, and he continued his narrative. 'It was this hope, still kept alive in my heart, of yet finding my own daughter, or, at least, her children, that made me resolve to withhold from Annette one-half of my estate for my own descendants, in case I should ever find them. Annette's portion you have already received. Leave Emily with me, while you seek some active business. Consider my house always open to you, like your own father's; and, if I never realize my hopes in regard to my own child, Emily shall receive the remainder of my property.' I was agitated, and he continued: 'I will welcome you here in sickness as in health. You may consider this your home, and me still your father; but it is necessary, for your own happiness, that you become an active man, and improve the talents which God has given you. I am an old man, and my days will not be many.'

"I could endure it no longer. 'No, indeed!' said I, as, with an unsteady step, I started for the door.

"This Mr. Le Roy attributed to ingratitude and anger, on my part, at his remark; and he added: 'Beware, Edward! I may have done wrong in not making these things known to you before; but I did not, in the least, suspect that *money* induced you to marry Annette. Do you feel that I have done you an injury?'

"I was smitten to the very heart, for he was himself much affected. I felt almost ready to confess all; but the thought of my guilt deterred me. At this instant, Emily entered the room. Mr. Le Roy recovered his composure, and I withdrew, without her perceiving my embarrassment.

"The next day, I informed Mr. Le Roy, of my inten-

tion of sailing for America, as soon as I could exchange letters with my brother. William had written to me, but had never hinted that I had a claim to any part of father's estate. I now wrote to him, informing him of the death of my wife, and the involved state of my affairs, and that I desired to return to America, and bring Emily with me. He answered me in the most kindly manner, assuring me that she should be protected and cherished, as though she were his own child; that she should never experience the least inconvenience on account of her birth, as there were none now living, except himself and me, who knew the circumstances; and that it was known I had married in France. 'I will,' he wrote, 'cause your wife's death to be inserted in the papers, as well as your intention of returning to America.' I was troubled at this, for I was fearful that it would reach the eye of Emily. But I had entered a vortex which seemed to whirl me irresistibly along. 'Oh!' thought I, 'there is no end to the sin which flows from a wrong beginning.'

"My next step was to prepare Emily for the change. I talked to her of her uncle, William Le Rux, in America; of our noble institutions; and even boasted of our liberty, although I felt that it was a mockery. Mr. Le Roy used every argument to induce me to leave Emily in his care, but to no purpose. At parting, he gave her money, and her wardrobe was also well supplied. Mr. Le Roy was much affected at the separation. 'Here,' said he, affectionately, 'you can ever find a friend—yes, a home!' Emily was also deeply grieved at parting with him; and my heart smote me, as I took her from his embrace. Why, O why," said Mr. Le Rux, "does my mind seem to linger on this scene? It

is painful to me. I tore her from him who would have protected and provided for her, and brought her where there is no safety, no happiness, in store for her; and where she may, perhaps, yet meet a fate far worse than death.

“ On board the ship in which we sailed were a man and his wife, who were destitute and sick. A part of the funds given to Emily by Mr. Le Roy she bestowed upon them — how much, I know not; I only know that they are in comfortable circumstances near New Orleans. He is a mechanic, with a lucrative business.”

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE FATHER AND SON IN AGONY OF MIND.

"BROTHER WILLIAM gave me a hearty welcome; but oh! what a change had come over him! his wife, too: her soul, her mind, were dormant. Oh! how slavery murders; and yet its victims know it not. It is constantly debasing in its influence upon the mind. Emily detested the foul thing; and I found that, to Frank, the only child of William, slavery was equally revolting.

"Edward, my son, I have learned that there is a God. I have sought for mercy from him; but it is *not* for me. I soon found that my brother's affairs were embarrassed. I longed to come North, and throw myself at the feet of my beloved and wronged Emily—begging to be forgiven, and telling her of her birth-right. But shame, guilt, and ill health held me back. I sank into a lethargy, and sought solitude. I did not even desire the company of Emily, from whom, I had often said, I would never be separated; and I even shunned my brother William. I was warned to hasten, by the spirit of the departed; still I did not heed; but the passage of the Fugitive Bill had power to arouse me.

"I visited a Jew to obtain means to come North; and there I learned, for the first time, that all the money which William had forwarded to you and your mother, during my residence in France, had been ob-

tained from Jew David, at an exorbitant interest. Think, then, Edward, of the dilemma in which we were placed. William was sick, and, during that time, thirteen of his slaves had been taken off by the cholera; William was owing six thousand dollars to the Jew, and the Jew was in possession of all the facts relating to our family. Think what awaits us," said he, his whole frame in a convulsion of agony: "Death and eternal damnation for me; slavery for you and Edith Emily!"

Mr. Le Rux closed his eyes, and remained silent for several minutes, and then said: "Edward, I must be left to my fate, whatever it may be. You must fly, seek Emily, and sail for France. I have written to Mr. Le Roy, and he now knows all. He will receive you with open arms. I shall die. I am not worthy the name of father."

Overcome with his agonizing feelings, Mr. Le Rux sank back, while his countenance assumed the appearance of one in despair. Edward made an effort at calmness, as he said, "Will you not rest upon the sofa?" at the same time taking hold of his father's arm.

Mr. Le Rux did not move, but murmured, "Lost! yes, all lost! given over to the will of those who know no mercy, whose souls are dark as hell. Emily! Emily! where are you, my child?" Here he put his hands to his eyes, as if to shut out some horrible vision.

At last, he uttered the words, "Yes, eternity; an eternity, O God!" Edward had scarcely power to speak, so agonizing were his feelings. "There is hope for you, father," said he; "hope for the penitent, through Him who died, the just for the unjust; there is hope, through Him who died that you might live."

Mr. Le Rux raised his eyes, and said, "Could you

pray for me, Edward?" Instantly, Edward was upon his knees. "God in mercy," were the first words he uttered. "*Mother*," he at length said, "thou art an angel. Does thy pure spirit now behold thy son? Father in heaven,—holy and eternal God! look thou upon us, in mercy. Show us our sins, our guilt; and pardon us, through Jesus Christ, thy Son."

Mr. Le Rux wept aloud, and repeated, "Show me my guilt, and pardon me through Jesus Christ, thy Son. I will, I will seek for mercy through him. Leave me now, Edward, and seek rest for thy weary soul; but tell me, first, can you, will you forgive me?"

"I do forgive you, father, from the bottom of my heart," replied Edward.

"I will go to the sanctuary of my mother," thought Edward, as he left his father, for he had not entered it since his return. Here Edward gave way to his feelings, and great was the relief to him. In one moment, all his mother's sufferings came up again before him. She seemed to be again an inhabitant of this world. How Christ-like was her self-denying spirit, as she strove silently to hide from him her grief, her agony. "And it was for me; yes, for me, my mother suffered. It was to preserve me from the knowledge of what would have made me unhappy, or perhaps driven me into danger."

"Where, oh! where shall I go?" thought Edward. "O Edith! I remember and love thee, sweet sister; and I cherished those remembrances when I dared not speak thy name. How oft, at the sound of thy name, have I seen life's current fly from my mother's face. And thou art a slave, and yet know it not! Thou art within slavery's stronghold. Canst thou not fly, Edith? Oh! fly to me; come to thy brother! He will protect

thee, and save thee from a fate worse than death! What am I saying? Am I not a fugitive also? Then how can I protect thee?"

A paleness overspread his countenance, as he sank into a chair. "Ye men of the North, how could you frame such monstrous iniquity? You have caused a nation to blush, and filled its bosom with shame. No, Edith, you cannot come North. There is no hope for you here. We are stricken, sister; stricken! and our country offers us up living sacrifices to the Moloch of slavery. Then let us die, sister Edith. We have a place in heaven, and our mother is an angel; then let us join her."

His feelings became too deep for utterance, and he was silent in his agony. He at length said: "My mother was the daughter of one of the proudest families of France; heir to a splendid fortune; endowed with exalting virtue, and admired for her personal charms; yet the accursed laws and public sentiment of this boasted land of liberty enabled the man-stealer to seize and retain from her her birthright. But will any one dare to claim us as property, Edith? Do they not all know that the claims of men to the ownership of their fellow men are but thief's claims? Who is so ignorant as not to know, that, if one man can rightfully and justly own property in his fellow man, then all men, of every nation on earth, can?—in which case, the whole world would become a human market, and all men enslavers or slaves, according to the fluctuating power of brute force?"

"To those who deal in the bodies and souls of men; to those who, by their votes and acts, bind the galling yoke, with adamantine strength, round the poor slave;

s to ye I would raise my feeble voice. If ye wish that future generations should refer to you with honor and with pride; if ye wish that America should be what God intended it to be — the '*land of the free* and home of the brave' — do not longer submit to be controlled by a despotism so loathsome and unholy! I warn you that you are standing upon an abyss which will soon engulf you; bringing ruin upon yourselves and those who come after you."

Edward then raised his eyes reverently to God, and solemnly repeated: "Vengeance is mine; I will pay, saith the Lord." What a soothing effect has religion upon those who truly believe in its holy tenets. It acts on the mind like oil upon the troubled waters; lifts man from earth to heaven, giving him evidence of those precious promises which the Redeemer, by his blood, purchased for all. Armed with such a weapon, man can now, as they have done heretofore, truly defy the unholy artifices of Satan.

Having sufficiently calmed his agitated spirit, Edward opened the drawer containing his mother's papers. There was a package that he had not examined when he was here, and which he had resolved, in his own mind, to open until his return in the fall. Edward now proceeded to an examination. There were two sealed letters — one to Edith, and the other directed to Edward Le Rux, Senior."

"I now understand it," said he, "my mother was well aware that Edith and my father both lived. She doubtless wrote these, hoping that, after her death, they might meet the eye of those two lost ones. She had a firm reliance upon God, and felt that he would do right, according to his most holy will. How strik-

ingly do I now discern his great wisdom and goodness. The thought must have entered her mind that my father might perhaps visit this place. It may be that it was for this she prayed."

Taking the letter, he returned to his father. He found him still laboring under an apparent restlessness and exhaustion of body, though his mind was calm and collected.

"I have visited my mother's room," said Edward, "and have been looking over her papers." He handed his father the letter, saying, "This letter of my mother's seems directed to you."

"It is, it is indeed her writing," said his father, as he looked at the superscription. "I know it too well, for it was me who taught her in my boyhood, and great was the pleasure to my heart. O Judy! how vividly does your form rise up before me now! O thou spotless, pure, and lovely one! how willingly would I have then sacrificed my life for thee! I see, as if 't were yesterday, the sparkling eye, and the laughing joy that beamed upon thy face, when thou hadst surpassed thy teacher; and also, the apparent glee with which thou didst call Margaret to witness and rejoice with thee. Little did I then think, that, in thy broken heartedness, when deserted by me, after having become the mother of my dear children, it would serve the purpose of reuniting our spirits."

He wept like a child. It was some time before Mr. Le Rux could command himself sufficiently to open the letter, gazing at the superscription in an abstracted manner. At length he said: "Edward, I seem to see, as through a mirror, every phase in the history of my past life; and here, lest I have no other opportunity, let

me say something farther concerning the circumstances connected with the course I have pursued; and give you the views I entertain regarding the condition of this wicked nation. Imagination, that great boon which has been bestowed indiscriminately on all, brings me back, not unwillingly, to the days of my boyhood, and along through that happy, transitory period, to the more mature one of manhood. I behold Judy in all the innocence of childhood, suffering, even ~~then~~, when all should be light and joy, from the vile curse of slavery. I seem to see her on that night, when she escaped from slavery, and found a father in Dr. Willis and a husband and protector in these arms.

"I had a *heart then*, like you, Edward, except that it was unrenewed by divine grace. I sincerely loved Judy, because she was beautiful and affectionate. I saw the cursed institution of slavery robbing her even of the right to herself. My impulses to rescue her were holy, as are those of every man who would rescue a slave. I felt that it was wrong to deal with her as my father was doing. I saved her from being delivered over to one, vile enough to prostitute her, soul and body, to his unbridled lusts. My father, who had robbed her of herself, and was angry because he had lost the price of her charms, disinherited me. The instructions I had received from my parents rendered me unfit to go out into the world of temptations. My father had designed that I should be, as he was, a dealer in men and women. Do you then wonder at my course? I listened not, as I should have done, to the warning of Dr. Willis against dissipation.

"My second sin was, that I listened to the evil suggestions of my brother William, and deserted my own

wife and child. I now see that I did it because slavery permits such things, and calls them right and justifiable. How many proud men have I seen at the South, who would challenge to deadly combat the doubter of their honor, though, nevertheless, they unblushingly divide their affections between a heart-broken wife and dishonored slaves. American slavery has poisoned us all.

"Edward, I feel that I sinned against light, even the light of nature, and against my own conscience, and that now I shall never be forgiven. Had I sought Emily, while living, and obtained her forgiveness, I might then, perhaps, have hoped for mercy from God.

"God will yet have a reckoning with this guilty nation, and right the wrongs of its millions of down-trodden victims. By the passage of the Fugitive Bill to a law, this nation has *sealed* her doom. She has administered to her own vitals the fatal poison of despotism, which now rages through all her system; and the day is not distant when American republican liberty will sleep in the grave of oblivion, or this nation be dissolved to its original individual elements. Her physicians have placed her beyond the last ray of hope; there is now no remedy able to purify her blood from the virus of this cancer—American slavery. O Edward, I am surprised that the political quacks of America should have ever thought of establishing an indissoluble union between the noble blood of the virgin, liberty, and the virus of the rotten cancer, slavery. But more astonished am I, that now, when her breasts are eaten off, and her vitals, at Washington, are festering in corruption, that they should rejoice in the progress of her disease, and expect her to become immortal under its influence.

“O Edward! I abjure thee, hate American slavery; fight it to your last breath; let not her murderous, overwhelming power strike you with fear; give her no quarter; die, if you must, like a freeman, but never submit to the lash as a slave! Slavery has destroyed your father and mother; and, when I am gone, she will struggle to hold you and my noble Emily in her loathsome embrace. But there comes a soothing whisper to my soul, saying, that, as you have not partaken in her sins, God will deliver you from her plagues.

“I feel now as though I should be enabled, even in my dying agonies, triumphantly to revile and scoff at this nation’s murderous power, that has crushed me and mine, with millions of other victims.”

He was exhausted, and lay back in silence. Edward knew not what to reply. After a few minutes, Mr. Le Rux said: “I have written to your grandfather, Mr. Le Roy, and confessed to him everything in relation to his lost child; of my own heartlessness in deserting her; and that one of the bracelets is in the possession of Edith Emily. But would this be considered proof by the slave power? Perhaps they will try to force Mr. Le Roy to purchase and emancipate you and Edith; this may be your only hope.”

He then broke the seal of the letter which Edward had handed him; but, before he had proceeded far, he lifted his eyes to heaven, and said, “O God, I thank thee!” He then handed the letter to Edward, who read it aloud, as follows:

“DEAR EDWARD LE RUX,— If ever this meets your eye, read here that I forgive you. I have had a dream, Edward. I dreamed that I was in France, where I once lived so happily. Sitting beside an aged man, I

saw a beautiful girl. As I looked at her, she reached out her hand to me, and said, 'I am your Edith.' As I was about to speak to her, you entered, with a lady leaning upon your arm. It was Miss Le Roy, the star of whom you so often spoke, while we were in France. She was resplendent with jewels, and looked happy; but you, Edward, looked quite the contrary; you did not seem to recognize me. I heard my name pronounced by some one who seemed far above me. I turned to look, when instantly the place seemed familiar to me, as did also the countenance of the aged man. 'It is my father,' thought I; and he said, 'You are not a slave.' I was about to speak to him, when I awoke.

"Everything is so impressed upon my mind, that it now seems as a reality. Edward, I am now fully convinced that I was not born a slave. That vision was the home of my infancy; and, were I now in France, I could trace the spot, for I saw it while I was with you there.

"I have forgiven you; but, as you hope for eternal salvation, you must save my children. Seek out Dr. Willis, for my mind is drawn towards him. Farewell

"Yours, till death, EMILY LE CLARE."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE FATHER OVERCOME.

STRUGGLING to command his feelings, Mr. Le Rux said: "Edward, will you not go with me? Dr. Willis is now in New Orleans. We will seek him now."

"Yes," replied Edward, "I will go; point me the way. But you are not able to go," and he put his hand upon his father's brow, and found he had a high fever.

The young man bathed his father's throbbing brow and temples, while he saw the deep heaving of his chest. "I have been blind — I should have waited," thought he.

That night saw Dr. Freeman in close attendance upon Mr. Le Rux; while, in broken sentences, the latter talked of the South — of Edith — of the Fugitive Bill — of France — of his dear Emily — Annette — Dr. Willis, and his brother William, all in turn. Sometimes, he bade Edward hasten; at other times, told him to stay.

"I shall sink under this," thought Edward, as he threw himself upon the sofa.

"I have attended too many patients like your father," said Dr. Freeman, "to be affected by his manner. But it will unnerve you. I attended your mother, in sickness, when she also said many things, which afterwards led to an explanation on her part. Her disclosure has remained here," said the doctor, putting his hand upon his breast. "Would not her heart have sooner broken,

think you, Edward, without one friend? Fear not, but trust me, as she did; and, even in this trying hour, it will make your burden lighter. No one must be admitted to the room, while he remains as he is, but you and myself. I cannot leave him now, but I trust you will do so. Seek the open air, and remain long enough to return invigorated."

Edward silently complied with the request of the doctor. "He understands, and he will best counsel me," thought the young man. And he felt already as if the burden were partially lifted from his heart.

At this moment, he heard Ella speaking to Mrs. Wise, in her usual kind, cheerful voice. "I long to tell her all," thought he; "but it will only pain her sooner than need be. She can never be mine, 'unless God in his mercy interfere.'"

Edward was about entering the house, when he saw a man move cautiously from the shadow of a tree, on the opposite side of the road. He seemed to be going in the direction of a field back of the house, as he crossed the road. "It is strange," thought Edward. "I think he must have been a fugitive," said he, after relating the circumstance to Dr. Freeman.

"It is doubtless the man I met as I was coming to the house," replied Dr. Freeman. "He was no fugitive; but he excited my suspicion, for he inquired after your father's health — that is, he inquired how the sick man was at this house, and whether he was likely to recover. I did not recognize him as a resident in the town."

Towards morning, Mr. Le Rux became more rational; his fever abated, but he was very much prostrated. The next night found him again delirious, and more inclined to talk than usual.

Edward had again sought the open air, and seated himself upon a bench on the piazza. He had become lost in thought, from which he was aroused by hearing his name pronounced. Turning in the direction of the sound, he saw a man leaving the spot. "I will know who you are, and what has brought you here," thought Edward, as he followed the mysterious visitor. But the man quickened his pace; and, upon reaching the spot where he had first seen him, Edward saw a letter lying upon the ground. Returning to the house, and procuring a light, he found the letter to be sealed, and directed to Mr. Edward Le Rux, Junior. "Strange, indeed!" thought Edward, "that I am known here, and am already addressed by the name of Le Rux." But he opened the letter, and now came the mystery. It was without date, and read as follows:

"If Edward Le Rux would save his sister from being a slave, subject to the claims of the creditors of Mr. William Le Rux, now deceased—who inherited, by will, all the property of his father, and was thus the owner of your mother, she never having been manumitted, and her children therefore belonging to the estate of the said William Le Rux, deceased, which is found to be insolvent—you can have the information supplied you for such a purpose, by meeting the writer of this, in New Orleans, at any time within one month after the day of receiving this letter; and, by paying the sum of six thousand dollars. I am to be found at ——— street, New Orleans. Come in disguise, as any discovery of your being in the city, or even in a slave State, would cause your ruin. But trust one, who only wishes a remuneration for that which is his just due, with an earnest desire to secure your welfare, and

place your sister and yourself beyond the power of those who are watching for their prey. HORATIO."

Relieved from his first thought, that the facts related by his father were known in C——, Edward was left to ponder and decide upon a mystery, concerning which it was impossible for him to gain one gleam of light. At one minute he viewed the thing in one way, and the next minute in another. But he was convinced of one thing, that Edith was in imminent danger; and yet his father had not hinted the fact to him.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

DEATH OF MR. WILLIAM LE RUX.

WE find Mr. William Le Rux so far recovered as to be able to sit up; but his family had become convinced that his intellect was suffering, and they most earnestly desired the return of Dr. Willis, as the sick man refused to see any other medical attendant.

Frank often thought of the words of Dr. Willis. He had been, as directed, "a vigilance-committee;" but, as nothing had occurred to create alarm, he sometimes thought the doctor was laboring under a species of insanity, and he now relaxed his vigilance.

Emily had heard nothing from her father, and she could not cast off an anxious foreboding which had taken possession of her mind. But Frank did not often speak of his uncle, and she resolved not to burden him with her fears.

"I really wish," said Mrs. Le Rux, one morning, "that Mr. Le Rux would get well. The niggers are getting to be good-for-nothing. I believe Joe was the best fellow we had,—he was always very faithful. It never mattered, after we got him, if Mr. Le Rux was sick,—Joe could manage just as well. I had a girl, once," continued Mrs. Le Rux,— "it was before you went North, Frank,—who was just as good in the house as Joe was out of doors. She wasn't very black," said she, addressing Emily; "her mother was

a mulatto, and I suppose her father was a white man. But no matter — they are the best slaves; at least, they fetch the highest price.”

Frank shuddered; for, as he had before said to Emily, he remembered certain things which occurred in his childhood; and he said, “Oh, my father!”

“O, Frank, things won’t always look to you as they do now,” said Mrs. Le Rux. “I was n’t very much pleased myself, at the time, though my father always acted in the same way. Well, Mr. Le Rux took quite a liking to the girl, and often said he would not sell her.”

“But what *did* become of her?” asked Frank. “I have often thought of that girl, but have feared to ask. I thought a great deal of her myself; we always played together, you know, mother; and she was like a sister to me.”

“Well,” said Mrs. Le Rux, “I could not help liking her, either; for she was as watchful and kind towards me as though she had been my own daughter. She used to wait upon me and Mr. Le Rux in the most tender and devoted manner. But a gentleman offered two thousand dollars for her, provided Mr. Le Rux would warrant her submissive; and, when the creature found it out, she attempted to run away. Mr. Le Rux brought her back; but she was sulky, and used to cry and fret, and actually grew poor. Mr. Le Rux had a few whippings inflicted on her, but they did n’t do any good. At last, the agent of the Bible Society came along, and Mr. Le Rux laid the case before him. The pious man decided that it would be hardly right to sell her; but he persuaded Mr. Le Rux to give her to the Society, or one half to the Bible Society and

one half to the Colonization Society. The agent told her that she was now the property of the Lord, and that she must submit, in all things, for his glory and the good of the Church. But he had a great deal of trouble with her, and at last had to resort to the cow-hide, arguing that the end would justify the means. And so it has proven, for she has had a child; and then she labors real hard, which makes her profitable to the Society. Mr. Le Rux was very kind, in thus acting so liberally, for he really wanted the money for himself. The agent has often told him of the rich reward he will reap in heaven, for this self-denying act, and of the many, to whom the gospel has been sent, who will rise up and call him blessed."

A deep groan came from Frank, as his mother ceased speaking. But Emily sprang to her feet; and, extending her hand towards her aunt, said, "Aunt, my uncle *will* meet his reward." Then, lifting her eyes to heaven, she said, "How long, O God, ere thou wilt avenge this wrong?" Emily then left the room.

Frank fixed his eyes upon his mother; another deep groan escaped him, and he slowly followed Emily. She was on the veranda; her tears were flowing rapidly, while she occasionally uttered an ejaculatory prayer. For awhile, neither seemed to have power to speak.

At length, Frank said: "I have forborne making any inquiry in regard to Lucy, since my return from the North, for fear of learning that she had met with some dreadful fate. Well do I remember how anxious she was to learn to read. 'Why, Frank,' she would say, 'cannot I learn to read the Bible as well as you?'"

The cousins spent some time in farther conversa-

tion. Both finally became abstracted; and Emily retired to her room. There her thoughts turned upon her father; and she felt exceedingly anxious. She would write to him, did she but know his address. She thought of his last words,—of his allusion to France. Was it not time to receive an answer to her letter to Mr. Le Roy? Her father had also written to the good old man. She remembered his remarks, in regard to the letter he had given her, and wondered what could be its contents. But the time had not come for her to open it; and she would not break the seal, though she felt much curiosity in regard to it.

Emily did not make her appearance at dinner, having no desire to meet her aunt. She did not visit her uncle in his room, as had been her custom, and offer him kind attentions, for she could only think of him with horror. In fact, her fortitude was forsaking her; and she revolved in her mind some plan of escape from the horrid place.

Mr. Battell, whose society both Emily and Frank highly prized, called late in the afternoon of this day; and Frank, thinking he might impart cheerfulness to Emily's mind, invited him to remain to tea. But Emily did not sit with them long after the repast. She complained of headache, and again retired.

"My father is sleeping," said Frank, as he joined Emily in the evening, upon the veranda. "Let me attend you in a walk. These things are killing you; and you are suffering much from your close confinement since my father's illness." Emily was in much doubt respecting her duty to her uncle: she finally decided to repress her indignation, and do all in her power for him in his illness. She also remembered

the words of her father, "We owe him too much to suffer him to be neglected."

"Will it be safe to leave your father?" she asked of Frank.

"I have stationed Nancy in his room," was the reply; "and there cannot possibly be any danger in leaving him for so short a time."

Emily did not reply immediately, and Frank continued: "I know, cousin, how much it must distress you to witness such scenes, and hear such horrid talk. But, should your father question me, on his return, in regard to your pale cheeks and low spirits, let me not have to tell him that you stayed in-doors nearly every moment during his absence."

The evening was inviting; and Emily soon gave her arm to Frank for a promenade.

Frank strove to turn Emily's mind from the things which troubled her. He talked of France, of her grandfather, etc. Suddenly, he thought of the words of Dr. Willis, "Act as a vigilance-committee around your own dwelling." "There can be no danger," thought he; "the doctor must have referred entirely to my uncle, as he inquired if Edward Le Rux had gone, and said he would be followed."

The cousins now entered the garden, which was near the quarters. Emily had become quite cheerful. "Let us seat ourselves here," said she; "this place is very delightful."

"It is rendered doubly so to-night, by the bright moonlight," responded Frank.

"It reminds me of France," said Emily; "for, at this hour, I used to sit with my grandfather, in a beautiful

spot, not far from the house, and hear him talk of God and immortality."

They were soon in an earnest conversation, in which we must leave them, and return to the house, to ascertain how much occasion Frank had for his deep anxiety, since those warning words were spoken to him by Dr. Willis.

Frank had not been absent from the house more than ten minutes, before there stood in his father's room one, whom Mr. Le Rux would probably have recognized under other circumstances; for, as he spoke, he seemed to know his voice, as he partially raised himself in bed, and said, "It ain't time—you must wait."

The man then said: "I ish very sorry you ish sick, Mr. Le Rux; but it ish time dat I have my monish"

"You are a rogue! Begone," commanded the sick man.

"I ish no rogue," said the Jew; "I only wants my monish. You say dat your broder vas rich in France, and bring monish to dis country; but I finds he brings no monish, and got nothing but de girl; and I must have my monish, and she would not bring a quarter of it."

"Away! away!" said Mr. Le Rux, gazing at him in a wild manner. But, by this time, the invalid was struggling to rise, evidently bewildered and alarmed.

"Don't trouble yourself to get up," said the Jew, as he took from his pocket a paper, pen, and ink. "You just puts your name here, and I not troubles you any more, until your broder comesh back from de North."

He then smoothed out the paper in a convenient position, dipped the pen in the ink, and placed it in

the invalid's hand, saying, "Here, Mr. Le Rux; put your name here."

Mr. Le Rux looked at him a moment, and the man said: "Now ish de time; den I not troubles you any more."

For an instant Mr. Le Rux hesitated, while his countenance indicated that he was becoming more and more bewildered.

The Jew again pointed to the place, and Mr. Le Rux wrote his own name. The man took the paper, pocketed it quickly, and was leaving the room, when Mr. Le Rux, as if recovering his thoughts, said, "Give it here, give it here — you are a rogue."

"Oh, I ish *no rogue*, more dan you," exclaimed the Jew.

The eyes of Mr. Le Rux glared horribly at his creditor, as the latter turned and left the apartment.

"Edward," said Mr. Le Rux, incoherently, "I did n't break my promise. Now, brother, take her away — take her to France — take her, I say. Be quick! be quick!" And he raised his voice to a high pitch, as he cried: "Money! Yes, here is money! I have got money. Do you want your money?"

Mrs. Le Rux came to his bedside. His eyes glared fixedly; his lips ceased to move; and he fell back upon the bed. It was his loud voice brought Mrs. Le Rux to the room.

"William," she said, as she placed her hand upon his shoulder, "what does that man want with Emily? What was you saying about money?" Mrs. Le Rux uttered an exclamation of horror; and, turning to Nancy, said, "Where are Frank and Emily?"

"Dey be gone to de garden," replied Nancy.

"Run instantly for them," said Mrs. Le Rux, as she dropped in a chair.

"It is another shock of paralysis," said Mrs. Le Rux, greatly alarmed; but she had so long relied upon others, that she had now no confidence in herself. Dinah had been her nurse, and her own mind had become weak in an emergency like this.

"Leave me, Frank," said Emily, "and run to the house," as she heard Nancy's voice summoning them. "Something is wrong; and you can get there sooner than I can."

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE KIDNAPPING OF EMILY LE RUX.

"I AM weaker than formerly," thought Emily, as she quickened her pace, and then relaxed it again.

At this instant, two men advanced upon her; and, before she was aware of danger, she was seized, a plaster was placed over her mouth, and her arms drawn back and secured behind her. The kidnappers then conveyed her some distance, and placed her in a covered carriage, drawn by two horses; and she was driven rapidly away, she knew not whither.

Emily had never indulged in romantic reading, and therefore she did not imagine that she was being carried off by some chivalrous gentleman, who had fallen desperately in love with her. But it seemed impossible to solve the mystery of her abduction. The first conclusion she came to was, that she was kidnapped, and that the design of those who had her in their possession must be of the most criminal nature.

They rode in darkness and silence until the carriage stopped. The men alighted, and one of them said, rather sternly, "Come, get yourself out of here."

Emily obeyed; not without some difficulty, however, as her hands were tied. For an instant, she trembled at the prospect before her. Then lifting her eyes towards heaven, in the darkness, she said, mentally: "O God preserve me! Nerve me to meet all." She

was then taken by the men to a building a few rods distant. One of her captors applied a key to the door, and they entered — Emily knew not where. But she was soon convinced that it was a kind of prison-house. They unlocked another door, which seemed not less strong than the first. Here only one of the men entered. There was a dim light suspended from the wall. Emily was now set at liberty, when the man, looking her full in the face, said: "Well, now, I declare, you are right pretty, and he'll get more than two thousand for you easy, and you'll be treated first rate. You'll not get sold again these ten years, I'll warrant." Then muttering to himself: "He's a lucky dog this time, if he did miss it with the other gal. But she ain't half as well off now as though she had n't been so stubborn; though he's got one of the same breed again, I reckon." Then, turning to Emily, the brute continued: "I'd give something for you myself. Can't you talk — ha?" said he, as he put his finger under her chin.

Quick as thought, Emily sprang from his touch, and said, proudly, "If you have done your bidding with me, leave the room, sir."

"Oh! you don't seem to be dumb, then," said the man; "and you have quite a sweet voice, too. But I advise you not to put on many airs, miss, when Mr. Livingsworth returns, as you may be given to the Bible Society, as Lucy was; and, after being whipped almost to death, like her, may be compelled to a course of infamy, besides working sixteen hours in a day."

Emily shuddered at his frightful remarks; but she was resolved to learn all she could from him.

"But, seeing you don't take much of a liking to me,"

arker (for that was the sub-kidnapper's name),
 it give you a piece of good advice,—for I ain't
 l-hearted, myself,—and that is, to behave your-
 usantly when Mr. Livingsworth comes; and
 it and spoil your beauty beforehand. You

well fed, too, for, it seems to me, you ain't
 o good order now. Your hands are real nice,
 who hain't got to work any; but it would be
 ard using them very nimbly, if you should be
 ut for a field-hand. So, as I've said before,
 ke a fool of yourself when he gets back. He's
 ntleman, of great talents, and a member of the
 but he's gone North now to attend to the in-
 f the Colonization Society, and is to be back in
 ve weeks."

r was silent, and Emily replied: "If you have
 your remarks, sir, I would like to ask you a few
 s—if you will reply to me in a respectful
 ,

re sure, ma'am; I shall do everything I do in a
 und respectful manner. I am an officer, you
 und expect always to answer every one as the
 rts."

at office do you hold?" asked Emily.

a constable."

whose order did you arrest me?" inquired

re direction of a man from whom Mr. William
 borrowed a great deal of money."

what can that have to do with me?" inquired

l, now, miss, I ain't very well l'arned," said

Parker, taking a paper from a dirty pocket-book, and becoming much puzzled in the effort to read it.

"If you will let me see the paper," said Emily, "I think I can soon learn what I wish to know."

"Can you, then, read writin'?" said Parker, as he handed her the paper. "Well, that's odd. I think somebody ought to answer to the law for that; for it's strictly against the law to l'arn a slave to read. As I'm an officer to carry out the laws, I ain't sure but I ought to take notice of people's teaching slaves to read and write."

A shudder passed over Emily, as he pronounced the word "*slave*." She proceeded to an examination of the papers—for there were two. From one, she learned that there had been money borrowed of Jew David, to the amount of six thousand dollars, at different times, for the benefit of Mr. Edward Le Rux, for which Mr. William Le Rux had become responsible. The other paper was a regular bill of sale of Emily Le Rux and Edward Le Rux, Junior, to Jew David, signed by her uncle, William Le Rux.

"Can I have the privilege of writing to my friends?" inquired Emily, as she returned the papers to the constable.

"Why, that is against the law, I think," was the response.

Emily was silent a minute; and then asked, "Will you tell me where I am?"

"Well, that's what I was n't to tell you just now."

"You can then leave me," said Emily.

"Well, as to that, I would n't be in any particular hurry to leave sich a handsome gal as you, if I had n't

“fish to fry.” So saying, he departed; and Emily bid him turn the key upon the outside of the door. Emily saw that she was possessed of the right solution of the whole matter — and now she had time for action. She bowed her head, and remained lost in thought for some time; then, rising from her seat, and crossing her arms across her waist, she said: “Yes, I am right — the blood of the Le Ruxes is no more the same than was once the proud blood of the De Wolfes. But, if God gives me like strength, then will I be enabled to pass the unjust ordeal as did Julia De Wolfe.” She lifted her heart to the God of the defenceless, and she beamed from her eye that holy light which Frank so often noticed.

And my brother Edward,” thought she, “must still

Well might my father be stricken — well might say his sins were many. May God, in mercy, lead to repentance.”

She now tried to recollect the face of her mother, — her brother. For awhile all seemed dark; but, at last she faintly recollected her mother as she had looked on giving her the parting kiss, while the tears coursed down her cheeks. “And my mother was a slave,” thought Emily. “Yes, she was like Mary, and I am Julia De Wolfe.”

Her head bowed low as she remembered her father, who had acted the part of Albert De Wolfe. “It was strange,” thought she, “that my father was so much excited during Julia’s recital. But he is more guilty than Albert.”

In this manner did Emily spend her time, for several years after the departure of Parker, until she was discovered by the entrance of some one by a side-door.

Looking up, she beheld an exceedingly good-featured negro girl, holding in her hand a basket, containing dishes, &c., which she placed upon the table, and then brought some breakfast for Emily. The girl turned, and looked upon Emily, as if in astonishment; but retired without speaking.

Emily hesitated, and then said aloud, "O Lord! deliver me from temptation." She then seated herself at the table. The food was tolerably palatable, but the afflicted girl had no appetite, and ate sparingly.

She arose, walked the room, and said: "Father above, into thy hands I commend myself." Then, reclining upon a comfortable bed, she sank into a sound sleep, from which she did not awake, until aroused by the entrance of the black girl again, who came to tell her, that her master had said, Emily mus n't fret, and spoil her face, because he would n't allow it.

"Oh, I am not fretting," said Emily. "I have been sleeping."

The girl expressed satisfaction by her looks, and Emily inquired, softly: "Cannot I go out into your room? I would like to get some water."

"Oh, no," said the girl, "mas'r wont——" Here she stopped.

"What is your name?" asked Emily; "I want to talk to you, and I do not know what to call you."

"They call me Fanny; but mas'r said I mus n't talk with you."

"And who is your master?"

Fanny was silent, and Emily asked, "Is he a Jew?"

Fanny did not speak, but nodded her head affirmatively.

"Jew David?" asked Emily.

"Oh no," was the reply, in a whisper. "*He's* old. But Moloch; and he's not very old." And again the girl disappeared.

"There is some shrewdness there," thought Emily; "and, if I manage her aright, I may find out something which will serve me; for her countenance, though melancholy, is kind. But I would not bring her into trouble, for the world."

"This is excellent," said she, as she placed her hand in her pocket, and drew forth a small Testament. "Yes, it was certainly providential that I changed my dress before leaving the house." The Testament had been a present from her grandfather, Mr. Le Roy; and in it was written her name, his name, the date of the gift, &c. "This is better than anything else I could possess here," exulted Emily.

Fanny now appeared, and said that mas'r was very glad Emily had slept; and he gave orders that, if she wanted to go out into the yard, Fanny might accompany her there.

"I will go now," was Emily's cheerful answer.

"Come, then," said Fanny, leading the way.

They passed through two strong doors into an alley, not more than three feet wide, with a very high wall on the outer side.

"I am indeed a prisoner," reflected Emily, as she lifted her eyes, and beheld the blue sky above her. "But 'courage, and trust in God,' shall be my motto. What place is this?" inquired she of Fanny. "I never saw any building like it before in my life."

Fanny shook her head; and, as Emily entered the door again, and looked directly up in front, her eyes met not only extreme darkness, but a pair of glittering

eyes peering through it. She was terrified ; but, striving to appear composed, she re-entered her room, Fanny following her.

" Whose eyes were those looking at me ? " she inquired, as soon as the door was closed.

" Mas'r's," said Fanny, in a whisper. " He wanted to see if you looked 'andsome ; but he did n't want you to see him."

" Why not ? "

" Oh, he did n't want you to know him ; and, besides, he says he don't want to scare you, because he wants you to look rael 'andsome ; and he's afraid you'll fret and cry, and make yourself sick. I am afraid that he will hark, and hear us talk." Fanny left the room hurriedly.

" I am fearful, too," thought Emily, as she seemed to see those horrid eyes still peering at her, " that my courage will fail, and my plans too ; for I meant to have asked Fanny for pen and paper. But the Lord is the same everywhere ! " And she opened her Testament to seek consolation therefrom. She found it impossible, however, to calm her spirits. She rose, and proceeded to an examination of the windows. There was an outer wall, which was also lighted by windows, through which the light passed to the windows of her room. This, then, was what rendered *her room* less light than common apartments. " Let me bear it patiently," she resolved.

But, in spite of all efforts to maintain equanimity, her heart sank within her. She thought of Frank—of Dr. Willis—of Mr. Battell. " Was there any prospect that she could be sought out and liberated ? But no," she lamented ; " I am claimed as a slave, and am now the legal property of Jew David." She thought

of her father — of what would be his feelings upon his return — of his letter to Mr. Le Roy, and of the one he had given her at parting. "It was a knowledge of all this," she considered, "that made him bid me fly to France, in case he did not return. And the letter which he gave me undoubtedly explains it all." But, alas! it was left at her uncle's when she was abducted. Still, Emily was sure she was only one night's drive from her uncle's, though she had no idea of her present locality. She only knew that her kidnappers came in an opposite direction from the city; and, from what she could discern in the darkness, she believed they travelled through a thinly inhabited district. Before reaching the prison-house, Emily recollected that the road became bad, as if the ground were wet, or marshy.

"And this is slavery!" she exclaimed. "This is the liberty of America, of which my father boasted, when he took me from the grandfather whom I loved — who offered, and would gladly have afforded, me protection. And where is my father now? Gone to undo, if possible, the wrong he has done. But he can never undo the wrong he has done to me!"

The tears flowed freely, to her decided relief. "Oh!" moaned she, "there will be none here to shield, or offer kindness to me, as I did to poor Julia De Wolfe. And it was to see me that the base, hypocritical Livingworth came so often to the house of my uncle; and I then huddled at his impudent look, for I felt that it was contaminating. Base hypocrite!" she repeated, loudly, as she instinctively felt in her pocket for some weapon.

Emily thought of her mother, and of her father's words upon leaving her. "My mother must have died when I was very young, for they told me so; but where is my

brother? He a slave!" She turned to a small mirror, which hung suspended from the wall, and gazed upon the reflection of her features. "Color, then, or negro blood, don't make one a slave, nor being white make one free," said she. "I have seen many blacks free, yet I, purely white, am a slave. It is strange," said she, examining her beautiful hair, and lifting it from her pure white brow, while she again stood before the glass, "that people should have ever thought that, in order to be a slave, one must have a little African blood. Union-bewitched persons will yet learn that slavery has no respect to color, blood, or nation. The day is not far distant, when her millions of slaves will teach their masters that they are all 'native Americans,' and anti-slavery in principle.

"There is hope!" said she, as she stopped and stood with her eyes lifted to heaven. "God is just; and did he not take Julia to himself? Did he not send his guardian spirit to watch over, and lift up her spirit to him? And did she not escape from that which is worse than death? And thou wilt protect me, O God!" said she, as she lifted her heart to him; "give thine angels charge concerning me, lest I dash my foot against a stone." Her spirit trusted in the living God, and there was resignation, and a holy light, in her eye.

"Do you want to go out, to-night?" asked Fanny, as she opened the door.

Emily answered in the affirmative; and Fanny instantly led the way. As she lingered in the alley, she was startled by the sound of a voice, which seemed to be but a few feet from her, within the building. The words were indistinct, but they appeared to be those of supplication, and were succeeded by a scream. This

was followed by loud oaths from some one in reply, accompanied with blows. Emily had scarcely power to stand upon her feet.

"He ain't here," said Fanny, opening the outer door, and she appeared as if acting under less restraint than formerly. Fanny entered the room with Emily, and, closing the door, said: "Master said, I must look in your pocket, and all over your bed, and in the room, and bring away all your things; and, if I don't do it, he will beat me dreadfully."

"Well," said Emily, "you may search me; I have nothing but a Testament, and your master will allow me to keep that, I think."

"That is a strange thing to have here," said Fanny. "I have not seen one since I came here; but I used to have one myself."

"Can you read?" inquired Emily.

"I don't know," replied Fanny. "I expect I have almost forgotten how; for I hav n't tried since I came here."

"Where did you learn?"

"Oh, 'way up in Ohio."

"But how came you here?"

Here Fanny put her ear to the door, and listened. She then seated herself by Emily, and said: "I lived with black Isaac and Minta, on the canal, and my name was Amy then. Isaac was dreadful ugly to me. Minta said she took me from my mother, 'way down in the south part of Ohio, on the Muskingum river. Minta could n't read, but Isaac could; and he pretended to be very good, and j'ined the church. Minta was real good, though she did n't talk half as much about religion as Isaac did. A good many people came to

their house, because Isaac was 'so good;' and he used to get his hymn-book, and sing dreadful loud. Some of the students used to call, and they wanted me to go to school and learn to read. The school-house was right down under the hill, a little ways, and I was greatly tickled about it. Minta sent some eggs to the store, and bought me a nice, new spelling-book. She washed my dress all clean, and I went to school. I was a little scared when I opened the door. The school-marm told me to sit down on a little bench. I held my nice spelling-book in my hand, and looked up at the boys and girls, thinking they would be real glad I'd come to learn to read. But they made faces at me, and, when the school-marm told me to stand up by her, and read, they snickered right out; and one or two of them that was close by me, pushed away, to get further from me; and one of the girls called me a 'nigger.' When I was going home, she said her father was 'one of the committee,' and that he would turn me out of school. And, sure enough, the next morning, when I got to the school-house, two men were there; and they told me to 'go right straight home,' for they would n't have their children attend school with a nigger.

"The school-marm looked very sorry, and so did two of the little girls. But the rest all giggled right out. I was so scared that I could n't start; and one of the men caught hold of my arm, and twitched me to the door, and pushed me so hard that I hit my head against the door-post, and then I cried right out. This made the school-marm real mad. She came out to the door, and told me not to cry; and looked at my head where it thumped against the door. And she

said it was a burning shame to treat me so, and I seed the tears in her eyes.

"Isaac was dreadful mad; and he swore, and said he fought for liberty in the war, and that Ginerall Jackson wan't too good to speak to him, and had done it many a time. And he said he fought under Ginerall Jackson, before he run away from his master, down in the South; and that the ginerall thought a heap of him, he was such a good soldier. And he would see if I could n't go to school."

"Well," said Emily, "tell about Isaac some other time; but I want to hear how you learned to read, and how you came here."

Fanny listened again at the door; then, re-seating herself by Emily, she continued: "Isaac tried to make a fuss about my not going to school, but Mr. ——— told him it was no use; that there was a law in Ohio against it, and that I should n't go near the school. I cried dreadfully about it, and one of the students told Isaac he must learn me to read; and he did it. Minta said he did it to make the students think he was very good. For he used to kick and pound Minta, and tie me up by my thumbs, and whip me. I was n't more than ten years old, when he hired me out to Capt. S——, to wait upon the ladies on a canal-boat. Minta cried about it; but he would have me go on the boat; and, when I got to Portsmouth, he took me to Kentucky, and sold me for three hundred dollars. And I heard the captain tell the man who bought me that he would bring him some more niggers. My master took me to New Orleans, with a great many more; and Moloch came and brought me here. He says he gets

a great many slaves that way; and that there is a company of kidnappers all along from here up to Ohio."

"Can you tell me where this place is?" asked Emily, "and how far we are from New Orleans?"

"I don't know," said Fanny, "for Moloch brought me here in the night, and I haven't been outside but a few times since. But I must bring your supper."

It was soon brought; and, while Emily was eating, she asked Fanny: "Why did Moloch want you to search me? Did he think I had money?"

"Oh, he's afraid you'll do as Bernice did."

"What did she do?"

"She killed herself."

"Killed herself!" repeated Emily, with a shudder.

"Yes. They brought her here from Tennessee; and Mr. Vanwilkins was to give them two thousand dollars for her, because she was 'andsome. But when he came here, she made a dreadful fuss, and he went off swearing. And then Moloch came in, and struck her on the head, and swore at her, and kicked her, and told her he would sell her for a field-hand. When he went out, she took a knife and cut her throat."

"Cut her throat!" repeated Emily, still more horrified.

"Yes, as I was just coming into the room. And it was right here she stood," continued Fanny, as she placed her foot upon a particular spot on the floor; and here is the stain of the blood now, and I can't get it out of the floor no how."

"And what did you do?" asked Emily, with a voice which betrayed her emotion.

"I had n't oughter told you anything about it," said Fanny, "for you're scared."

"But do tell me what you did," said Emily.

"Oh, I ran and told Moloch."

"What did he do?"

"He did n't do anything but kick her, and pull her out into the alley, and bury her in a hole there."

"And what did Mr. Vanwilkins do?"

"Oh, he called her a fool; and told Moloch to get him another and handsomer wench, if he could." Fanny then withdrew.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

FANNY'S DISCLOSURES TO EMILY.

WHEN left alone, Emily felt a tremor come over her; and, in spite of herself, her eyes constantly wandered in the direction of the blood-stain upon the floor, while she seemed to see the poor girl, as she put the knife to her throat, and then fell, weltering in her blood. At length, rising from her seat, and pacing the floor, she said aloud, "Yes, death before ——," and her hand moved towards her pocket. "But I have no knife," thought she. She was still pacing the floor when Fanny re-entered the room.

"Moloch will be out to-night," said she; "and I don't like to stay in there alone, I hear such noises. I'd like to lie down here upon the floor, if you will let me."

"Oh! yes," said Emily, "I would like to have you very much. Can't you bring your bed, and spread it in here?"

"I'd scatter the straw," replied Fanny; "and then Moloch might know it."

"Does Moloch ever go away from here?" asked Emily.

"Once in awhile he goes to peddle," replied Fanny; "but he ain't gone long. The last time, he was gone a good while; but David was here then."

"Where does David live?"

"Oh, I reckon he stays in the city, because he has a kind of trade."

"What kind?"

"I don't know," replied Fanny.

"How long have you been in here?"

"Don't know, Miss Emily. They used to have weeks and Sundays, so that we might know when it was a year, up in Ohio; but there ain't any such things here, though Moloch says that I'm eighteen years old now."

"Are you sleepy?"

"Not very."

"Do you have to work hard?"

"Yes, I have to work awful hard, sometimes."

"What is your work?"

"Oh, I cook, and wash all the clothes for David and Moloch, and a good many others; and then I wash and scour all the things David sends here, and fix the spoons and things, so that they will look like new, and I wash all the clothes he gets off the dead folks — and do everything."

Emily was not willing to keep Fanny awake, but she was fearful of losing so good an opportunity, and she said, "Who made the noise, when we were out in the alley, to-night?"

"Why, it's Mariana, Moloch's woman," replied Fanny; "he got her somewhere, a long time ago, and she hates him dreadfully. And he beats and pounds her sometimes, when she takes her spells. She had a child when Moloch got her, and he sold it, and she cried dreadfully; and, every time she has a spell, she calls her child all the time, and then Moloch beats her harder. Sometimes she won't eat anything, because,

she says, Moloch is going to poison her. She says, if it was n't for her children, she would like to die. Jew David wants Moloch to kill her; but he says, he'll never have blood on his hands again."

Emily ceased speaking, and Fanny was soon asleep. Emily, however, could in no wise calm her mind, and sleep would not come to her relief. She spent the night in pondering upon what she had seen and heard, and in endeavoring to devise some means for her escape. She strove to nerve herself to meet the future; but, alas! when she had resolved, those horrid eyes, or the beautiful girl cutting her own throat, were her imaginary companions.

Fanny came twice each day, regularly, to attend upon Emily. Emily often went into the passage, and she several times saw, through the darkness, the horrid eyes peering at her on her return.

"Where did you get this?" said Fanny, one day, as she took up the Testament. "It is so 'andsome on the kiver, and little, too. Mine, that I had in Ohio, wasn't one bit like this. Here is a name, too," said she, as she pointed to the writing on the blank leaf.

Emily felt disposed to be quite indulgent to Fanny, and she replied, "My grandfather gave it to me, when I was in France."

Fanny examined the name very critically, and then said, "I never did learn to read writing."

Emily took the book, and read thus, "Emily Le Rux; presented to her by her grandfather, Americus Le Roy. Paris, 1848."

Fanny started, hesitated for a minute, and then said, "That's what the French woman called her name."

"Who was the French woman?" asked Emily.

Oh, I never saw her," replied Fanny; "only I've heard them talk about her; and I know that's the reason. She was dead before I came here."

"That is strange!" thought Emily, "a Frenchman—and her name Le Roy!" She then recollected that Mr. Le Roy had often told her that his wife was lost on her passage to America. She inquired of Fanny for paper, pen, and ink; but she could get none, Fanny said David always brought them, and then took them away with him.

"Moloch has gone on a peddling trip, to-day," said Fanny, as she entered the room, one morning. "Nehemiah came last night. I don't know what they were talking about; but Moloch said he would be gone several days; and he told me to bring you some other clothes to put on, and then wash yours all clean, as he wants you to look real nice."

Emily was agitated, as she said: "Can't you let me out of this place? I will take you with me, and give you your liberty, if we can get out."

"Oh, no!" said Fanny; "I don't know any way to get out. The doors are all locked on the outside, except the one where we go out, and nobody can get out from there; besides, David has sent in the dogs by Nehemiah, and they are to stay till Moloch gets back; and, if we were to attempt to get away, they would tear us to pieces. I'd do it, if I could. I've thought of getting away myself, a great many times; and then I'd go and find Minta. I don't think anybody ever goes away from here, except such as you, that are sold to gentlemen, and the children that he sells, when they are old enough. He don't have very many of them now, though Nehemiah brought one in last night."

"Where do they get the children?" asked Emily.

"Well," replied Fanny, "when they are little, like this one, somebody gives them to him. Their mothers are generally gentlemen's daughters, and they don't want such things known. They sometimes give Moloch something to take them and feed them; and, when they are big enough, he sells them. Sometimes he gets one that ain't a bit black. This one, that he last brought in, is a little one; and it will make Mariana have spells, if she hears it cry."

"And what will you do with her, if she has a spell?" asked Emily.

"I don't know," replied Fanny. "Nehemiah is here; but he can't do much, for he hain't got but one arm. Moloch told me to give the child some laudanum, and keep it quiet, so that Mariana wouldn't hear it."

"Where is Nehemiah?"

"He's lying down," replied Fanny. "He says he's sick; and he wants me to make him some herb tea."

"Bring me the child," said Emily, "and I will endeavor to keep it quiet, while you are preparing the tea for Nehemiah; and, if you have any left, I wish you would bring me some, for my head aches." It is not surprising that her head did ache, after the excitement she had undergone for the past few days.

Fanny soon returned with the tea, — and also some laudanum which she intended for the child. These she gave to Emily, as also a tea-cup containing some sweetened water. Turning to the window, she pretended to drop some laudanum in the beverage for the child. She then handed the cup to Fanny, who soon disappeared with it. Taking the cup, containing the

tea for Nehemiah, she drank part of it, and then poured into it no less than sixty drops of laudanum.

Fanny soon made her appearance again; and, taking the herb tea, went to administer it to Nehemiah.

"I will now get more freedom," thought Emily, as Fanny disappeared; "and, if here is to come my death, I will, at least, learn all I can of the iniquities of this prison-house. I am determined, if I can, to escape, and, if this plan does not work, I will try a dose of laudanum on Fanny."

Emily remained in a listening attitude for some minutes — when she heard some one advancing rapidly with the child, which was crying loudly. She threw open the door, and Fanny entered with the child, and endeavored to close the door, but there was one behind her, whose strength overpowered her. Fanny was evidently in much alarm, and endeavored to escape from the room; but the woman gave a wild scream, and sprang between her and the door. As Fanny again turned, Mariana sprang forward, and caught hold of the child, kissed it, and said, "My sweet little Agnes, come to your dear mother."

"Be calm, Mariana," said Emily, "and you shall have the child." Mariana turned her eyes upon Emily, and said: "Oh, you have come, have you? I knew the Lord would send an angel to open these doors."

Emily took the child, and said, "Come, Mariana, and see if this is your child."

Mariana came forward, and, dropping upon her knees beside the child, examined it very minutely for some time, during which no one spoke to her. She appeared to be in deep thought, "Agnes!" said she, at last.

The child, which had manifested some signs of terror, now became more terrified, and clung to Emily. This seemed to distress Mariana very much; but she said, with something of a Scotch brogue: "This is not my child; Agnes had blue eyes, and was bigger than this one."

Her reasoning faculties seemed to have returned, as she appeared quite collected. She seated herself, dropped her head upon her breast, and seemed lost in a reverie.

Emily had now time to observe her closely, and she thought she had never seen a white man, or woman, present so miserable an appearance. Her clothes did not fit; besides, they were scarcely sufficient to be called a covering; and she was without shoe or stocking. There was a constant moving of her hand, foot, or head. At length, the child made a noise; Mariana gave a sudden bound, and again attempted to seize it.

"Be calm," said Emily. "If this is your child, you shall have it. But I want to know your name first."

The woman turned, stepped into the middle of the floor, faced about, fixed her sunken eyes fully upon Emily, and then, lifting her hand towards heaven, said, "I swear, by the living God, that my name is Mariana Rothschild; and that is my child;" and she again sprang forward. So sudden had been her movement, that, before Emily was even aware of her intent, she had taken the child and pressed it to her lips. The child commenced a most piteous cry, and turned her face towards Emily, with an appealing look. "Well, it is not mine," said Mariana, as she placed her again in the lap of Emily.

"No," said Emily, "this cannot be your child; for yours has most probably grown large by this time."

"Oh, I know; I know! But I forgot it. Grown large? — of course."

At this instant, perceiving the small mirror which hung suspended from the wall, Mariana approached it, and beheld in it her haggard features. She started back, uttered a wild scream, and said, pointing to her own reflection in the glass, "Who is that? It ain't me; it ain't Mariana! It must be somebody else. I know *I ain't Rebecca*, though Moloch says I am." Then, raising her arm, she said, with emphasis, "I solemnly swear, I will be Mariana Rothschild, now and forever!"

"She has n't seen a looking glass before," said Fanny, "since she came here; for there ain't any in the house but this; and Moloch has never let her come in here. Moloch has tried to beat her out of her old name, but can't."

"Sit down," said Emily, "and be composed. I want to talk with you."

Mariana obeyed; but her thoughts were evidently upon the face in the mirror. Emily gave the child again to Fanny, then, taking hold of both of Mariana's hands, she looked steadily into her eyes, and said:

"You have been somewhat bewildered, Mariana; but perhaps I can do you good, if you will listen to me, and not allow your mind to wander."

"Oh, yes," said Mariana; "I knew you were coming; but I forgot. Oh! I am so glad you came."

"Well, then," said Emily, "you see I *am* here. And now I want you to tell me what your husband's name was."

Mariana made an effort to rise, when Emily released

her hold. She arose as before, and said, "I swear, by the living God, that my husband's name was William Rothschild." Having done this, she re-seated herself, and Emily again took her hands.

"Where is your husband now?" said Emily.

"He is dead! murdered!" said Mariana. "Moloch says he did n't do it; but I swear, by the living God, that I *saw him* and *Jew David* do it."

"How long ago was it?"

"I don't know; but I thought it was n't more than six years. It must have been a great while ago, if I am Mariana Rothschild—I have grown so old."

"Well," said Emily, "I think the Lord will let me do you good, if you won't have any more of these spells. But you must not say anything to Moloch, or David, about your husband or your name, nor anything about your child. When we get out of this place, we will try to find out all about your husband and child; and you must remember all I tell you. I will pray the Lord to deliver us from this place, and I want you to pray too."

"Well, I used to pray," said Mariana; "but the Lord did not hear me; and Moloch sneeringly told me there was n't any God, and I had spells in consequence."

"But *there is a God*," said Emily. "I know there is, and he will hear us when we pray, and deliver us in his own time. You must pray to him as you used to; then you will not have the spells, and we will get out of this place."

"Well, I will! I will!" said Mariana, a light appearing in her eye, which, Emily thought, indicated a return of reason. "I used to ask the Lord to send me

n angel to open these prison-doors ; and I believe you re that angel."

"Mariana, I am going to pray the Lord to deliver us," said Emily.

Emily did not rise from her seat, neither did she relinquish her hold of Mariana's hands. She prayed aloud, in the most fervent manner, that God would restore the mind of Mariana ; that he would deliver her from this place, and restore to her her child.

She was struck as she beheld the change that had come over the countenance of Mariana, at the close of her prayer. "There is hope for her," thought Emily ; for there is a calmness upon her face which cannot be mistaken."

"But you did not pray for Fanny," said Mariana.

"Oh ! I have often prayed for her," said Emily ; and she was in my mind now, when I prayed that she might be delivered."

"This is an awful place," said Mariana. "I had a brother who came with me to America, when I came from Scotland. He saw all that David and Moloch did to my husband. They took my brother's money also from him, and then they struck him on the head. I do not know what became of him ; but Moloch says he is not dead. Moloch has sometimes threatened to kill me ; but I told him so much about the mark of a murderer that he is afraid to do it. He belongs to the company."

"What company?"

"The robbing and kidnapping company."

Emily inquired whether she knew where the house they were in was situated.

"It is somewhere—in the vicinity of some place,"

replied Mariana, abstractedly; "but I cannot remember the name. It is an out-of-the-way place; I can scarcely imagine its location, as I was brought here in the night. There have been dreadful things done here, counterfeiting and gambling. This is the place, also, where the stolen property of the Murrell gang has been kept. Those men used to come here once, but I have forgotten their names; though I heard David say that they are not known by the same names they answer to here; that some of them are men in business in different places, and that they only come here to get their share of the 'profits,' as Moloch calls it."

Fanny entered the room and said: "I cannot make Nehemiah wake up; and I am afraid he is going to be very sick. He says he caught cold coming in the rain last night."

"Cannot I go and see him?" said Emily.

"It won't do any hurt," replied Fanny, "if nobody don't tell Moloch. Nehemiah is real clever, and kinder to me than any body else in the world; but he does n't talk much to any one. He makes motions with his hands; and he won't tell anything to get me whipped, if he can help it. But if Moloch comes home cross, he 'll pound him till he tells everything."

"And you will pray," said Emily to Mariana, as she arose to go to her own room.

"Yes," replied Mariana; "and I want you to pray for me, and everybody, for that was what my mother used to tell me to do."

"Well, that is right," said Emily.

"But I cannot pray for David and Moloch," said Mariana.

"There are some for whom we are not commanded to pray," said Emily.

"There is certainly hope for her," thought Emily, as Mariana left the room; "and I can discover traces of that which has once been beautiful in her countenance. Oh! that I could escape, and make known to the world what I have witnessed in this prison-house!"

Fanny now returned, and informed Emily that Nehemiah was still asleep; and that she would like to have her go and look at him. Emily went through the dark passage, and emerged into a room about the size of her own. There, upon the floor, with simply some straw for a bed, and a blanket for a covering, lay the object of her visit. His features were regular and expressive, despite the pallor which overspread his face. His head was thrown back, and his hair was in such a condition as to display, what Emily thought, one of the most beautiful foreheads she had ever beheld. He had lost one of his arms by some unfortunate circumstance. His apparel was of the meanest and coarsest material, and presented a sad contrast to his good-looking countenance. His sound sleep was not disturbed by the entrance of Emily and her companion.

"I could trust that man," thought Emily, "if his mind had not become perverted by false teachings." And she fancied she had somewhere seen a countenance like his. Motioning Fanny to follow her, she returned to her room.

"How old is Nehemiah?" asked Emily.

"He says he has forgotten," replied Fanny.

"Has he always been here?"

"No. He says he has been to a great many places; but I can't remember their names."

Emily still endeavored to recollect where she had seen a countenance similar to his. Fanny was not very communicative, and in a short time retired. Emily was alone. Her mind, which had thus been occupied with the events of the day, now reverted to herself. Might she not expect that she would be called to act a part, of which the bare suggestion made her shudder? The time for the return of Mr. Livingsworth had nearly arrived, according to the statement of the constable; and what she had learned from Fanny confirmed that statement.

"Could I but procure the assistance of Nehemiah," thought the captive girl, "I might perhaps write to Frank." And she resolved upon questioning Fanny further.

"Where do you sleep, Fanny?" asked Emily, when her supper was brought in.

"I sleep on the straw where Nehemiah is," replied the slave girl, "when he ain't sick; but I'll let him have it to-night, and lie on the floor myself, because he is so good to me. They kept him shut up here a great while, and would n't let him go anywhere; and then David put a knife to his breast, and made him swear something; and now they send him out to see what is going on. He says they make him a spy."

"Is he honest?"

"Oh, yes."

"And does he ever tell you anything, Fanny?"

"Yes," replied Fanny, "he says that, if it was n't for me, he'd ha' run away. For he says that he don't think he ought to regard the oath, seeing David forced

him to take it. I believe he is studying up something. He says they can't hold us by law, for we was n't born slaves; and all that is wanting is to find somebody that knows it, and will help us."

"Does he treat you well?" asked Emily.

"Yes, real well. And when I told him what Moloch said to me, he told me ——" Here Fanny hesitated.

"What did he tell you?"

"He said that it was real wicked; and he brought me home a knife, and told me that, if Moloch tried to abuse me again, I must kill him."

"Where is your knife?"

"Under a board."

"Will you not show it to me?"

"Some time," said Fanny; "but I am very tired to-night, and it is under the straw where Nehemiah is."

"Well," said Emily, "bring the child, and lie in here; and, if you have n't thrown out the tea that Nehemiah left in the cup, drink it yourself."

"Pennyroyal is real good," replied Fanny. "Minta used to take it, and I told Nehemiah to get some for his rheumatism."

"Well, then," said Emily, "Nehemiah left nearly half of it. I saw it in the cup myself, and I want you to give the child a spoonful or two, and drink the rest yourself."

Fanny soon returned with the child. She also brought an old coverlid, and, placing it upon the floor, laid the child upon it. Then, throwing herself down beside the little one, both were soon in a sound sleep.

"Now is my time," thought Emily; and, taking the light, she left the room noiselessly, threaded the dark passage, and was soon standing beside Nehemiah.

He was still sleeping. She gently touched his arm, and said in a low voice, "Nehemiah."

He awoke, recognized Emily, and rose to a sitting posture; then commenced making the letters of the alphabet with his fingers.

Emily had learned the deaf and dumb alphabet, and she soon made out the words, "One week." The next words were, "There may be help before then."

She now asked Nehemiah many questions with her fingers, but he only replied by a shake of the head. He arose, however, went to his pack in another part of the room, and took from it what Emily thought was a clean piece of paper. He held the paper close to the candle for some seconds, and then motioned Emily to look upon it. Writing now became visible, and she read:

"Come to the city immediately, for I have business for you. They are on our track. If I can, I shall destroy Willis. But, if worst comes to worst, we must fire the building, and make our escape. DAVID."

Emily had no doubt but this had been sent by David to Moloch. Nehemiah then put his hand upon his heart; and Emily considered the gesture as a request that she would not betray him, so she imitated it.

He seemed satisfied, and assumed a listening attitude. At length, he lay down again upon the straw.

"Oh, how dreadful," thought Emily, returning to her own room, "to be thus situated!"

Long was it before Emily could sleep; but, at length, commending herself to God, she sank into a quiet slumber.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE DISCOVERY AND THE ALARM.

FRANK, on entering his father's house, hurried to the room of his father. He had no sooner entered, than his mother said, "Your father has had another paralytic shock." Frank used former remedies, but all to no purpose.

Dr. Willis had not yet returned. But in less than an hour, Frank had obtained another physician, who immediately pronounced Mr. Le Rux past all hope. He soon after died, and the doctor left.

Mrs. Le Rux was greatly excited.

"Emily! Emily!" said Mrs. Le Rux; "where is Emily? Why does she not come to me? O dear, O dear!"

In the confusion which had attended the fatal illness of his father, Frank had scarcely thought of Emily.

"Where is my cousin?" asked Frank, anxiously casting his eyes around.

"She ain't nowhar," said Nancy; "for I've been 'way down to de garden, an' de quarters, an' she ain't nowhar."

"Has she not returned to the house?"

"Oh no, Mas'r Frank; an' de man say dat he'd hab to take 'er for de money."

"What man? what money?" cried Frank hurriedly.

Here Nancy related the scene between Mr. Le Box and the Jew.

Frank was horrified. Now flashed upon him the warnings of Dr. Willis. "Oh! why did I leave her? Why did I ever leave the house with her?" thought he, as he hurried to the spot where he parted from her. On reaching it, he called aloud her name. Several of the negroes were soon on the spot, to know "what was the matter wid Mas'r Frank, an' what was become of Miss Em'ly."

"She is gone!" said Frank — "carried off by somebody; and you must find her."

"Oh, marcy! Yes, mas'r," said Dick, "we find 'er in a minit, if mas'r jest tell us whar!"

"Go everywhere," said Frank, "and look for her, while I examine the house."

"Yes, mas'r, we'll go eberywhar. We'll find 'er." They started in different directions, hallooing and shouting at the top of their voices; but without any definite purpose.

Frank returned to the house, and commenced an active and thorough search. On entering the room which had been appropriated to Mr. Battell, he found him in a sound sleep. Frank was not long in informing his visitor of the events of the night, and urging the need of alarming the country, and of commencing a search immediately, and, on the morrow, issuing hand-bills.

Mr. Battell asked that Nancy be summoned to the sitting-room, to relate the particulars of the kidnapper's appearance, conversation, &c.

This was soon done.

"You will perceive," said Mr. Battell to Frank, who

was still under great excitement, "that this is a premeditated thing, and it requires much judgment and caution on our part. This is the day for Dr. Willis to return, and he will probably be at his residence. I should rely much upon his advice and assistance in this affair."

"Have you any idea," said Frank, "who the villain was that entered the house? or what was his purpose?"

"It was evidently Jew David," replied Mr. Battell; "and he has seized Emily on some pretext of holding her as property. But, if I am not mistaken, Dr. Willis can thwart him in his purpose. Permit me to go to the city, while you remain, and perform such duties as are incumbent upon you here."

A new light had come to Frank's mind. His heart was filled with mingled emotions of doubt, fear, dread, shame, horror, and pity.

"I shall go immediately to the Jew's quarters," said Mr. Battell, as he left the house.

The death of Mr. Le Rux, and the astonishment that Emily should be kidnapped as a slave, rendered Mrs. Le Rux almost helpless; and a burden of care, almost insupportable, rested on Frank. While arranging for the funeral, his mind constantly reverted to Emily. "O God of mercy!" he exclaimed, "protect my poor lost cousin!"

The time for the funeral of William Le Rux was appointed, and the venerable Bishop M—— was requested to preach on the solemn occasion. He commenced his Christian eulogium with the text, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it will return after many days." He took occasion to portray the many virtues of the deceased brother; the liberality of his hand.

The Bible Society, Tract Society, and the Church were all indebted to his fostering liberality. His self-denying spirit and holy life were urged as an example for others to imitate. And he assured his hearers that, now his labors of love were ended on earth, his triumphant spirit was in heaven, reaping a rich reward. He was now rejoicing in his Heavenly Master's plaudit: "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." There sat Mrs. Le Rux, drinking in the impassioned words of the bishop, and soothing her heart with his proffered consolations.

Frank sat and heard these declarations over the coffin of his father, with mingled emotions of shame and horror — of shame for untruths spoken, of horror on thinking of the truths not spoken. The case of Lucy, a beautiful mulatto, his own half-sister, was fresh in his memory. She was given by his father to the Bible Society, and forced to a life of prostitution. A shudder passed over him, as all the horrid scenes which he had witnessed at his father's rushed upon his mind, and he found relief in a flood of tears. When the bishop was repeating the Saviour's plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant," Frank, in spirit, heard Christ saying: "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels: inasmuch as ye did it not to the least of one of these, ye did it not to me." And when he thought of the mental and moral darkness of such bishops and ministers, he cried, "O God! how long ere thou wilt dispel these fatal delusions from the minds of men?"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

DEATH OF EDWARD LE RUX AT THE NORTH.

EDWARD LE CLARE sought his father's chamber, harassed by fearful forebodings of the future, and by doubts as to what course to take in regard to the letter.

"He is becoming more calm," replied the doctor, to Edward's inquiries; "but I have but little hope of his recovery."

Edward was unable to conceal his emotions, as he saw the doctor's eyes riveted upon him. His agitation continued to increase, and he arose and walked the room hurriedly. "I will consult the doctor," thought he, "in regard to the letter. It will doubtless be more safe for me to do so; and it may be that it will serve to lighten the load upon my heart."

Mr. Le Rux at length slept, and Edward handed Dr. Freeman the letter.

"I must, also," thought Edward, "communicate to him some part of what my father has made known to me, respecting my mother and sister, as well as concerning my birthright, for now I can hide nothing." He almost regretted having given the doctor the letter, as he thought of disclosing the guilt of his father.

Dr. Freeman made no remarks, but prevailed upon Edward to retire to rest. But how was he to sleep?

"I must visit my mother's sanctuary," thought he, "and strive to calm the tumult in my breast."

Here, in this sacred spot, thought overwhelmed him. At one moment, he thought of Edith, and he fancied he saw her in the grasp of the hideous monster, slavery; and that there were no wrongs nor indignities but what she was subjected to. He thought of his dying father, of his guilt; and yet was he not the victim of circumstance?—the victim of that system, so hideous that it has a thousand hydra-heads to rear against the nation's virtue?—the victim of that viper in the nation's bosom, so madly nourished and cherished by her sons and daughters, that, although they feel its poison torturing their very vitals, they yet cling to it with a death-grasp.

"Would," thought he, "that every son and daughter of the slaveholders at the South could see my father in his agony—could hear his voice as he speaks of his own doom, and portrays the guilt, the sin, the consequences of the course they are pursuing—would that they could feel the agony of this heart, and hear its throbbings but for one hour. O God, would that they could hear, see, and feel all these; then, surely, they would be warned from their infamous course. O God! help me to spend my life in holding up before the rising generation the guilt, the ruin, the punishment, which is coming upon them; and enable me to warn them to thrust aside the unholy thing. *I warn them?*" thought Edward, as his head dropped upon his hand. "Am I not a slave, to be bought and sold, like the brutes,—subject, like them, to the lash?"

He paused. A cold perspiration stood upon his brow; agony was in every feature, and his limbs seemed palsied. Placing his hand upon his throbbing heart, he said: "Mother! O mother! it is not for thee

I mourn, but for *him*; it is not for myself I weep, for I fear neither the lash nor chain—my spirit is *free*. It is for *Edith* I despair; for the miserable slave-fathers, the slave-mothers, husbands, wives, brothers, and sisters, who have hearts and souls which God designed should, like mine, be *free*; and to whom liberty, were they placed in a similar position, would be as dear as it is to me. It is not for myself I tremble, but it is for this guilty land; for Edith, and for thousands like her. But I must not linger here. I must fly to her rescue."

His mind again reverted to the letter. "Frank Le Rux," thought he, "is my cousin, and Edith is with him; surely he can protect her. I will write to him; but there may be danger in so doing. My father has told me of the affairs of my uncle."

Edward now resolved that he would not write. He thought of the money demanded in the letter. How was he to raise money, sufficient even to travel? "No! there is no hope," said he.

Dropping upon his knees, he again appealed to his Father in heaven, saying: "Thou hast interfered, O Lord, and revealed to me what I so much desired to know; and, although the cup which I have had to drink has been a bitter one, still thou art yet able to save."

Edward arose with his spirit refreshed. He now thought of the jewels, and what his mother had said concerning them. "She would certainly have permitted me to use them in such a cause," he concluded.

Almost exhausted by the trying ordeal through which he had passed, he threw himself upon the bed and slept. He awoke at an early hour, and, as the ideas which had occupied his mind the previous night

crowded upon him, he said: "This is the place where I always find peace for my troubled spirit. It was here, with my mother, that God first spoke peace to my soul."

Edward, as he entered his father's room, in the morning, wore a sadness on his face that excited Dr. Freeman's sympathy.

"Is my father any better?" asked Edward.

"I cannot decide," replied the doctor; "but he is now quiet, and I must return home. Will you not walk with me a short distance, while Ella fills your place?"

They were soon in conversation, and Edward made known to him the things related by his father, in as concise a manner as possible.

Dr. Freeman was much moved. "This is what your mother never hinted to me. It was only the suspicion, that your father had deserted her, that she ever spoke of. From what I have learned of the iniquitous system of slavery, and the many evils which it entails, and knowing her sensitiveness upon it, and her anxiety and excitement while the Fugitive Bill was before Congress, I was led to fear that there was something wrong on that point. Every impartial judge would admit that there was no African blood either in you or your mother. I knew that something was breaking her heart, and that she desired, most of all things, to conceal it from you. I took up the paper which she had placed upon the table, and saw, at one glance, that it was the news of the passage of the Fugitive Bill that caused her sudden death."

"And made the men of the North murderers!" said Edward.

They had lingered in their walk. They were now standing opposite a large elm, by which ran a beautiful stream. Here, under this tree, upon two large stones, had Mrs. Le Clare often sat with Edward, in his boyhood days, after listening to the Sunday sermons of Mr. Brownson. In order to render this retired spot even more beautiful, Mrs. Le Rux had planted a wild rose-bush, which was now large and thrifty.

"Let us be seated here," said Dr. Freeman. "As to this letter, which you have received so mysteriously, there may be treachery in the heart of the writer; or, on the contrary, it may be, as he has said, that he desires to do you good. It behoves you to use much precaution in all your movements. In regard to the six thousand dollars, if there be documents, or anything else, to prove the illegality of holding your mother's children in bondage, in the possession of the writer, or any one else, it needs but a legal process to bring the facts to light. But the difficulty will be in obtaining justice through a legal decision at the South. And, if it were possible to have such an examination at the North, even in Massachusetts, upon the very summit of Bunker Hill, there would be no hope under the Fugitive Act. Our country is now sold to slavery. Our commissioners, our judges — I cannot say jurors, for whoever is claimed as a slave has no right to a trial by jury — have lost their manhood! Men of the North seem no longer created in the image of their God! They have sold themselves to the Southern oligarchy; they have bartered away their liberty, and the nation's honor, for fear that the South would dissolve the 'glorious Union.' Judas betrayed *his* master for thirty pieces of silver; but our selfish demagogues have

betrayed freedom for the privilege of holding some petty office under the slave power. The South gives the presidency to no one who will not be a traitor to freedom."

Here the doctor drew from his pocket a newspaper, and read aloud an extract from the letter of Daniel Webster to the Mayor of Boston, expressing the President's thanks to the people of Boston, and his confidence in them, that they would in future sustain the Fugitive Act. "This letter," said the doctor, "was written after the President received the facts in regard to the escape of Shadrach, and also the resolutions passed thereupon. Yes, it has come to this; and it needs but a bold lie from a Southern kidnapper, and you, Edward, will be delivered over by the commissioner to the rice swamps of Alabama, and Edith to the brutal lusts of those long steeped in crime!"

"O my God!" said Edward, as he sprang to his feet, "I must hasten. I can endure slavery—I can go to the rice swamps, to whips, to chains, and to death! But Edith must be protected!" The perspiration stood in large drops upon his white brow.

"Hear me," said the doctor. "You have spoken of going to France; that country, or England, is all the refuge you can hope for now."

"And have I then no country?" exclaimed Edward, in the deepest mental anguish. "Am I to be an outcast from America? Hear me, then, O ye heavens!—bear witness, ye murmuring streams, ye hills, ye valleys, where I have dwelt in happiness and hope!—hear me, ye hosts of heaven!—bear witness, thou Inspirer of eternal truth, thou Maker and Upholder of all things, that America has sealed her doom! This guilty nation

must fall! God will utterly forsake the American Union in its guilt! He has heard the wail of millions, who have gone on before me, as witness to the nation's hypocrisy and oppression. I feel an inspiration in my soul! How dare ye, O ye freemen of America, crucify the goddess of liberty? How dare ye follow in the footsteps of the ancient despotisms, which, forgetting their God, were utterly overthrown? Did not God destroy them? Did he not sweep them away with the besom of destruction? Canst thou, boasted land of exact justice, equal rights, and freedom to all, sustain thy crimes against a holy and just God, when he pronounces thy doom?

"I shall go," cried Edward; "and, though my body rest in the rice swamps of Alabama, or perchance in some foreign land, remember, thou worshippers of the demon slavery, that Edward Le Clare has a spirit unpolluted by crime; and that, though thou hast power to enslave him in this world, in eternity he will possess greater privileges than thou!"

Edward ceased speaking, and Dr. Freeman felt for him a sympathy commensurate with the severe trials he was called upon to bear. The doctor was a poor man; but he took from his pocket a ten-dollar gold piece. "Accept this," said he to Edward; "it is all I have to offer now."

"No," said Edward, "I can take nothing from one whom I have seen buffeting with this heartless world, to earn a competence for the support of his wife and children, and his aged and helpless parents. I have some jewelry that was my mother's, which she bade me sell, if need be. But my father!—can I leave him?"

"Ella will remain with Mrs. Wise," replied the doctor, "and, with the assistance of Richard, your father will doubtless receive the best attention. Mr. Erskine will also render any aid in his power."

Edward was silent for some minutes, while his countenance betrayed increased emotion. "Ella," he said at length, "has acted towards me as a fond sister; but I confess there has been a deeper feeling on my part. I thank God that she is saved! I fear that this revelation will cause her some pain, for I believe that she is not wholly indifferent to me. But think what she has escaped! I cannot see her, but must leave it with you to tell her the sad tale. I dare not trust myself to do it. Tell her to forget me — to put her trust in God — to think of my mother's trials, and she will shudder at the bare imagination of what she has escaped."

Edward returned to the house. He met Ella at the door of his father's room. He tried to appear like himself, but the effort was futile. He found his father sleeping, and seemingly less feverish than when he left him. He looked upon his father's manly brow, and face. "He must once have been handsome," thought Edward; "yet methinks he is prematurely old. I must leave him; but, if I meet him no more in this world, God grant that my mother's prayers may be answered, and that we may be united in heaven! I will awake him now," resolved Edward, placing his hand upon the invalid's forehead.

Mr. Le Rux awokè, opened his eyes, and looked calmly at Edward. "You were right, my son," said he. "The Lord has forgiven me. It was slavery that forced me to sin. I have repented, and found mercy." He then closed his eyes.

“Bless the Lord,” said Edward, “for his great goodness.”

The lips of Mr. Le Rux moved; while his countenance was indicative of much peace. At length he pronounced the name, “Emily,” with much emphasis, and again slept. When it was time for his medicine, Edward tried in vain to awaken him.

“It must be the sleep of death!” thought Edward, as he hurriedly called Mrs. Wise, and dispatched Richard for the doctor.

Dr. Freeman tried every means to arouse the invalid. At length he revived, looked at the doctor, and from him to Edward, and said, “Edward, Edith, farewell!” Then he gasped, “Emily, I come! I come!” sank away, and Mr. Le Rux slept the sleep of death.

As Edward stood by the deathbed of his father, he lifted his heart to God, and felt his spirit strengthened. He wept not, but was calm and self-possessed. “Let my father be buried as my mother was,” said the orphan youth to Dr. Freeman. “I cannot remain here longer; something bids me hasten. Did not my father bid me do so, when he pronounced the name of ‘Edith?’ Here is the key of my mother’s room; you will find all things belonging to her there. If I do not return, make use of them in the cause of freedom.” Edward stood a few moments alone by the couch of death; then, descending the stairs, he bade Mrs. Wise and Richard “good-by.”

“Is your business so important that you must leave us now?” asked Ella.

“It is of more importance than my poor life,” was the reply. Edward dared not trust himself to speak farther. He turned and left the house.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MARIANA'S DISCLOSURES AT THE PRISON-HOUSE.—PREPARATIONS FOR ESCAPE.

"CAN I see Mariana again to-day?" asked Emily, as Fanny brought in her breakfast.

"It was Moloch," replied the latter, "who left her door unlocked; he was in such a hurry to go. Usually, when he goes off, he puts bread and water in her room, and locks her in; and then takes the key with him. And now he's got the key, but he forgot to lock the door. He must have felt in a big hurry, I think."

"Was that what Mariana meant yesterday, when she said that I was an angel—that the Lord had sent me to open her prison-doors?" inquired Emily.

"I guess it was," replied Fanny; "but I did n't think of it then."

"Well, she is right: it is the Lord's doings."

"But you ain't an angel," said Fanny, as she looked at Emily; "for Minta used to tell me they always had wings."

"I did not say that I was an angel," was Emily's answer; "but I am sure now that the Lord is using me to bring about some good. How is Nehemiah this morning?"

"He ain't any better, and he can't get up, because his knee is so bad. And he can't do anything with Mariana, any way. He never will pound her a bit, if

Moloch does whip him, because he says it ain't right. But my head aches," continued Fanny; "and I've got to wash all the clothes; and the child is dreadful cross. Oh, I wish I could go back to Ohio."

"Listen to me," said Emily, impressively. "I have strong hopes that we shall escape from this place, since you told me of the door that Moloch forgot. You know that strange things happen sometimes. The Lord will punish these wicked people, sooner or later; and perhaps the time has come now. If I ever escape," continued Emily, "and you don't go too, I will complain to the authorities, and you shall be released, because you were kidnapped; and then you can proclaim the wicked things you have seen done here, and David and Moloch will be punished."

"I've heard David say, that if anybody should attempt to seize him here, they would find that they had got guns! And he said there would be a great many men here in a little while, to help him; for they were his partners. He said he was afraid, one while, of defeat in respect to Texas. But now he says there ain't a bit of danger, for the folks up North keep making laws to help them kidnap; and that the South can now force them to do anything they choose."

"Did he tell this to you?" asked Emily.

"Oh no; I heard him talking to Moloch, when they thought I was fast asleep. David said he was sorry he was so old; and that, if he was as young as Moloch, he'd live to see slavery all over the country up North, and then they would have a bigger company, and kidnap a great many more."

"Well," said Emily, "go and bring the child to me, and I will take care of her in your place."

Fanny soon brought in the child, evidently glad to be relieved. But the child was very fretful, and soon commenced crying.

"It is not my child," said Mariana, suddenly entering the room; "but I thought you would let me look at her. May be she has got a mother," said Mariana, mournfully. "But she will never find her mother, now she has come here; and by-and-by they will sell her."

"Did you bring a child here?" inquired Emily.

"Yes."

"Can't you tell me about it?"

"Yes, willingly, if you desire."

"I would be very glad to hear it."

"My father lived in Scotland," said Mariana, "and he was rich. And, when I married William, he gave me a heap of money. William wanted to come to America; and, when my father died, I was willing to come with him. I don't know how long I have been in America, but we had been married five years when we came. We arrived at New Orleans, and were preparing to commence business, when we were advised to go to Texas, in company with several others. William was a physician, and they wanted him to follow his profession, and let them use his money to speculate with. He lent them about five thousand dollars at the start. Sometimes twenty men would come to the house at a time; and I disliked their appearance very much, and urged William to collect his money, and leave the place.

"In less than one year, I had twins born. We had previously buried one child in Scotland. We were in an out-of-the-way place, and William did not have much practice, neither did he get any profits from the

company ; and, at last, he told them he must have his money. They were very angry, and swore at him. After this, they used to come to our house and gamble, and coax him to do so ; but he wouldn't. One day there came a man, whom we had not seen before. He had a long talk with William, telling him that the company had met with great losses, and that, in order to recover what he had already invested, my husband must let them have ten thousand dollars more, so that they could recover themselves. This William would not do. The twins were then three years old. In a few days, I had another child born.

"It was some time after this, that about twenty armed men came to the house one night, and demanded of William that he should put in all his money. He would not comply, but demanded of them his five thousand dollars already lent. Two of the men sprang upon him, and bound him hand and foot. They then demanded his money. He still refused to give it up. They fastened a rope to his neck, dragged him out of doors, and swore horrible oaths that they would hang him, unless he yielded.

"At this instant, I said : 'Do not kill him ! Save William, and you shall have our money.'

"'Now we are lost,' said William to me.

"At this instant, the villains strung him up ; and, as they did so, I fainted. When I revived, and lifted my eyes to the tree, William was dangling in the air !

"The robbers then bade me get the money quickly, or I should share a like fate. I hesitated ; for I felt I could not live without William. But I looked then at my dear children, and, taking the babe in my arms, I bade one of the men follow me. I went to the spot

where William had hid his money. There was a large stone above it; this I bade him remove, and dig. He soon reached the treasure — about twenty thousand dollars in gold.

“Now they had got the money, some of the men started off with my twins; when one of the robbers who had the money put a knife to my breast, and bade me be silent. Another man now came forward, and said that he would save my life, and suffer me to keep the babe, if I would be his wife. I refused. They then seized the child, to tear it from me; when I said, ‘Yes, yes; leave me the babe, and I will comply.’ Another of the gang now said: ‘I pronounce you man and wife. Whom God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.’ I cast my eyes toward the tree, where hung William’s corpse, and it seemed to me that he was looking at me. I uttered a shriek, and sank upon the ground.

“When I revived, there were but two men present, David and Moloch. They informed me that I was the lawful wife of Moloch, and I must take an oath, which David read to me. It was that I should never seem to recognize the face of any one whom I had seen at the house, while residing in that place, let me meet them when and where I would; and that I would agree to become a member of the Murrell, or kidnapping company. To this I agreed, upon oath, while a knife was pointed at my heart.

“We now entered the house. I remained there some time, during which they buried William; and many men came to the house, whom Moloch said were members of the company.

“On the second night, a man came with a large

o-horse wagon, which he filled with such of our
ings as they considered the most valuable. We then
velled all night. The next day I made some ado,
account of William and my twins, whereupon Mo-
sh took from his pocket a phial, containing some liquid,
rich he bade me swallow. I thought it was poison,
d, had it not been for my babe, I would have taken
gladly, for I was weary of my life. I obeyed, how-
er, and found it to be laudanum. I knew nothing
ore till I was here, and a prisoner. My child accom-
nied me—Moloch promising that he would not
ke it away.

“I frequently saw those here, whose faces were fa-
liar to me, but I have been true to that oath. I was
ad not to know them. I did the work of the house.
annot tell how long I had been here, when Moloch
ok away my child; and I have never seen her again!
is only since then that I have had the ‘spells.’ Be-
re that, I used to pray, and bear my troubles; and
nen I told Moloch that God would punish him for
s wickedness, he said, ‘there is no God;’ and he held
s hand up, and called upon God to damn him, if
ere was any. But I see, now,” said Mariana, “that
ere *is* a God; and I prayed to him last night, and
is morning, and I think he has heard me; and I feel
if I should not have any more spells.”

“Well,” said Emily, “I want you to pray that we
ay get away from here; and then perhaps we may
id your children.”

“If we do,” said the wretched woman, “it will be
cause the Lord sends an angel to open our prison-
ors. And if you were not an angel sent right down
m heaven, I believe he has made an angel of you,

some way ; for I have not suffered near so much since I heard you pray ; and your eyes look like an angel's. But, if anybody comes to let us out of this place, Moloch and David will shoot them."

"Have they guns?" asked Emily.

"Yes, and they have a keg of powder."

"Where do they keep their guns?"

"In my room."

Fanny now came to sleep in Emily's room. She was tired, and Emily forebore asking any further questions ; and Fanny and the child were soon sound asleep.

Taking the light, Emily proceeded to the room of Nehemiah. He was also sleeping, but not very quietly. "He is in pain," thought Emily. She now threaded another dark passage, and came to the room of Mariana, who had not retired, but sat upon a low stool. As Emily entered, she looked up, arose, and motioned to a seat. Emily was surprised at the ease and politeness with which the suffering woman did this. "Surely," thought Emily, "she has once moved in the higher walks of society."

Mariana seated herself at a little distance from Emily, and her manner gave evidence that she was pleased with the visit. Emily did not break the silence, for she was examining the room.

Mariana at length said : "I am not accustomed to living so ; but, when William and I came to America, we did not buy many nice things, for it seemed wise to wait until we were settled ; but I had some pictures and books, and a chest of nice clothes, linen, etc. Moloch brought them here, but he has taken them all away, and sold them."

Mariana went to the opposite side of the room, lifted

a board, and returned with a paper, which she handed to Emily. Upon opening it, Emily found two gold lockets, with each a picture.

"It is me and my William," said Mariana. They were both exceedingly good-looking.

"Is it possible," thought Emily, "that the being now before me was ever the original of this?"

"I did not imagine," said Mariana, "that I looked so dreadful bad, until I saw myself in that glass. But now, nobody would know that I was once Mariana!"

Emily felt grieved for the oppressed woman. But she had come on an important errand, which admitted of no delay; and she said, "Where do they keep the guns?"

Mariana pointed to a part of the room, where stood a bench covered with different kinds of tools. It resembled a joiner's bench, except that it was smaller. "They are in there," said Mariana; "and Moloch said, that if I opened the door, there was one gun fixed in such a manner that it would go off, and kill me. And I have never dared to open it; but he took that one away with him, I think, when he left last."

"Are the guns all loaded?"

"Yes, for Moloch is afraid of something; and he made me hold the light for him, the night before he went away, while he loaded them."

"Well," said Emily, "will you help me move out this bench?"

This was soon done; but Emily could see no door, it was simply pannel-work. Mariana applied her hand to one part of it, evidently pressing quite hard, and it flew open. "This is a strange place," said Emily, starting back as she attempted to look in. Do tell me,

Mariana, all you know about the house, and why they shut people up here. This place seems to lead into a well, or deep hole."

"You did n't look in the proper direction," said Mariana; "you should have turned your eyes to the right. There is a hole at the left, where they used to throw stolen goods. Years ago, the Murrell gang helped David to build this house; and, when anything was stolen that they were afraid would be found, they sent it here; or, if they had kidnapped anybody, and apprehended pursuit, they brought the captives here. And now they have become pimps to the lusts of Southern gentlemen, who pay Moloch and David well for the vile service. Those who deal with the two scoundrels of course speak of this house as only a safe private place for business."

Emily approached the closet again; and, following the directions of Mariana, she soon came in close contact with the guns.

"I used to go all over the house," said Mariana, "when I did the work, before Moloch took away my child, and I had the wild spells. But since Fanny came, I have been locked up in this room. I cooked nice things for them, and prepared great suppers; and they would sit, and drink, and play cards, and tell over the wicked things they had done. Oh, it was dreadful!" And Mariana shuddered.

Emily found nearly a dozen loaded guns. She immediately filled the priming-holes with grease, and replaced the weapons, excepting two, which she carried to her own room and secreted under her bed — the only hiding-place in the room. Fanny expressed her surprise, as she caught sight of the guns in the morning,

from her position upon the floor. But Emily exhorted her to be silent and firm, and render prompt aid, in case it should be deemed safe to attempt to escape.

"I am confident," declared Emily, "that God will be my strength. And I want you to lend me your knife, that, in case I fail in one way, I may not in the other."

"Moloch said," replied Fanny, "that he supposed he'd have to die some time, and he would n't wonder if he'd be murdered; but, he said, he was n't half so wicked as David. I believe he felt real awful. I asked him if he had had any warning, and told him I'd heard Minta say, that folks sometimes were warned; and he said, he had a 'sentiment that something was going to happen."

"Was it not a presentiment?" said Emily.

"Oh, yes; but I don't know what that means."

"Well," exclaimed Emily, "I think it is an impression upon our mind, by some power delegated from God, and which, if rightly heeded, might afford the wicked time for repentance. But, if they do not heed it, it becomes to them, in the language of the Bible, a 'fearful looking-for of fiery indignation.' So also, with good people—they have impressions. Jesus Christ promised to lead them into all truth. Now, if they gave heed to his impressions, it would save them a vast amount of trouble. I once lived in France; and my father wanted I should come to America. I was impressed not to come. But I rejected the impression, and came, and I have been very sorry. My cousin wanted me to walk out one evening. I was strongly impressed that something would happen to me, if I went. But I did not heed it; and I was kidnapped and brought here. I had an impression, for several days, of

something important which was to be done ; and it kept me thinking all the time what it could be. But, as soon as Mariana mentioned the guns, I knew what it was, and I obeyed ; and it will turn out well with me yet. This idea is rejected and ridiculed by most persons ; but I generally receive these impressions, and have thereby been led into much truth. I have a strong presentiment now, that retribution is about to fall upon David and Moloch. And, if you will trust me, and do as I tell you, I will have you set free, if possible," said Emily, hopefully.

" Can you shoot one of them guns ? " inquired Fanny.

" Yes, I can shoot with good aim, I assure you. My grandfather was a great marksman. They used to say that nobody but a Yankee could beat him. He took great delight in training me to shoot at a mark ; and, before I was sixteen years old, he gave me the name of the Yankee marksman, because he said that I could excel him."

" I 'm dreadful 'fraid of guns ! " exclaimed Fanny.

" I am not half as much afraid of them, even if pointed at my breast, as I am of wicked men," responded Emily.

" Well, I will help you what I can ; but I think they will kill us all," said Fanny.

Fanny now left the room, but soon returned, saying, as she handed the knife to Emily, " Nehemiah says I'd better die than be real wicked."

" This will do good execution," observed Emily, drawing the knife from its sheath.

" Won't you put it back there again," requested Fanny, " and hide it somewhere ? — for I don't want them to get it."

Emily returned it to the sheath, and placed it in her bosom.

"How is Nehemiah?" she inquired.

"He ain't any better," replied Fanny, "and he wants you to come and see him."

Emily found him quite ill. He did not attempt to speak; but she thought there was a mixture of curiosity and pity in his countenance. With the assistance of Fanny, she prepared a poultice from the best things the house afforded, and bound up his knee; then, bidding Fanny apply cold water to his head, she left him.

CHAPTER XL.

FURTHER DISCLOSURES OF MARIANA TO EMILY.

"Who are you going to shoot?" said Mariana, as she entered Emily's room. "I saw you bring away two of those guns just now."

"My enemies," said Emily, "if need be; but I shall do it only as a last resort."

"I would rather have one of the pistols," said Mariana.

"Where are the pistols?"

"On the shelf, over the guns."

"Can you fire a pistol?" said Emily.

"I believe I could, although my hand trembles and my eyes are weak."

"Why have you not shot David and Moloch before this time, then, and ran away? I would have tried it, if I *had* made a random shot," said Emily.

"It would not have been of any use," replied Mariana. "I could n't have got away. They have dogs, which they would have put on my track. Moloch says, they would kill anybody in the swamp; and that there is not a place anywhere about, where we would not be taken. They have some kind of a horn, which they used to blow, and, in a few minutes after, there would be lots of men here."

"Well, I am going to get the pistols," said Emily. "If I don't want them, I will bring them away, so that

they cannot have them to shoot us. I want you, Mariana, to keep your mind quiet, and pray the Lord that you may have courage and wisdom, if you are asked by me to do anything. I thought, last night, that I would ask you to tell me some of the things those men used to boast of having done."

For an instant, Emily saw a shadow pass over the face of the injured woman; but it was soon dispelled, and Mariana said: "That question of yours made me think of my little girl, that Moloch cruelly took from me and sold into slavery; for the very night they took her away, I heard the men relate their murderous and unholy doings; and it was on that same night that I had my first terrible spell."

"How do you feel when you are going to have them?" said Emily.

"When I think of something my children used to do, I have a wild, horrid feeling in my head; then a burning heat all over my body; then my heart jumps terribly; then I become dizzy, and stagger, and a cold sweat comes all over me. A horrid vision of William hanging on the tree, of the twins being carried off, and of my little girl being sold to the trader, comes up before me. Every noise I hear makes me tremble, and I am listening all the time to hear if a child is crying; then I suppose I say everything, and act bad."

"Well, you need not tell me anything more about it," said Emily, as she took Mariana's hands in hers and looked into her eye. Emily then asked,

"Does your head ache?"

"Some," was the reply.

Emily then arose and passed her hands several times over Mariana's head.

"It does not ache any now," said Mariana; "but I want to know where you learned that?"

"I learned it in France. My grandfather used to cure my headache that way."

"Did he come with you to America?"

"No. He is still in France; and, if I ever get away from here, I mean to go to him."

"What is his name?"

"His name is Le Roy."

Mariana was silent a minute, and then said, "What is your name?"

"My name is Edith Emily Le Rux."

Mariana sprang to her feet, and said, hurriedly: "Come; come with me."

Emily was alarmed. "She is indeed going to have a spell," thought she. But, before she could speak, Mariana said: "How old are you?" and, before a reply could be given, she added, "Is your mother dead?"

"Sit down," said Emily, with much agitation. "You are going to have a spell."

"Oh, no," said Mariana, "I am not. But come with me, and let me show you something."

Emily did as she desired, and Mariana led her to her room.

"See here," said she, as she lifted the board from where she had taken the lockets. She stooped, and lifted out a piece of old oilcloth, and, unrolling it, handed Emily a paper, on one side of which was written, "Mr. Le Roy, France," and on the other, "Mr. Le Rux, New Orleans."

"Who wrote it?" said Emily.

"I did," replied Mariana.

"How?"

"I wrote it so as to remember it." Mariana then replaced the board, and went with Emily back to her own room.

"Now, sit down by me," she continued, "and I will tell you all about it."

Emily obeyed, fixing her eyes steadily upon her, without speaking. Mariana said:

"It was the very night on which they took away my child that I wrote that paper. I had got supper for the men, during which Agnes had been holding on to my clothes, and crying, for she was afraid of them. Moloch swore at her, and threatened to throw her into the well, but it only made her cry harder. I was glad when they went to gambling, for then I could take her up. I gave her some supper, and she soon sobbed herself to sleep, when I laid her on the bed and went to wash my dishes.

"While I was washing them, I heard one of the men talking about her. He told Moloch that he would give him one hundred dollars for her. Moloch said he had promised me that he would not sell her, and that he was afraid, if he did, I would not be good for anything any more. I felt dreadfully, and sat down behind the door, where I could hear them talk.

"David said that I would work better, if Moloch sold the child. One of the men said, he was afraid I would never get them any more good suppers, and that it would be too bad to take her from me. But David laughed at him, and said, it was all stuff; that I would do a great deal more work. 'Don't you see,' said he, 'how she hinders her mother, by hanging on to her clothes, while she is going about the house? Besides, there is a good deal of time taken to feed her, and fix

and wash her clothes. A hundred dollars is a pretty good price for her. I have sold lots of them; but I never got into but one very difficult scrape. That was when a vessel was lost. I took three women and five children from the vessel, into a small boat, and brought them all here, except one woman, who got drowned. When they came in, we made them all give in their names. One of the women was French, and she said her name was Le Roy. She had a little girl, about three years old. Old Mr. Le Roy took the child, and I kept the woman. She was real handsome. She made a mighty fuss at first, but I soon brought her under. There was one child, about two years old, that I thought I would keep until it got older; for I knew the father was in the city, trying to find his wife and children. He was on board the vessel, and saw them put into the boat. At last, Mr. Le Roy came over from France, to make inquiries about his wife and child. I watched him until he got on board the ship to return to France, when I stepped on board, intending to deceive him, and get a large reward for returning him his child; but I had merely time to place the child in his arms before I found that the vessel was getting under way. I hurried on shore without even speaking, but not until I had seized his pocket-book, which lay upon the table.'

"Did he tell what became of Mrs. Le Roy?" asked Emily.

"No," replied Mariana; "he did not then; but I have heard him say that she had a brother, named Marsells, who was brought here with her, and who went crazy while shut up here. David also said that he never dared to allow him to go anywhere, as he had a brother in

the city, who might discover thereby much that he wanted to remain obscure; consequently he was obliged to get rid of him the best way he could. One of the men asked, if he gagged him; and then they all laughed heartily.

"I did not believe that they would take my child from me," continued Mariana. "I was tired, and I lay down beside her, putting my arm over her. They were all drinking, swearing, and some of them were singing, while others were gambling. I did not mean to go to sleep, but endeavored to hear what they said. I *did* go to sleep, however,—and I was awakened by a cry from the child; and, as I opened my eyes, Jew David addressed her. I was soon up, and sprang at him, with a determination to tear him in pieces, for I felt as if I could do it. He pushed me from him with violence; but I was upon him again. He then seized me by the hair, threw me to the door, pressed the spring with his foot, and it flew open. 'Go,' said he, 'where I put my woman, into the well,' and he pushed me towards it. I clung to him, while I cried 'Murder!' At this, three of the men came. Moloch stopped Jew David, and took the child. As I saw him disappear from the room, I gave one scream, and fell upon the floor.

"When I came to myself, I was lying upon the bed. I arose, and went to the door, but found it was fast. That night, Moloch came, and brought me some bread and water. I did not speak or look at him. When he came again, he said that, if I did not get up and go to work, and say nothing about the child, he would do as David said—throw me into the well, where David threw his women.

"I think I had a spell then; for I told him the Lord

would put the mark of a murderer upon him, and damn him forever. I told him everything I could think of, that was in the Bible, about punishing the wicked. I told him he dared not kill me. He trembled all over, and turned as pale as death. At last, he said there was n't any God. I told him I knew there was a God. He laughed, and asked me what kind of a God he was? He then went away, and locked me up in this room. I prayed the Lord to send an angel to unlock the door. I prayed before Moloch, and he kept saying, 'there was not any God' so often that I began to believe him."

"There was your error, Mariana. You should not have believed him, but trusted in God," said Emily, as she bade her good-night, and retired to her room.

"Surely," thought Emily, "that which I have heard to-night is mysterious. There is no doubt of the facts stated by Mariana; and here also are the names upon the paper. My grandmother was the wife of Mr. Le Roy of France, and was lost on her passage to America; but I have never heard grandfather speak of but one child, and she became my stepmother. But, if he had another, and she was taken by a Mr. Le Rux of New Orleans, it must have been grandfather Le Rux. O, my father! would that I could once more behold you, and learn from you the truth; learn concerning my mother, and why I am enslaved thus."

O, mystery on mystery! All seemed dark to her, as she thought of the well, and that she was in the power of the same wretch. But hope again revived in the heart of Emily. She glanced at the spot where she had secreted the guns. The thought then came to her mind that she had forgotten the pistols, and she returned

to the room for the purpose of bringing them. Mariana showed them to her, and she took them from the shelf. As she turned to leave the place, her foot came upon something hard, which she picked up, and found to be a key. She placed it in her pocket, and retired to her room, followed by Mariana.

"How did you get pen and paper to write this?" said Emily, as she drew from her pocket the paper containing the names. "Fanny told me that David brought them here when he came, but carried them away with him again."

"David used to leave them here," said Mariana, "and I wrote it then. I thought if ever I got away, I would tell about it."

CHAPTER XLI.

MOLOCH'S RETURN.—EMILY'S HEROISM.—THE RESCUE.

"MOLOCH'S come," said Fanny, as she entered the room; "and he wants us to be real still. I have never seen him act so before. He said that there was a gentleman coming, and I must tell you that it was his orders that you fix up real nice, and look real handsome; and mind and behave yourself, or you'll never get out of this place. He got this comb, and says you must comb your hair real nice."

Emily felt agitated; but she lifted her heart above. "What did Moloch say to you, Fanny?"

"He said I was old enough to make money for them; and that David said I must raise children for market. But Moloch acts real skared, and harks; and, once, I thought he was going for a gun."

"Well, here is your knife," said Emily. "Take it; and, if Moloch attempts to abuse you, do as Nehemiah said; but don't use it as long as you can escape him. Have you a pocket?"

"Yes," replied Fanny. "This is a dress they got somewhere, and Moloch told me to put it on. There is a real good pocket in it."

"Put the knife in it, then," said Emily, "with the point downwards; and when you find it is necessary for your safety that you should use it, take it out, so; with your right hand, take off the sheath, so. Don't be frightened,

but aim right at his heart. Now, do it, as you value your happiness in this world and in the next."

Fanny seemed aroused to a sense of her situation; and, Emily, taking the comb, bade her tell Moloch that she was combing her hair.

Having arrayed her person as neatly as possible, Emily seated herself, with her Testament in her hand, and tried to calm her excited mind; but she felt the quick throbbings of her heart, while she prayed to God for strength. "I will trust him," thought she; "he will never forsake me."

She heard the outer door opened, then her door, and a man entered, closing and locking the door after him. He advanced boldly toward where she was sitting. She arose, and, fixing her eye steadily upon him, said:

"Sir, this is a very unceremonious manner of entering my room. Have you any business with me?"

Emily had recognized in the intruder Mr. Livingsworth; but she chose not to make it known at once.

Livingsworth hesitated, and seemed to cower for an instant beneath her look, but he did not speak.

"Whom have I the honor of addressing?" said Emily.

"Livingsworth; my name is Livingsworth," was the reply.

"I am not unacquainted with your name and character; and I therefore wish you to retire," said Emily.

Livingsworth moved towards her a step or two, and she continued:

"Surely one of your profession should possess honor sufficient to retire at the bidding of a lady; but, as you seem undecided, you can be seated, as I would like to ask you a few questions;" and, without giving him time

to reply, she arose, and, pointing to the seat she had occupied, passed to the opposite side of the room, and seated herself upon a stool, at the head of the bed.

Livingsworth hesitated, and again advanced towards her. "I cannot allow you to come any nearer," said Emily, as she arose to her feet. "The daughter of Edward Le Rux understands herself too well to submit to any impropriety. You will either leave the room, or be seated and reply to my interrogations."

Livingsworth seemed in a dilemma, and he again cowered as he met her eye. Turning, he seated himself in the chair which Emily had left.

"I said," remarked Emily, "that I was acquainted with your character. You have just returned from the North. You was, doubtless, instigated to attend the meeting of the Colonization Society from a pure feeling of philanthropy for the crushed and bleeding Africans."

For a few minutes, Mr. Livingsworth seemed to forget the object of his visit. He was evidently flattered, and said, with much gravity:

"Certainly, certainly, Miss Le Rux. I consider it one of the most benevolent objects of the age."

"It undoubtedly attracts the attention of every religious denomination," said Emily.

"Yes, madam."

"You are, doubtless, one of that class," continued Emily.

"I am a member of the Church, and I endeavor to honor my profession," replied Livingsworth.

"If so, then this visit is a fortunate circumstance for me," said Emily, "as I am confined in this place against my will; and your philanthropy will, no doubt, lead

you to take such steps as will bring about my release. As you are a man of God, and certainly feel a pride and a pleasure in doing all you can for the welfare of society, I will inform you that this is a house of great guilt. There are those confined within these walls who are entitled to the protection of the law. Besides many acts of an equally revolting nature, here was murdered the wife of one of the noblest sons of France. But I will trouble you no farther than to ask you to unlock these prison-doors, of which I perceive you have the keys, and protect me until I am within the jurisdiction of the law."

Here the mask was thrown off, and Livingsworth exclaimed, "What! and lose such a pretty girl as you, for whom I have paid the highest price?"

"My freedom I shall have, thou base hypocrite! for there is an inspiration in my soul that gives me the assurance," said Emily.

"Oh, yes," said Livingsworth, as he moved towards her, "I have come to give you freedom, but you must not rob me of ——"

"Advance another step at your peril!" said Emily, as she sprang to her feet.

"Moloch don't give girls anything to hurt folks with; he has seen too much of that. You will hardly escape as Bernice did," said Livingsworth, in a playful manner.

"Do you believe in a God?" asked Emily, as she placed her hand carefully upon the pillow, and looked him full in the face.

"Oh, yes! I believe in a God; and I also believe in such pretty girls as you," and he still advanced.

During this, Emily had slid her hand under the pillow. "Then go to meet your God!" said she, as she

withdrew her hand, and exposed a pistol to his view. Quick as thought, she took deliberate aim — there was a report, and Livingsworth fell.

“ You ish jusht ash pretty, Fanny, ash de w’ite girls,” said Moloch, as he entered the house, after delivering the keys to Livingsworth.

Moloch turned suddenly, and listened. He remained thus some ten minutes; then, addressing Nehemiah, he said, “ I guessh I’ll get my gun.”

He felt in his pocket for the key; but, not finding it, he proceeded to Mariana’s room. He entered, and, uttering a horrid oath, gave Mariana a blow upon the head; took two of the guns, without noticing that there were any missing, and, on returning, placed them near the door. He listened again, when the report from Emily’s pistol attracted his attention.

“ Who gave her the pistol?” said Moloch, as he started for the room.

“ Let me in, let me in, quick!” said a voice at the door, which they recognized as David’s. “ The guns — the pistols — be quick, or we are lost!” said David, in a breath.

Moloch ran into Mariana’s room, and Emily, who had in the mean time escaped from her own room, followed him with a pistol.

“ I’ll shut your mouth,” said Moloch to Mariana.

The next instant, Moloch fell to the floor, wounded by Emily, who retreated to the other room, followed by Mariana. Scarcely had she reached there, before a vigorous and powerful attempt was made to force the outer door, which led to Emily’s room.

“ They are our enemies,” said David, with a look of

terror, agitation, and anger, seizing, at the same time, one of the guns.

Emily, with great presence of mind, took from the wounded wretch, Livingsworth, the keys. While she was endeavoring to unlock the door, David raised his gun, and pulled the trigger, but Emily's previous precautions saved her life. With the most undaunted courage she unlocked the doors, when David retreated from the room in extreme terror, closely followed by at least a dozen men.

"This way," said Mariana, as she flew into the yard and around the building.

"Secure him!" said Dr. Willis, as David emerged from an opening in the wall.

Every man seemed instinctively to rush to the spot where Jew David was attempting to make his escape. He was soon secured in such a manner as to prevent his easily getting away. This debased villain seemed determined to sustain, to the last, his character for hypocrisy, and, seeing that there was now no chance for escape, he said: "I ish not guilty; I ish real honest."

At this instant, a cry was heard from Mariana.

"Where is Mariana?" asked Emily.

"This way," said Fanny, as she ran for Mariana's room, followed by others.

"Moloch's not dead," said Mariana; "and I thought I would try to learn from him what he had done with my child."

"Take him to the open air," said Dr. Willis, "and let me examine his wound. I have other business for him than dying, just now."

The rescue of Emily seemed now complete. The providence of God appeared to be on the side of her

deliverers; for they scarcely anticipated so easy a success. But much yet remained to be done, and there was no time to be lost.

"Come with me," said Emily to the doctor, after he had finished dressing Moloch's wound.

They went to Emily's room, where the body of Livingsworth was still lying. Emily soon expained all to Dr. Willis.

"Well, another of our most prominent citizens has gone," said the doctor.

At this instant, Livingsworth groaned.

"He is not dead," said the doctor; "but I must manage this affair. You must be silent, Emily. I am conversant with Southern scenes, and understand all the points of law. I have already entered a suit to prove your freedom."

"Where is Nehemiah?" asked Emily of Fanny, as she met her in the passage.

"I was coming to tell you," said Fanny, "that he's gone right off with the men."

"Did they arrest the poor fellow?" said Emily.

"Nehemiah is a witness," said the doctor, "and will make full disclosures."

"Whoever is claimed by Jew David," said Mr. Battell, as he entered the house, "must be conducted to the city."

The sheriff then took charge of Mariana, Emily, Fanny, and the child. They were placed in a carriage, brought by Mr. Battell for the purpose — Dr. Willis alone remaining behind.

"Moloch and Livingsworth require my immediate attention," said Dr. Willis to Emily, as he handed her to the carriage. "The former may be of great service

in the coming trials. As to Livingsworth, I hold a power over him, which places him in my hands. His wound is not in my opinion fatal, unless it be neglected; and, fortunately, I anticipated the need of surgical assistance in this expedition." The doctor then spoke a few words to Mr. Battell, and re-entered the building, followed by Nehemiah, who had returned.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE TRIAL FOR EMILY'S FREEDOM.

SEVERAL weeks elapsed before the trial. It was the wish of Dr. Willis that Jew David's trial, for murder, should take place before Emily's, for her freedom. He visited the villain often in prison. The Jew was dogged and sullen. He was at length attacked with severe sickness. The doctor proved himself humane; he had the sufferer removed to a comfortable apartment, and kindly attended. But his trial was necessarily postponed.

The day at length arrived for the trial for Emily's freedom.

The first testimony introduced was the confession of Jew David. This was objected to, on the alleged ground that it had been extorted from him while in prison. The court overruled the objection, and it was read, as follows :

" I do hereby confess that I took from a ship, which was sinking near this shore, in the year 18—, a white child, which I believed to be of French birth ; and that said child afterwards became the property of Mr. William Le Rux, Senior, and was held by him as a slave, under the name of Judy. I do farther acknowledge that I seized upon the present Emily Le Rux, under a claim held by me against Mr. William Le Rux, Junior, and that I did this, knowing that she was a child of the

foresaid Judy, by the son of her master, Edward Le Rux, who eloped with her to France."

Moloch was next called. His testimony substantiated the confession of Jew David, which proved the slave Judy to have been kidnapped in childhood. But that was not sufficient to prove Emily the child of Judy.

Men were excited upon the subject. They were to be seen, here and there, in groups. Some turned pale when they heard that Jew David was under arrest for murder. But still Dr. Willis was calm.

Frank Le Rux was at length introduced as a witness. He did not know the mother of Emily. His father had never even hinted to him that his cousin Emily was a slave; he had always placed her upon an equality with himself in the family. But Frank's heart died within him, when, as he turned to leave the stand, he cast his eyes upon many in the room.

All was still in that court, when Dr. Willis entered with Emily Le Rux leaning upon his arm. Her veil was thrown back; she was seated, and men, dealers in human flesh and blood, were looking into her face, speculating in their own minds upon her good looks, and estimating the price that she would probably bring when sold upon the auction-block. The judge, from his bench, also cast occasional glances at the beautiful being, claimed as a chattel, before him.

Frank Le Rux was beside his cousin; he could not help indulging in varied anticipations. He thought the judge would by no means prejudge the case, for it was for him to decide whether the occupant of that seat was a human being with a right to herself, or a chattel, subject to the brutal control of others. Frank believed

the judge was moved by the scene, for he could not brook his glances. Frank looked from the judge to Emily; she, too, had been watching the judge. Frank thought he had never seen her appear so beautiful, or her eyes so illuminated.

But Emily knew nothing of the young man who was now called to the witness-stand. As the witness raised his eyes, Frank recognized his friend and correspondent, Edward Le Clare, from the North. He started to speak to Emily, but he caught Mr. Battell's eye, and forbore.

Edward Le Clare proceeded to give, in brief, his own history. Emily's eyes were riveted upon him; suddenly she sprang to his side, threw her arms around his neck, and exclaimed: "My brother! O my dear brother!" No more words were audible; the long separated brother and sister were folded in each other's embrace, sobbing aloud.

The judge bowed his head in silence. All in the court-room were taken by surprise; many, in human sympathy, were moved to tears.

Emily had yet much to learn from her brother's testimony. He proceeded to state, in detail, what his father had related to him before death. Emily was overwhelmed with grief and astonishment, and wept. She now learned, for the first time, that her own mother had lived, and that she had been cruelly separated from her by that father whom she so dearly loved; and had been forced to acknowledge another woman as mother, while her own mother had been dying of a broken heart. But now, both father and mother were dead, and she an orphan! Edward Le Clare had finished

his testimony, and seated himself beside Emily, with her hand in his.

Again silence reigned in the court, when Dr. Willis entered, with an aged gentleman leaning upon his arm. He was clad in a traveling suit, and had evidently just left some public conveyance. He was seemingly worn out with fatigue; his look was dignified, but sad. As he seated himself, Emily recognized him as her grandfather, Americus M. Le Roy, from France. Tears trembled in the old man's eyes, as he beheld his dear Emily, her face still bearing the traces of grief.

Dr. Willis now took the witness-stand. There were evident signs of uneasiness in the room, and, as he looked around, he observed a sort of dread lest some revelations would be made, affecting persons present. Said Dr. Willis: "In my professional capacity, I attended the deathbed of William Le Rux, Senior. I hold in my hand his dying confession."

But who was the counsel to whom Dr. Willis gave the sealed document? All eyes were turned upon him. He was a stranger; but he sent a thrill through the court, when, breaking the seal, he read aloud, "The dying confession of William Le Rux, Senior." There was excitement among those seated nearest the defendant's counsel, and several gentlemen arose to leave the court-room; but the judge ordered the sheriff to keep order, for the purpose of hearing the confession, and it was read, as follows:

"With a full sense of my guilt, in having been accessory, with many others, in the plot of kidnapping a female child, which I believe to have been of French birth; also of receiving such child from Jew David, as my part of the spoil taken from a ship which was

wrecked upon this shore,— I do now, in the presence of God, declare, that I do this, praying that God, before whom I must soon appear, will pardon all my sins. Furthermore, I here swear, before Almighty God, that this child was kept in my family as a slave, under the name of Judy, until she was seventeen years of age, at which time my son Edward eloped with her. Judy was not a slave by birth, but kidnapped by Jew David.

“I have the testimony of Dr. Willis, my attending physician, that Edward and Judy were lawfully married; that they remained in America nearly one year; then sailed for France, where they now reside; that Judy took the name of Emily; that she is now the mother of two children, a son and daughter. This confession is to be used in case they ever return to America, and she or her children are claimed as slaves. But, if they remain in France, or if they return to America and are not claimed as slaves, it is not to be used, but to remain in the hands of Dr. Willis; or, if he dies, it is to be placed in safe hands, for the security of Judy and her children.”

This confession was witnessed by William Le Rux, Junior, and Augustus Brinsmade. Then followed the expression of a desire, on the part of Mr. Le Rux, that, in case Edward should return to America, William would relinquish so much of the property bequeathed to him as would serve for the liberal support of Edward and his family; provided Edward would study a profession, or engage in some employment.

The pledge of William Le Rux, Junior, to comply with the request of his father, came next, with a solemn oath to protect Judy and her heirs from any injustice.

Then followed a certification by a justice of the

peace, G. Granger, that the document was voluntarily subscribed and sworn to before him, by William Le Rux, Senior.

Many who had turned pale at the commencement of the reading, now breathed more freely.

The counsel for the defendant suggested the importance of introducing Mr. Augustus Brinsmade as a witness, to state in what manner the confession had been obtained from William Le Rux, Senior. Immediately, Mr. Battell moved to the witness-stand. But where were his handsome locks, which Emily so much admired? They were gone, and in their place were a few gray hairs. He even looked older than Emily had suggested to Frank, after Mr. Battell's first visit to them, at her uncle's house. There were some persons present, who recognized in the witness the son of their former friend and preacher, Rev. Thomas Brinsmade.

This son had become a bitter enemy to slavery. He had read the publications of the New England abolitionists; had learned about the mobbing of anti-slavery ladies of Boston, with the cruel treatment of those Heaven-imbued and world-renowned philanthropists, W. L. Garrison and George Thompson; and he would not be silent. For expressing his views on the subject of slavery, he had been branded as an abolitionist and fanatic, had been driven from home by his father, and expelled from the South by "respectable citizens." Now, again, he stood in their midst, his gray hairs reminding them of the flight of time, and perhaps also that there is a God who overrules the destinies of nations and men.

For a moment, Mr. Brinsmade looked around him, and his eye rested on individuals whom he seemed to

recognize; and their eyes drooped, as if the recognition was not altogether agreeable to them.

He proceeded to say: "I was born in this city. My father was the pastor of ——— Church. William Le Rux, Senior, was a leading member of my father's church, and there was an intimacy between the families. William Le Rux, Junior, and Edward, his brother, were my friends. William often made me his confidant, and opened his heart to me freely. At the age of twenty, Edward eloped with one of his father's slaves, called Judy. William often spoke to me about it; said that he believed Judy had been kidnapped in her infancy, as he could never feel convinced that there was a drop of black blood in her veins. He said he blamed his mother for permitting Edward to be so much in her company: not that Judy was artful, but she was kind-hearted and interesting, and Edward had loved her from a child. William's heart yearned for his brother, and he desired much a reconciliation between him and his father; but his father threatened to disinherit the younger son.

"William Le Rux, Senior, was sick with consumption. One night, William, Junior, came to me, saying that his father was worse, and desiring me to sit up with him during the night. Mr. Le Rux reclined in an easy-chair until about ten o'clock; and conversed at intervals respecting his temporal affairs. At length, he said: 'I have almost repented that I did not make a provision in my will in favor of my son Edward, in case he should return to America.' William suggested that it could be done on the morrow. Mr. Le Rux then lay down.

"At midnight, he seemed more distressed, and desired

to be raised up in bed. William was alarmed, and went for Dr. Willis. The doctor said that probably an abscess had broken in his lungs, and that he feared the old gentleman would not live until morning. He lay silent for a few moments, and then exclaimed, 'Death! Death! O my son Edward!'

"If it will afford you any satisfaction to hear from your son Edward, I can state that I hold correspondence with him,' said Dr. Willis, leaning over the bed. 'I can assure you that Edward and Judy were lawfully married in my house, and, after remaining in America nearly one year, sailed for France. They have a son and daughter, and move in good society.'

"After a short interval of silence, Mr. Le Rux grasped the doctor's hand cordially, and the latter continued: 'I gave Judy to Edward as my own child, under the name of Emily. There was a trinket attached to her clothing, when brought to your house, which, I trust, will yet show her birthright. If you have any knowledge of wrong done to her, at that time, I entreat you to make a clean breast within one hour, as you hope for mercy from that God before whom you must soon appear.'

"Mr. Le Rux was greatly agitated.

"Yes, father, do it,' said William, as Dr. Willis relinquished the hand of the dying man and stepped aside, while William took his place. Mr. Le Rux spoke to William; then he left the room, and in a few minutes returned with justice G. Granger, a particular friend of his father. William seated himself by the bed, and repeated the words spoken by his father to G. Granger, Esq., who wrote them down.

"When he had finished, Mr. Le Rux requested that

the statement might be read to him; which, being done, he pronounced it correct. He attempted to affix his signature, but was unable. He then requested William to sign it for him, in his presence. The paper was signed by William and myself, as witnesses, certified by the justice of the peace, and sealed in his presence; all of which Mr. Le Rux watched with evident satisfaction.

“He then requested us to call his wife; with whom he conversed at intervals, for an hour, exhorting her to be kind to their son Edward, should he return to America.

“He thanked Dr. Willis for the course he had pursued in regard to Edward, and asked him to pray that God would forgive him his great guilt.”

The council for the defence proceeded to a rigid cross-examination of the witness, Mr. Brinsmade, saying he ought to give an account of himself; how and where he had spent his time since his departure from the city, as he had left in a manner disapproved, not only by the community, but by his own excellent father, the Rev. Mr. Brinsmade, now deceased; who, though wealthy, and leaving a large property, had been so entirely convinced of his son's worthlessness, that he had disinherited him. He (the counsel) strongly suspected that the witness had spent his time in plotting with Northern fanatics to destroy Southern institutions. After this partisan harangue, the counsel proceeded to question Mr. Brinsmade; but, at each question propounded and each answer given, his eye fell beneath the calm, dignified look of that gentleman.

At length, the counsel asked: “Where did you spend the first five years after leaving this city?”

"At college in ——," was the reply.

"Where did you spend the next five years?"

"In the States of Connecticut and New York."

"What was your business while in those States?"

"I was in the law office of ——, in Connecticut, during the first two-and-a-half years; and the next two-and-a-half in the village of ——, State of New York, as a partner in the firm of Brinsmade and Co."

At these answers, the ardor of the counsel for the defence seemed somewhat to abate, and he unconsciously dropped into a seat.

The witness remarked, "You would doubtless have recollected me, had not so many years been added to my life since we were partners in that office!"

The lawyer arose, seeming somewhat revived; and, without looking at the witness, asked, in a less insolent tone, "Well, sir, where have you been for these last few years?"

"I have spent them travelling in America and in Europe. My business has been to ferret out the hiding-place of a man who committed a heavy forgery, and who, it was thought, had gone to California. I sought him there, and throughout the United States, and then through Europe. In order that I might detect and seize the villain, without exposing myself to his dagger or pistol, I assumed the name of Battell, and put on this disguise." Here Mr. Brinsmade took from his hat a wig, and placed it upon his head.

The council for the defence commenced his plea in the case. Much of his bold demeanor was gone; but he endeavored to weaken the testimony. As to the confession of Jew David, he claimed that it was not well authenticated. The testimony of Moloch failed

to prove Emily to be a child of the slave girl Judy, who was kidnapped. The testimony of Frank Le Rux proved nothing worth noticing, except that his father had indulged a weak feeling for his brother's child, and had not seen fit to tell his son all the family secrets.

The counsel said, in substance: "The fourth witness, Edward Le Clare, has told the court a long story, for the purpose of exciting sympathy. Yet, according to the testimony, his mother knew very little of herself, except that she was a slave, and liable to be claimed as such; in fact, she constantly feared such a lot, and had therefore taken shelter among Northern abolitionists. This witness had stated that his father ran away with one of his grandfather's slaves, because nurse Margaret had found a splendid bracelet attached to her clothing; but, even if nurse Margaret were here to substantiate the testimony, and she could succeed in making the court understand her, it would be merely the testimony of a slave, which is no better than the testimony of a horse — if a horse could talk.

"Dr. Willis had stated to the court that he had been the attending physician at the deathbed of William Le Rux, Senior; and, on that occasion, he had told William Le Rux, Senior, that his son Edward and his slave Judy were living in France, in fashionable high life. This Dr. Willis had probably told him, no doubt for the purpose of inducing him to make a confession. Dr. Willis also testified that he had broken the laws of the State, in aiding a slave to escape from her master; and had even given her away as his own daughter! Very well — she might have been his own daughter; but, if it were the case, the condition of the

girl Emily would follow that of the mother Judy, and Emily was therefore a slave.

"The documents in the case further show that William Le Rux, Junior—who, it was claimed, was one of the witnesses to the confession—had, within the last year, given Jew David a mortgage on the girl Emily. He was now dead, and it might answer to use such a document or confession; but, if he were living, it would never have been attempted."

The counsel aimed at being argumentative; but he seemed ill at ease. Dr. Willis was convinced that he cared but little how the case was decided. The lawyer seated himself, but kept his eyes directed toward the door. Suddenly, he became ill; whispered to the man who sat next him, who arose to assist him from the room.

Mr. Brinsmade passed to the sheriff certain papers. This movement was observed by the lawyer, whereupon he seemed to acquire new strength. He leaped bench after bench, and made a desperate effort to reach the door; but the sheriff laid his hand upon the forger, and they went out together. This unexpected scene caused great excitement in the court, and many persons made a rush for the door, among whom were several prominent men, members of different churches.

Order being at length restored, the counsel for the plaintiff, in a dignified and candid manner, proceeded to sum up the evidence adduced in behalf of the freedom of Emily. He argued that "the confession of Jew David bore evident marks of truth upon its face. He was in prison, awaiting trial for the highest crime—that of murder. There he had ample opportunity for reflection; and doubtless believed that he would be proved

guilty. God had laid his chastening hand upon the Jew ; and he had been taken sick, in prison. Under such circumstances, he had made a confession to the attending physician. The very manner of his confessing proved that there was no aberration of mind on his part. His motive in doing it was, doubtless, to regain mental peace, or, in other words, to quiet his conscience ; while, at the same time, he had evidently studied not to afford a legal hold on himself, should he not be convicted. For that reason, he had refused to make such confessions as were desired before a justice of the peace. He was in a most miserable situation—a consciously guilty man, suspended between this world and the next, desiring to propitiate the court of high Heaven, before which he might soon be compelled to appear ; and yet restrained by the hope that he might possibly escape death at the hands of the law. The court knew that a man like him, a Jew, a usurer by profession, would part with anything, but life, sooner than relinquish worldly gain. Yet, confined as he was, the fear of an offended God had induced him to acknowledge that he had no right to the girl, Emily.

“The testimony of Moloch went to substantiate that of Jew David, and proved a clear case of kidnapping ; but the subordinate villain, too, had been careful not to say anything which would implicate himself.

“As to the testimony of Frank Le Rux, it showed clearly that his father felt the highest respect for the girl Emily, and had never treated her in such a manner that the family suspected her of being a slave.

“Mr. Brinsmade’s testimony showed that William Le Rux did not believe Judy was a slave ; and it was evident that Jew David had taken advantage of the

diseased state of Mr. Le Rux's mind and body, to induce him to sign the bill of sale, and that, upon subsequent reflection, the rash act had affected the sick man so seriously as to hasten his death. But, unfortunately, the person who heard the words spoken by the Jew, and witnessed the manner of Mr. Le Rux at the time of, and after, his written statement, was a slave; and therefore her testimony could not be taken. Jew David had confessed that he seized Emily, knowing her to be the child of Judy, who, he was perfectly aware, had been born free.

"The testimony of Mr. Edward Le Rux, as given by his son, also corroborated all the other testimony; and it was weighty of itself. It was the dying confession of a father; and the court would doubtless view it in that light.

"But the testimony of Dr. Willis must be conclusive. He had even produced the dying confession of the man who had taken the child from Jew David, immediately after she was saved from the ship. What testimony could be stronger? This man had, in view of his guilt, knowing that he was about to appear before his God, called upon that God to witness the truth of what he was saying. The testimony of one of the witnesses to that confession proved that such confession was voluntary on the part of Mr. William Le Rux, Senior. It also proved the clearness of his mind at the time. This was testimony that could not be overlooked. Other testimony might have been adduced; but it was connected with evidence which would be brought forward upon the trial of Jew David for murder; and, as what had been already given in court was deemed amply sufficient, this collateral proof was withheld.

"It is a principle of law, where doubt exists in a case, to lean to the side of mercy. There is seemingly little doubt in this case; but, if any remains, it is confidently expected that the decision of the court will lean to the side of freedom."

The eloquent advocate, before closing his remarks, said, he felt "called upon to allude briefly to Americus M. Le Roy, the grandfather of Emily Le Rux, now claimed by Jew David as a slave, and on trial for her freedom. This venerable man, who had been present at this trial, was a native of France, and one of her most respectable citizens. He was deeply interested in the result of this trial, as would be shown.

"Many years ago, his bosom companion, and his only child, in company with his wife's brother, were wrecked on the American coast. They had gone to visit a brother in America. This brother, Albert De Wolfe, was probably well remembered by many persons here present. On hearing that the vessel in which his dear ones sailed had been lost, Mr. Le Roy visited America, to learn their fate. He could ascertain nothing concerning them, and returned to France, companionless and childless. He had lately received a letter from Edward Le Rux, Senior, written just before death, informing him that his child had survived the wreck, and had been held by his father, William Le Rux, Senior, as a slave. He further stated, that he (Edward) eloped with her while she was held as a slave, and married her; that she was the mother of his daughter, Edith Emily, now claimed by Jew David as a slave; and the writer begged of Mr. Le Roy to protect his grandchild.

"This venerable man had come to America, to claim and rescue the girl. And now, he had further learned

that his wife and her brother had also been enslaved, till death, by violence, had released them from their fetters.

"After stating these facts," said the counsel, "I wish to propound a few queries to the court. Will the court disappoint all the new-born hopes of this venerable citizen of France, that he should yet be able to rescue from American slavery this last remnant of his family? Shall this last link that binds his aged, generous, wounded heart to earth, be broken by a decision that she 'owes service' to Jew David, the man now under arrest for murder? Will this noble citizen of Paris be forced home again, childless, to his desolate and plundered habitation? Must he leave his wealth to strangers, and his blood become extinct in his nation? Must his gray hairs go down with sorrow to the grave, under the galling thought that his beloved wife, her brother, his only child, and now his sweet grandchild, Emily, have all been sacrificed on the blood-stained altar of American despotism? Will he not, in his expiring grief, bid his countrymen despise and shun the republic of America, on account of the shameful truth, that her government is sustaining the cruelest and most degrading tyranny on earth?"

Before the close of this plea, there had been some disturbance in the back part of the court-room. The judge had not yet given a decision. Many of the spectators had looked threateningly towards Mr. Le Roy. He was overcome with the scene, and left the room, leaning upon the arm of Dr. Willis.

But where was Edward Le Clare? After leaving the court-house, Frank uttered a deep groan, and said, "O God! my friend Edward Le Clare, is seized."

Dr. Willis turned and saw an officer leading the young man towards the jail.

"And they have delivered Emily over to slavery," said Dr. Willis, as he took his way to the jail. He entered the cell of Jew David. But he was not alone; others were there before him, and the Jew maintained a sullen silence towards Dr. Willis, who, feeling apprehensive of personal violence towards himself from those present, soon left.

Edward Le Clare had moved through those streets with his head erect, calmness on his brow, and a manner and bearing which caused many to observe him. "He a slave?" said Miss Livingsworth to her father, as she saw the youth from her window. "I have never seen a more perfect gentleman."

"You don't know much of the world, child," replied her father. "I must take you to travel somewhere else than at the North."

"I heard something at the North, father," said Minda, "that made me blush; and I would have blushed again, had it been known that I was a Southerner."

"Ah! Minda," said Livingsworth, as he endeavored to raise his arm a little, "what did you hear, of such a nature as that?"

"I heard two ladies conversing upon slavery," said Minda. "I heard them say that Southern *gentlemen* sold their own children into slavery, and that some of the best and handsomest slave-girls at the South were their masters' children. They declared that we might expect the judgment of God upon the nation, and that the Northern people would submit no longer to be ruled by the slave power, for our country was a hissing and a by-word among other nations. And they read

from a newspaper a speech made by a woman, who had been a slave. It made me blush deeply; and I think this slave youth, who just passed our door, must be one of that class, whose father is selling him. I am sure I should not want such a father!"

Mr. Livingsworth's face became very red, but he said: "You are only sixteen, Minda. You will not believe all you hear ladies at the North say when you are twenty-one."

"Well, I shall keep the pledge I took mentally then," said Minda.

"And what was that pledge?"

"Never to marry a man who kept slaves, and never to hold a slave myself," replied the generous girl.

"And you will break that promise before you are twenty-one, my daughter."

"No, father," said the young girl decidedly, "I never shall break it; for, while you were gone, and left me at the hotel, I accompanied a friend to an anti-slavery lecture; and the lecturer told us all about slavery."

"Oh! anti-slavery lecturers at the North cannot be relied upon,—they tell anything," responded Livingsworth.

"Well, this one told a great many things, which I know are true; and I am half-convinced that all he told was truth," said Minda.

"Poh, poh, child; you don't know what you are talking about," was the slave-trader's answer.

* * * * *

The counsel in behalf of Emily took an appeal, as did also that of Edward Le Clare, alias Edward Le Rux.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE APPEAL, AND THE SECOND TRIAL OF EMILY FOR FREEDOM.

WE pass over the events of some weeks, till the second trial of Emily for her freedom.

Dr. Willis was the first witness called to the stand on this trial. He was duly sworn, and testified before the court as follows:

“ I and my wife, and two children, were passengers on board the ship *Gambia*, bound from France to New Orleans. My wife was of Scotch birth. We had visited Scotland, England, and France, and set sail from the latter country for America. During a severe storm on the American coast, I saw a lady among the passengers — whom I did not suppose to be more than twenty-two years of age — take a bracelet from a small trunk, and attach it strongly to a child’s skirt. She then dressed the child in this skirt.

“ While sitting with my wife and children, the alarm was given that the vessel was sinking. Not more than twenty minutes before, the captain had informed me that we were entering the harbor in safety. Seizing my children, followed by my wife, I reached the deck just in time to have them lowered into a boat, which already contained other women and children, and two men. I was about entering the boat, when I was pushed aside, and instantly another man jumped into

the boat, and it parted from the vessel. I heard one scream from the persons in the boat before I lost sight of them.

"How I reached the shore is no matter; but I will only say that I have never seen my wife and children since. Several days after the wreck, as I was walking upon the shore, hoping that I might find something of my loved ones, I saw a man digging from the sand a small trunk, resembling the one from which I had seen the French lady take the bracelet. I was desperate, for I had lost my all; and I recognized the man, as I thought, who pushed me aside as I was about entering the boat; and, drawing a pistol, I rushed on him, bidding him answer, at the peril of his life, for the fate of those whom he had taken from the ship. Without speaking a word, he dropped the trunk, and made his escape. I followed, but I did not fire upon him. I was thus left in possession of the trunk, which contained gold to a large amount. I made every effort in my power, by advertisement and inquiry, to find the true owner of the trunk.

"It was some three years after this, that I was called into the family of William Le Rux, Senior, to attend upon his son Edward, then probably about ten years old. Here I saw a beautiful and exceedingly interesting little girl, called Judy, probably about six or seven years of age, a slave. From the moment I cast my eyes upon her, I knew that she was a pure white child, though held as a slave. This I communicated to old nurse Margaret, who had charge of the little girl and Edward. She said that she had felt the same conviction ever since the child was brought to the house; and that a trinket was attached to the little one's skirt,

which might help to find her mother. She exhibited to me, at this time, a valuable bracelet. Afterwards, I did all in my power to elevate Judy, by working upon the mind of Mrs. Le Rux. I contrived to inquire after her often, and, as far as circumstances would allow, promoted her education and happiness.

"Judy, at last became the lawful wife of Edward Le Rux. I was a witness to their marriage vows. Edward Le Rux, and his wife Judy, went to France. To her I gave the trunk containing the gold. I held a correspondence with them, down to the period of the death and confession of William Le Rux, Senior, which confession will be introduced as testimony before this court. Soon after his death I left the city. I returned about two years since, and was informed by Mr. William Le Rux that Emily, or Judy, the wife of Edward, had died, and also their youngest child, a son; and that Edward was still in France, with his daughter, Edith Emily.

"I was called to attend Mr. William Le Rux, some months since. Then he revealed to me that Edward had returned from France, and that he was in his house, but was not in a sound state of mind, and wished not to meet me. He also stated that Emily, whom I saw in attendance upon him, was Edward's daughter by Judy, as he called her.

"It was not more than two months since, that I was called to attend upon a patient, in a remote part of this city, late in the evening. I saw two suspicious-looking men, and was near enough to hear their conversation; and I heard them informed by a third person, who had joined them, that Edward Le Rux had returned to America, and was then with his daughter in the house of his brother, Mr. William Le Rux. To

my great astonishment, I also heard this spy declare that Edward's wife and son were then living at the North. Then followed a conversation in regard to money loaned to Mr. William Le Rux, for the support of Edward's wife and son at the North; and the plot was laid to seize the girl Emily, to secure the debt. My name was also mentioned; and one of the men said that I took from him the trunk containing the gold, that he had got from the wreck of the *Gambia*; and that, if I knew the girl's mother was still alive, I would be likely to ferret out the kidnapping of Mr. Le Roy's grandchild. The third rogue then left; but the two others I saw enter the Jew's quarters. I also entered it, and confronted them. One was Jew David. He was much alarmed when I told him I knew his plans, and pleaded honesty. But I was convinced there was nothing to hope for from the good faith of the Jew; and I made arrangements for watching all his movements. By so doing, I learned that Mr. Edward Le Rux had left for the North, whither they designed to follow him, and learn for themselves the residence of his wife and son. I also learned of Moloch's leaving the city disguised as a peddler. I followed him to the North, and spoke a word in his ear, which made him tremble; but not until he had pursued Edward Le Rux to his destination.

"When I returned to this city, it was evening. I felt a presentiment of something wrong. I went to the Jews' quarters—not with the intention of entering the house, however, but for observation. On the way, I encountered Mr. Battell, who informed me that some one had, that evening, in the absence of Frank Le Rux, entered the house, and talked to Mr. William Le Rux,

Frank's father, of money due him ; and demanded that he should put his name to a paper — Mr. Le Rux being confined to his bed. A protracted illness had affected that gentleman's mind. His rude visitor talked of taking the girl Emily as a slave. Mr. Le Rux did sign the paper, as requested, the man guiding his hand in the act. The manner of the man and his threat to seize Emily, affected Mr. Le Rux so intensely as to cause his death ; and his beautiful niece was nowhere to be found. This man, Mr. Battell said, he was sure must be Jew David.

“ We went noiselessly to the Jew's quarters, and entered the house very unceremoniously. In his accustomed place stood the old Jew. On the counter lay a pair of bracelets ; and in front stood a young man, having a box containing jewels. His countenance was sad and troubled. Beside the bracelets lay a loaded pistol.

“ I took up the bracelets, Mr. Battell grasped the pistol ; and the latter asked David, sternly, where he had carried Emily Le Rux, whom he had kidnapped.

“ ‘ Mine God in heavens ! I knowsh nothing about de girl,’ replied the Jew, though his face turned dreadfully pale. ‘ I ish real honest, I ish just a-going to show Mr. Le Rux the bracelets as was his mother's, so he can prove he ish no slave. I ish real honest, Dr. Willis,’ repeated the Jew.

“ The young man turned. Never shall I forget his look, as he asked : ‘ Are you Dr. Willis ?’

“ ‘ Yes,’ said I, holding fast to the bracelets, while Mr. Battell aimed the pistol at the Jew.

“ ‘ Thank heaven !’ ejaculated the young man. ‘ My name, sir, is Edward Le Clare. Are you the gentle-

man who adopted as a daughter my mother, and gave her in marriage to my father, Edward Le Rux?"

"Yes," was my reply; "but where is that mother?"

"She is dead!"

"And your father, who went North?"

"He is dead also," replied the young man, as he drew from his pocket a letter, and handed it to me."

Here Mr. Brinsmade presented to the court the decoy letter, to Edward Le Clare, from the Jew; and Dr. Willis continued: "We left the Jew's quarters, taking with us the bracelets. Mr. Battell conducted Edward Le Clare to my house, while I took steps to have officers secure the person of Jew David, which they did by pursuing him to the place where he had secreted Emily."

The bracelets, of which Dr. Willis had spoken, were presented for the inspection of the court, and to Mr. A. M. Le Roy, who was next called. He swore to their identity, as having belonged to Annette E. De Wolfe, before her marriage to him. The initials engraved on the bracelets were "A. E. D. W." Mr. Le Roy also testified to all the facts relative to the loss of his family, as stated by Emily's counsel on the former trial. He was deeply agitated, and said he thanked God that his wife and her brother had, so soon after their imprisonment, escaped, even by a violent death, from the power of American slavery! He said that the Marquis De Lafayette, the friend and companion of his father and of the father of his murdered wife, had left his own family and his country, risked his life, and spent his fortune, to aid the American people in establishing freedom. And the venerable man then asked, in a voice almost choked with emotion,

if he was now reaping the legitimate fruits of those sympathizing labors.

He ceased speaking ; and, overcome by his feelings, sat down, and wept like a child. A sentiment of humanity entered many hearts, and some of the spectators shed tears of sympathy.

In the progress of the second trial, no new testimony was adduced by the plaintiff's counsel. In the plea for the freedom of Edward and Emily, the counsel spoke long and eloquently, and was listened to with deep attention ; while, in the most impressive manner, he alluded to all of the testimony in the case, showing conclusively that there was not a fact, reason, or even a circumstance, connected with the case, to show that they were rightfully, justly, or legally enslaved, or claimed as property. He remarked briefly on the only two hypotheses upon which a human being could possibly be enslaved.

First, he argued, by nature, every human being is free, by virtue of the will of God, indicated in their organization ; each one being furnished with physical, mental, and moral endowments of his own, as a whole and perfect individuality, with a will given to each, to choose, direct, and control all its own interests ; with a sense of accountability to its Creator, for the proper employment of all its powers : thus incontrovertibly showing that it was the intention of the Creator that each one should own himself, take care of, and control his or her movements, both in regard to the physical, mental, and spiritual actions. On the contrary, had the Creator intended that some of the human race should be owners of themselves, and also owners of their neighbors, as property — others not owning themselves,

but being simply property of their fellow beings — he would have created the two classes perfectly distinct in their nature and organization. His wisdom would have marked each one, so that no person of either class could possibly make a mistake as to his own character and condition, but would know at once whether he was intended as a master or slave — a man or thing. Now, every person knows that God or nature has marked him as a master, or owner at least, of himself, by virtue of his organization: thus incontrovertibly proving that God intended no human being to become a slave, or property, having created no one without qualifications to take charge of himself. Consequently, every individual who believes in the justice and lawfulness of human slavery, impeaches God as a *great idiot*, in creating the human family so nearly alike that they cannot sort themselves out; but, in the nature of the case, have to fight about it, and murder each other constantly, to ascertain which persons God intended for masters and which for slaves, or property. And so little of the wisdom and mercy of God has ever been manifested in human slavery, that a man is looked upon as a fool who does not know that there is not now in existence, nor never was, a slave, excepting such poor creatures as have been robbed of their birthright to themselves, by usurping tyrants.

The counsel said, he *felt* a blush of shame come over him, at the thought of the ignorance and wickedness that forced him to make a candid and serious argument on a point so plain that every “babe in the woods” understood it perfectly, without any instruction. He remarked that every one, who had heard the testimony on these trials, could not but see that these in-

dividuals, on trial for their freedom, became involved in American slavery by Jew David's kidnapping a free, innocent French child; and they were justly and legally entitled to their freedom, and to all the immunities and privileges of citizenship. And the counsel felt assured that the court would so decide.

The counsel on behalf of the kidnappers, made a powerful effort at brow-beating, pompous eloquence. He said that his opponent was taking it for granted, that nothing would or could be said in favor of keeping these persons in bondage; but it was his humble opinion that the gentleman would learn his mistake, as he had on a former occasion. He said he had but a single remark to make, respecting the opposite counsel's appeal to the court on the former trial. He had there stated that the circumstances under which the venerable and wealthy grandfather of these slaves found himself were exceedingly trying; consequently, justice, mercy, the religion of Christ, and national policy, demanded that the slaves be given up to their kinsman, as free. Now said the counsel, in an insolent tone: "American slaveholders do not liberate their slaves on any such grounds. Our slaveholding legislators and slaveholding courts know their interest and principles better than to admit any such pleas or appeals. And I would have the gentleman distinctly understand, that the principles of human slavery were not founded in justice, mercy, the religion of Christ, or national policy; and no person has ever heard a thorough, intelligent slaveholder claiming that basis for slavery, or anything like it. We simply claim that human slavery is founded in human expediency, as being an excellent order of things for the master, and as good as any

other condition of society for the slaves." The counsel said that those who sustained the system on any other ground, were poor, weak, ignorant, "south-side," dough-faced, whining hypocrites, and were not thanked for their shallow arguments, and their canting interference in the matter. "We claim that human wisdom has adopted the system, has sustained it, and is able to do so, and to 'sanctify it' into the bargain. And we despise and revile any 'higher law!'"

In this case, he claimed that, as millions are in slavery and always will be, it might as well be the wife, daughter, and grandchildren of this old Frenchman as anybody else. He (the counsel) held that this family were subjected to the "peculiar institution" of slavery, as politely, honestly, legitimately, and piously, as any human beings ever were; and that, being slaves, it was as right for them to continue so, and do the best they could for their masters, as for any of the millions of slaves who have preceded them.

The defendant's counsel warned the court against establishing any new precedent. He said these slaves, like all other slaves, were (except those originally stolen) the children of a slave; they would be considered at the "top of the market," and would readily bring four thousand dollars. If they were to be given up, as free, he would like to be informed on what grounds any persons were to be retained as slaves. He said that doubtless the court understood the law, and would give a decision in this case strictly in accordance with its technicalities.

The court decided that Edward Le Clare, *alias* Edward Le Rux, and Edith Emily Le Rux, were, accord-

ing to law and testimony, entitled to their freedom, and to all the immunities of citizenship.

Mr. Le Roy raised his bowed head, as the decision was given, and a hopeful and thankful expression shone upon his countenance, as Edward assisted him from the court-room. They all went to the house of Mrs. Le Rux, with Frank.

CHAPTER XLIV.

UNION OF ALL THE FRIENDS, AT MRS. LE RUX'S HOUSE,
AFTER THE TRIAL.

SEATED in the parlor of the Le Rux mansion, were Mr. Le Roy, Dr. Willis, Mr. Brinsmade (no longer known as Mr. Battell), T. Ewing, Esq., one of Emily's able counsel, and who is a Northern man, of about thirty years of age; also Frank, Edward, and Emily Le Rux. But where are poor Fanny and Mariana, to whom Emily had communicated hopes of freedom?

The conversation seemed to have turned upon the incidents of the trial, &c.

"Stricken to the heart as I was," said Mr. Le Roy, "when, during the trial, I reflected on the generous patriotism of my countryman, the Marquis Lafayette, in striving to plant republican institutions and political equality in America, I was borne away with him in sympathetic fervor for America, and for some time lost myself, and forgot the wrongs and griefs inflicted on me by her connivance. I found myself anxiously trying to devise some means to wipe out or hide this blood-stain upon her character, and still save her reputation, so that all nations might not be forced to blush for America.

"What I am going to relate had such an effect upon me, that I beg you will not think lightly of it. At one time, while my head was bowed down, and my

eyes closed, I lost all knowledge of things around me. The Marquis de Lafayette stood before me, as lifelike as when I last saw him. He laid his hand impressively on his heart, and spoke thus: 'Americus M. Le Roy, remember those who are in bonds, as bound with them.' I almost started to my feet—he was gone. What did it mean? Can his exalted spirit wish that I and mine should still cling to America, and struggle for the redemption of her enslaved millions?"

All appeared struck with the remarks of Mr. Le Roy, and considered it a sort of presentiment.

"I am constantly thinking of Fanny," observed Emily. "It is almost as hard for Fanny to be a slave, as for me; and I have no doubt she is as much entitled to her freedom as I am to mine; and, had I the means to purchase her, she should not remain a slave another hour."

"I might possibly purchase her," said Dr. Willis, as he seated himself by her side, "although my expenditures have been considerable of late, and I find my business in the city neglected just now. But it is against my principle. I consider that it would be a sin for me to pay slaveholders for that to which they have no just claim. Think of buying from one human being another human being!"

"You are right, doctor," said Mr. Le Roy. "Had I not been so scrupulous on that point, I would have bought my own blood in these children, and returned to France ere now; but my mind so revolted at the unjust idea, that I was determined, if such a step was taken at all, it should be only as a last resort; and I sometimes felt that, in the sight of God, I would be more justified in leaving them in slavery, and returning

without them, than to recognize the unholy claims which were asserted to the bodies and souls of my children."

"I have been exceedingly tried upon the subject," said Mr. Brinsmade. "When I first saw the sin of slavery in its true light, I felt as if I could devote my whole life to earning money for the purchase and emancipation of slaves. But I soon became convinced that it would serve to fasten slavery tighter upon the nation."

"But is there not, now and then, an exception?" asked Emily.

"Well, where will you fix a limit to these exceptions?" responded Mr. Brinsmade. "I will make one exception, Dr. Willis another, Mr. Le Roy two exceptions, Frank ten, and no doubt Miss Le Rux would make a great many more, and so to an infinite extent, all over the North. Every philanthropist, who could spare a few thousand dollars, would make one or more exceptions; and in a short time, we should have a flourishing slave-trade between the North and South. The South, if black ones became scarce, would even breed white slaves, on purpose for good exceptions. It would soon become an extra stimulus for them to kidnap our children, that they might sell them back to us as slaves. It looks to me like the Lord's encouraging the devil to entrap all the sinners he can, so that by his grace he may redeem innumerable hosts. It would destroy all God's government for him to compromise with the devil; so it also destroys freedom for the friends of freedom to compromise with slavery. I have seen, here at the South, ministers of the gospel, who claimed that they were opposed to slavery; yet who buy men, women, and children, on the plea of

doing the slaves a kindness, while they sanctioned this enslavement. I have noticed also that such men usually make the hardest masters ; and I regard such professions as the sheerest hypocrisy."

"Since I took that view of the subject," said Dr. Willis, "I have seen those held as slaves for whom I felt I could willingly risk my life to secure their freedom. But I never could acknowledge the tyrant's claim to them, by buying from him their freedom."

"Right," said Mr. Brinsmade. "If slavery ever ceases in this guilty land, it will be by making no compromises with it. It must be met on its own intrinsic merits. If human slavery is a part of the gospel of Jesus Christ, to redeem men from sin, as claimed by its friends, then let every one be sure to obtain enough of it to save their guilty souls. And, if the poor wicked masters cannot get their share of this divine blessing otherwise, the slaves should change places with them, half the time, that their hard hearts may become soft and tender, under its holy influence. But, if it is a putrid sacrifice, placed on the altar of God by bold, blaspheming men, then let it become not only 'a stench in the nostrils of Jehovah,' but a loathing to all nations of men. Who does not know that the assumptions of slavery are bold, self-evident falsehoods, and cannot stand the light of a golden-rule gospel one moment? On what ground do our theologians expect us to account for their sanctioning human slavery? Will they have us to understand that their minds are in so dark and ignorant a condition that the system of American slavery appears to them holy, just, and good, and in accordance with the golden rule of Christ? Or will they admit that slavery

is the sum of all villanies, and then support it, and force us to the conclusion that they are so corrupt at heart, that they mean to sustain it at all hazards?"

"I do not despair," continued the good physician, "dark as the prospect seems. Hideous as are the principles and results of the Compromise Measures, they will soon bring about their own overthrow, by blasphemously usurping the prerogatives of God over men. An omnipotent and just God can never submit to be dethroned from his supremacy over the human beings he has made, by slavery's power in the American government. Wicked men will yet compel the Almighty to stand on the defensive, and, by his just indignation, teach them that there is a 'higher law' than American slavery, notwithstanding their constant denial of it. A little more light among the people, and they will cease to send to our legislative halls those wicked, imbecile doughfaces, who, like Esau, are ever ready to sell their God-given birthrights, for one sip of slavery pottage."

* * * * *

Emily and Edward had now ample time to commune with each other, and exchange those fond endearments of brother and sister, from which they had so long been debarred.

As Dr. Willis visited them one day, he rejoiced Emily's heart with the intelligence that Fanny, for whom she had sympathized so strongly, was among the missing, and that strict search had been made for her in vain. He also intimated that, if the girl made no delays, she would be safe in Canada before they would find her track. "Fanny has money," said the doctor, "to help her after her arrival. It is a very hard year for emigrants in Canada, because such large numbers,

who were in flourishing business in the Northern States, have been forced to sacrifice their property, and flee thither, destitute, from dread of the Fugitive Act."

"Can you tell me anything cheering from Mariana?" asked Emily.

"All has been done for her that can be," replied Dr. Willis, "until after the trial of Jew David. Nehemiah will be a very important witness against Jew David. What I most dread is, that some of the gang will become suspicious of him, and find means to put him out of the way."

Mrs. Le Rux, of whom we have heard nothing since her husband's death, was now loud in her complaints about the loss of property. She was much affected at the death of her husband, and Emily thought she evinced more hardness than usual.

"I never did suspect," said she to Emily, in the presence of Frank, "that you was one of our slaves. My husband had always kept it from me that Edward married a slave. Poor, dear man! I see, now, he was altogether too lenient to your father, and also too indulgent a master. I find, now, that he has ruined us. I hope Frank will take warning from his father's mistakes, and become a man at once, and endeavor to retrieve what his father has lost. I recollect very well, that, when I first married Mr. Le Rux, he was real chicken-hearted, and often said there were many wrong things connected with slavery — such as kidnapping free people, and whipping slaves to death. But, as he grew older, he gave up some of his notions; and I hope that Frank will do likewise. I am almost worn out with trouble; but, if there is any one thing I desire in this world, it is to have a plantation

of slaves with a master, who is not afraid to do as my father did. And I want such an overseer, too, as he had."

"Would you not be pleased, aunt, to have one like him who died with the cholera?" asked Emily.

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Le Rux; "he did very well. But, after Julia died, and the cholera came, everything went wrong. In fact, from the time Mr. Le Rux gave Lucy to the Bible Society, and Frank came home from the North, and you and your father from France, I did not know what ailed him; he did not act like himself. But, now I think of it, I am convinced that it was this abolition Infidelity that bothered him; which the clergyman told me, yesterday, was 'all the work of the devil.' But he exhorted me to be comforted, in view of the great reward which was laid up for the faithful, and in the hope of meeting my dear husband in a brighter world, and hearing it said, 'Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' 'For,' said the holy man, 'hast thou not fed the hungry, and clothed the naked, with spiritual blessings? Hast thou not sent to the heathen the bread of eternal life, by giving of thine abundance for the spread of the gospel of Jesus Christ?—who said, I tell you that, inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me.'"

These remarks were made in Edward's presence.

Frank groaned in spirit, and arose and walked to the window, while Emily said: "How much sooner, aunt, will the very heathen enter the kingdom of heaven, than those who, with the light of the gospel, preach such doctrines and commit such deeds as slavery enjoins!"

Mrs. Le Rux was silent, and Edward inquired: "Will you not leave these scenes, aunt? I must return

to the North, whither my grandfather will accompany me. Go with us, and learn the true precepts of the gospel of Jesus Christ. It is a fearful thing for the mind to become thus darkened, both by precept and example; and he who thus perverts the teachings of Jesus Christ is worse than an Infidel."

"Mr. Gregory worse than an Infidel, do you mean?" indignantly retorted Mrs. Le Rux. "He is doing all in his power to put down Infidelity; which he says is taking almost every form at the North, even imitating Christ, in many things; and it was for that he came to warn me. He was fearful that you were tinctured with it, as you were doubtless an abolitionist, and that class were all Infidels; and he said ——" But here she glanced at Emily, and came to a full stop.

"Let us have, aunt, the *whole* of his holy teachings," said Emily.

"He did not say anything about *you*," said Mrs. Le Rux; "but he thought it would be *much better* for your brother to be given over to slavery, than for him to propagate abolition doctrines. He was, he said, doubtless given over to hardness of heart and blindness of mind; and that, if he should obtain his freedom, he would, no doubt, destroy a multitude of souls; for he was evidently a man of great ability."

"My God!" said Edward, "I can now talk of slavery *as it is*! I can now tell a *world* of the vile acts, the base hypocrisy, of pro-slavery ministers of the South. For I have heard by what base sophistries, by what blasphemous teachings, they lead on the votaries of slavery! Yet, how much worse are they than Northern preachers of the same class? But will not the rising generation, will not the young sons and

daughters of this beautiful heritage, free themselves from this incubus, which hangs so heavily upon their minds? Will they not see as we see? Will not this beautiful country of the South yet bloom, not only with nature's beautiful gifts, but with men and women standing forth, armed with the teachings of truth, and prepared to bombard the stronghold of slavery? Will they not yet be crowned with the nobler attributes which shall make them appreciate themselves, and lead them to an understanding of truth, virtue, and humanity? Will they not yet acknowledge the truth of God's own declaration, that 'He hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth?' And will they not understand that *men* and *women* have a right to themselves? If this be not the result, will not the Lord destroy these wicked husbandmen, and let the vineyard out to other husbandmen? I cannot comply with the wish of my grandfather, and accompany him to France. Here in *America* must I labor; here will I use my pen, my tongue, and all the talents God has given me, to aid the rising generation in putting off the yoke which their fathers have laid so heavily upon them."

"I bless the Lord," said Frank, "that he has touched your heart with the living fire of holy truth from off his altar. It needs but for the young to see as I have seen, to feel as I have felt, and they would suffer as I have suffered. They would feel and see the blighting effects of slavery upon the soul! They would look upon their parents with the pity and shame with which I have looked upon mine, when I beheld them in their darkness. They would see their blighted intellects, and they would not rest until they had repented, and done works 'meet for repentance.' Let us work together,

my dear Edward,—my more than brother. Let us never speak of our ancestors, or of the proud family of Le Rux, without a blush mantling our cheeks, until this land is redeemed.”

CHAPTER XLV.

ELLA'S TROUBLES.

THE sudden departure of Edward Le Clare was mysterious and unaccountable to Mr. Erskine and Ella. It was understood in C—— that the deceased stranger, whose remains were conveyed to the grave, was a relative of Edward Le Clare. But, as the young man did not remain to attend the funeral, many were the conjectures as to the cause of his departure. Some thought he had hastened to attend to pecuniary matters, and had perhaps become heir to a large estate.

But Mr. Erskine, Ella, Dr. Freeman, Mrs. Wise, and Richard knew that the deceased was the father of Edward Le Clare — at least, they were convinced such was the fact.

Dr. Freeman did not forget that he had a mission to perform, yet he dreaded the task ; he feared the effect upon Ella. In many things she had proved herself a stoic ; but now she must know terrible facts which were hard to be borne. The doctor's first interview was with Mr. Erskine. The shock of Edward's history upon Mr. Erskine was like a thunderbolt ; not a suspicion of the truth had ever crossed his mind. If such were the effect of the disclosures on the strong man, what might they be upon the ardent and sympathetic Ella ? Mr. Erskine agreed with Dr. Freeman that the truth must not be withheld from her. Both were convinced that she loved

Edward ardently. Mr. Erskine had looked forward to the time when he should add to her happiness, by bestowing her upon Edward Le Clare ; and to his own, by receiving him as a son.

Dr. Freeman found Ella in the garden, and saw at a glance that she had been weeping. She made an effort to appear cheerful, and invited the doctor to enter the house.

"Let us be seated here upon this bench," said he. "I have something to tell you, and perhaps we shall be less liable to interruption here than in the house."

Ella trembled as she seated herself. All the terrible facts respecting Edward were told her. Ella wept, and the kind physician was obliged several times to stop in his narration.

"I have not been mistaken," said Ella ; "dire forebodings have haunted me, by day and by night, since Edward's departure. Oh, I feel this is more than I can bear!"

"I beg you, be comforted," said the doctor, alarmed at her wild manner. "I am satisfied that Edward Le Clare will never bow his neck to the yoke of American slavery, and that no human power will be able to subjugate him."

Ella shuddered : she was thinking of the horrid story she had just read, about the shooting of a fugitive in Louisiana, who had attempted to escape. But, at length, she moaned : "Oh ! there can be no chance or hope for him, even were he here, under the accursed Fugitive Act!"

Ella's words were but too true. Dr. Freeman knew not what to reply, and he was silent.

At length, Ella said, "I have no hope!"

"Hope thou in God," was the devout reply; "he is stronger than men."

Ella was alone in her chamber. Horrid visions of slavery haunted her. At one moment she beheld Edward Le Clare surrounded by men, who were endeavoring to fasten heavy gyves upon his limbs; and then she saw him flying before his pursuers, while the pistol was raised to shoot him down. "Alas!" thought Ella, "I could have borne anything but this. Had Edward Le Clare died — had he been lost in the raging ocean — had any accident happened to him, I could have borne it better than this!"

Edward had indeed never made a declaration of love to her; but she felt that he was dearer to her than life. He was away, she knew not where; his spirit was being crushed; his heart was bleeding in the iron grasp of slavery — and she could not fly to his succor. It was terrible! She thought of his sister Edith — of his heart-broken mother — of all *she* had suffered for years, with a secret, crushing weight at her heart. Thus was Ella borne along with the tide of painful, anxious thought. She resolved, and re-resolved, that she would bear her grief calmly and patiently — that she would hope. But the next minute found her without hope, and overwhelmed in grief.

Anxious to learn all she could, she requested permission of Dr. Freeman to examine the papers and writings of Mrs. Le Clare. Her days were now passed with Mrs. Wise, and most of her time in the room which had been occupied by Mrs. Le Clare. While examining the papers of Mrs. Le Clare, Ella found a copy of the extract from Edward Le Clare's Fourth of July oration, which had created so much ex-

citement at college, among his pro-slavery hearers, on account of its radicalism. The extract, which Edward had sent to his mother for her perusal, buoyed up the spirit of Ella greatly under her troubles :

“ Our star-spangled banner speaks truth as it waves ;
 Its stars emblem freemen, its stripes emblem slaves !
 But when truth shall conquer, — O God, hear our prayer ! —
 We will cleanse out the stripes, but leave the stars there.
 Ye proud sons of those sires who gave their heart's blood
 To rescue their children from the tyrant's rod, —
 Will ye leave the standard your fathers did rear ?
 To the demon of slavery will ye crouch down in fear ?
 O say, ye brave freemen, don't ye blush for shame
 To behold freedom banished from this land of her fame ?
 Then let your blush reddens, till your heart is on fire,
 And each feels for his country as felt his old sire.
 Yes ! struggle for freedom until your last breath ;
 And, should ye fall martyrs, ye 'll die a good death !
 If Christ's golden rule ye keep ever in sight,
 Ye will conquer the wrong ; for God's with the right !
 Then shall our war-eagle be changed to a dove,
 And our fierce-noted bugle breathe tones but of love ;
 While anthems of freedom shall heavenward swell,
 The murmurs of tyrants shall sink down to hell ! ”

* * * * *

Ella spent much time in retirement, and her father often found her writing. He was alarmed for her health, for she became an invalid, and required the care of Dr. Freeman. She moved about mechanically, while horrid visions of slavery haunted her day and night, so that she took no interest in home affairs. Dr. Freeman was aware that, if she could not be aroused to action, she would soon sink under her heavy burden of sorrow.

“ Will you ride with me, my child ? ” asked Mr. Erskine of her, one morning. “ We will call upon Mrs.

Wise, and look at your garden. Richard may feel himself neglected by your remaining so closely in doors." Ella was moved by her father's look and manner; still she hesitated.

"Yes, Ella," said Dr. Freeman, who had entered unperceived, "I affirm that you can be a recluse no longer. I called yesterday, and looked into your flower-garden. The plants are beginning to peep out, as if they expected to be welcomed by your smiles; and if you do not visit them, they will droop, or perhaps disappear altogether."

Ella did not smile, or seem to manifest any interest in the doctor's playful remarks.

Mr. Erskine's countenance fell, and he hurriedly left the room.

"Sit down by me," said Dr. Freeman to the stricken girl. "I want to tell you something that will make you the same dear Ella again — as you were when in the good graces of George Brownson."

Dr. Freeman watched his fair patient attentively as he spoke. Instantly her countenance assumed a look of contempt. "The good graces of George Brownson!" said she; "a contemptible Union-saver."

The doctor was gratified, and said, "I perceive that there is one man, the remembrance of whom has power to make you blush with contempt."

Ella arose indignantly, while the blood did indeed mount to her face.

"Stop! stop!" said the doctor, as he took a letter from his hat. Ella perceived at a glance that it was from Edward Le Clare. "We will now see who are likely to become your guests. Here is Americus Le Roy, the grandfather of Edward Le Clare, from France;

and here is Miss Emily Le Rux, Edward's sister; and Edward Le Rux, himself—or, perhaps, you will prefer to still call him Le Clare; if so, I will favor your opinion, and we will persuade him to keep his former name. You will learn from this letter that they propose, on their route here, to pay a visit to the Falls of Niagara, for the gratification of Mr. Le Roy. Now, as you are an invalid, Ella, I prescribe that, for your health, you travel with your father to the Falls and escort them here."

Ella smiled, and her eye kindled up with something of its wonted lustre.

Mr. Erskine, who had re-entered the room, seemed quite elated at his daughter's manifest improvement.

* * * * *

"I did n't believe," said James to Laura, after meeting Ella with her smiling face, "that Ella was going to die so. I knew, all the time, that it was something about Edward Le Clare, that made her look so down-hearted. But, now that he is coming home, she looks as bright as ever, only somewhat pale."

"It has made me feel very bad," replied Laura, "to see Ella walking about without noticing me, as she used to; and, when I spoke to her about the work, she'd say, 'Oh, never mind, Laura—you can do it just as you please;' and likely enough I would see the tears start to her eyes."

Ella, although somewhat of an invalid, was in fine spirits, and spent a part of almost every day with Mrs. Wise and Richard, devising ways and means to make everything in and around the house look pleasant and comfortable. Ella also took rides with her father; visited at Nathan's; went to S—, and visited Miss

Olmstead ; made purchases at Mr. Kent's store ; in fact, was as busy as a bee, for it was now understood that Ella Erskine was to go to Niagara Falls, to meet Edward Le Clare, on his return home with his sister from the South.

CHAPTER XLVI.

FURTHER DISCLOSURES.—THE TRIAL OF JEW DAVID.

“WHEN does the trial of Jew David take place?” inquired Emily of Dr. Willis.

“In about two weeks,” was the reply. “Have I ever told you the circumstances in relation to the case?” Here the attention of all in the room was called to the doctor, and he said: “It was while I was in Texas, after the death of your grandfather, Mr. William Le Rux, Senior, that I filled the office of judge. There was brought before me for trial, a young man, accused of murdering a traveller. He was of prepossessing appearance; but circumstantial evidence was strong against him; and there was one witness who swore positively that he saw him commit the act. That man, although he gave a clear testimony, and when cross-questioned, answered in every way to the satisfaction of the court, yet there was something about him which did not appear right. I sentenced the young man to prison for a term of years.

“It was when I heard Jew David and others conversing in regard to Edward and his mother being y
alive, that I learned, also, that Jew David and Moloch committed the murder, for which I had sentenced the young man to prison. The man conversing with David and Moloch was the witness who swore that he saw the murder committed by the young man. I told

the Jew that I knew his crimes. He was evidently much terrified; but he hoped that what I had learned would not be sufficient to convict him. It was the name of the convicted man that I pronounced to Moloch, which made him tremble, and then attempt my life, when we met at the North. That prisoner is now in my house. He saw the murderer give the blow, as did also Nehemiah."

"How mysterious," said Mr. Le Roy, "that so many facts should have been elicited and ascertained through you!"

"How providential!" cried Emily.

"From the hour of the wreck of the vessel that contained our families," said the doctor, "I have ever been endeavoring to trace out the fate of those who left the sinking ship in that boat. When I saw little Judy in the family of Mr. William Le Rux, and the bracelet which Margaret found, I believed her to be the child to whose clothes I saw the lady on board the ship attach a bracelet. But she was a French woman, and I did not know her name. In three months after, I left the city and went North, and was absent one year."

"And that accounts," said Mr. Le Roy, "for my not meeting you, on my visit to America; for, had you been in the city, you would doubtless have heard of my inquiries concerning my wife and child."

"And it is strange to me," said Dr. Willis, "that you had not see the advertisements in regard to the trunk which contained the gold."

"At that time," said Mr. Le Roy (addressing Emily), "I took home with me a child—a girl about one year younger than my own."

"And who gave you that child?" said Dr. Willis, eagerly.

Here Mr. Le Roy stated the circumstances, as they were related by Edward Le Rux to Edward Le Clare, before his death. He also described the man who left the child with him, as nearly as he could recollect.

Dr. Willis arose, and walked the room for several minutes. At length he said, "It was — it must have been my Florence. She had blue eyes, you say?"

"Yes."

"And that child you protected?"

"That child," said Mr. Le Roy, "I took with me to France. These hands fed her; and, with the assistance of a kind-hearted Irishman, I acted the part of a nurse to her on the passage. That child I received to my bosom, as I would have done my own Annette; and she never knew, to the day of her death, that she was not my own daughter."

"Never knew!" said Dr. Willis, "Then she is dead!"

"She became the second wife of Mr. Edward Le Rux," explained Mr. Le Roy, "after his return to France — having, in this country, as he said, buried his wife. And she never knew the deception."

"And she was my stepmother," said Emily, bursting into tears, and covering her face with her hands. "And I too believed that my mother was dead. O my father!" exclaimed she, as the tears coursed down her face.

"I trust that he was forgiven," said Edward, as he led his sister from the room.

It was some time before Dr. Willis could command himself sufficiently to speak. At length he said: "I am

convinced that your Annette was my child. O Edward Le Rux! But thou hast met both the betrayed ones in eternity."

Emily re-entered the room, and informed them of what Mariana had revealed concerning Jew David's transactions, the night on which he took away her child. She also exhibited the paper which Mariana had given her, on which was written the names: Mr. Le Roy, of France, and Mr. Le Rux, of New Orleans.

But Edward had been too fast in writing to Dr. Freeman, that Emily would accompany them to the North; for she positively refused to leave the South until after the trial of Jew David. Frank also wished to go North; but he found it impossible to do so at present, and he was much gratified at Emily's decision.

Mr. Le Roy intended to remain some months in America with Edward, and Emily would join them as soon as possible. Mr. Brinsmade would also remain with Dr. Willis, until his affairs could be arranged, when he and Dr. Willis purposed leaving the South.

"I leave this Southern clime," said Mr. Le Roy, at parting with Dr. Willis, "with feelings, which it would be mockery for me to attempt to describe. Let those who desire to know what American slavery is, visit this Southern metropolis. Mine—all which remain of mine—are free!" said he, as his voice choked with deep feeling. "But the wound in my heart is still bleeding; and, there is not a chain which I have seen, or a groan which I have heard, since coming to this place, but has driven the blood from my heart, to curdle and freeze in my veins! I shall never cease to deeply sympathize with all in bondage, as bound with them. I shall never cease to hear the clanking fetters,

to see the desponding faces. You and I can sympathize with this down-trodden people, not only because we are men, but because we have been stricken by the same dire despotism! I have watched narrowly the slaves whom I have seen in these streets; nor do I believe that I loved my Annette, or that you loved your Florence, better than do the sable fathers and mothers their little ones, whom I have seen torn from them here. But America is falling! Well did Gen. Lafayette say to me, that she is sinking under the despotism of slavery; that 'America is nursing a viper in her bosom that will bring her to dissolution!'"

CHAPTER XLVII.

EDWARD LE CLARE RETURNS TO C——.

At the Falls of Niagara, Ella and her father met only Mr. Le Roy and Edward Le Clare. Mr. Le Roy's anticipations were fully realized, while viewing the sublime grandeur of the mighty cataract. Edward and Ella sought out and viewed every scene connected with this now far-famed resort. The inspiration they yielded to during their pleasant walks and wonderful views I shall not venture to disclose.

After the return of the party to C——, Ella often rode over to her cottage with her father; and was sometimes seen chatting half an hour or so with Edward, and performing many kindly offices for Mr. Le Roy, while he talked to her about France. But Edward's visits were becoming much more frequent at Mr. Erskine's than Ella's at Mr. Le Rux's, as his home was now called. Edward and Ella also rode and walked together. They sometimes seated themselves under the tree, where they had so often sat with Mrs. Le Clare. It was here that Edward narrated to Ella, the occurrences at the South. He told her his feelings, from the time he left her until his return. It was here, also, that he avowed his affection, and asked and obtained the promise of her hand at some future time.

"How are you to pay Edward the five hundred dol-

lars?" said Dr. Freeman to Ella, one day, in the presence of her father and Mr. Le Roy.

Ella blushed, and Mr. Le Roy insisted upon an explanation why Ella should be in debt to Edward.

Dr. Freeman was determined that Ella should have all the praise she deserved; and he commenced a recital of the facts in regard to the property left by Mrs. Le Clare. But, before he had proceeded far, Ella had disappeared from the room.

"She is a dear good girl," said Mr. Le Roy, to Mr. Erskine; "and I must congratulate you upon having such a daughter. Has she a mother living?"

"Her mother died when she was but twelve years of age," replied Mr. Erskine. "My sister, a maiden lady, then took charge of her, until she likewise died, about two years since."

"She is a treasure," said Mr. Le Roy; "and I have also a treasure in my Emily. Were it not for her, and Edward, whom I also feel will prove a blessing, I would care but little how soon my spirit took its flight from earth—how soon this frail tenement of clay, were resting beside the body of my child in yonder spot, that I visited yesterday, leaning upon the arm of Edward. Yes," repeated the old man, "were it not for them, I would never brave the treacherous deep again."

"That I trust you will not do now," said the doctor. "You will have to live in America; for we are only awaiting the arrival of Emily and Frank, to unite Edward and Ella."

"Live in America!" exclaimed Mr. Le Roy; "live in this land of blood!" and he evidently shuddered at the thought. "No!" continued he, "Go, *all* of you, with

me to France. I have enough for all. Edward," said he, as the young man entered the room, "you will not stay in this country. Take Ella, for she is worthy of you; but go with me to a land, which, although it has faults, has not the sin and stain of human slavery within all its borders! Go with me, and escape the curse which will as surely come upon America as there is a God! There can be no safety here, for slavery chains the mind as well as the body. It was here that Albert De Wolfe, the friend of my youth, whom I loved for his many virtues, the brother of my Annette, lost his manhood, and became a brute! I knew it by his letters; but why was I not thus warned? Oh, why did I trust my Annette to come to these shores? Oh! why has the curse fallen so heavily upon me and mine? Alas! alas!" cried the old man, "I cannot forget, neither would I. Let it ever be fresh in my mind. I wish still to remember my wife, as she was when she plighted herself to me — when she stood with me at the altar — when she left me for America. I wish yet to feel the last kiss which she imprinted upon my face, as she said, 'Good-by, my dear Americus.'"

CHAPTER XLVIII.

TRIAL OF THE JEW.

JEW DAVID was at length brought before the court, to be tried for murder.

Mr. Jameson testified as follows: "I was on my return from visiting an uncle, when I fell in with another traveller; and we pursued our journey together. We had been in company three days, when we stopped one night at a place of entertainment, intending to pass the night. During the evening, we became alarmed, as there appeared to be a banditti occupying a part of the house, from whom we heard oath after oath, and such boisterous manifestations that we consulted the landlord about leaving the house. He informed us, that he had unfortunately a lawless set of men stopping with him, whom it was out of his power to control. He said it would be sure destruction for himself and family to attempt to dictate, or interfere with them, adding, that he knew we were in danger; but that he had a young man living with him, whom he could trust, and who would guide us by a short route to a place of safety.

"We decided to go, and the man came forward, and conducted us from the house. The landlord had informed us that it was four miles to the other house, by the road; but that the young man could, by going two miles through the woods, lead us there.

"After we had left the main road, our conductor

seemed to be disconcerted. He stopped often, and acted as though afraid, giving no answer to our questions, except by signs. We at last became so alarmed, that my fellow-traveller halted and listened; then drew his pistols, and turned toward the place from whence came sounds.

"At that instant, the moon shone out bright from behind a cloud. Immediately, I heard the report of a gun, and my fellow-traveller fell to the ground. I sprang to seize the pistol which he had dropped, for the purpose of defending myself, as I was unarmed. Before I had time for defence, I received a blow upon the head that brought me to the earth; the murderers were upon me, and, in the struggle, the pistol was discharged, the contents passing through my hand.

"Our conductor now closed in with one of the murderers, and I was liberated from his grasp. The ruffians soon turned from the young man, and, as I perceived they were approaching me, I fled. I succeeded in eluding them, and spent a night in the woods. By tearing my garments, I made bandages and bound up my hand, as well as I could, partially stopping the effusion of blood.

"Next morning, I reached the tavern which I had left, and found myself weak, and covered with blood. People were collected, and I was instantly arrested upon charge of murdering my travelling companion.

"At my trial, the real murderer appeared, and so perverted the testimony, that I was convicted of murder in the second degree."

The next witness brought forward by the prosecution was Nehemiah. He testified that, on the night of the murder, he was at the tavern alluded to; also, that he

was the young man employed by the landlord to conduct the travellers to a place of safety. "Being acquainted with the character of the banditti, and understanding the condition of the strangers," said Nehemiah, "I was suspicious of foul play from the first, and felt anxious for their fate. My anxiety created suspicion in the travellers. They had halted for an explanation; and, at the discharge of a gun near by us, one of the travellers fell dead. Jew David, immediately rushing forward, dealt a blow that felled the other. Then, as they were struggling to overcome the traveller, I interfered in such a manner that he escaped. But the interference cost me all but my life; I was knocked down, bound, and so beaten that one of my arms required amputation."

Nehemiah swore to the identity of the man, who was Jew David, and who shot the traveller. On the cross-examination, he was called upon to explain how he became acquainted with Jew David and the bandits, and why he did not expose them at once, and save the travellers from falling into their hands. He said, from his infancy, he had been wholly in their power. Jew David had stolen him from his connections, and he never knew a relative or friend in the world. The robbers told him that they had friends everywhere; and that he could not escape them with his life, if he exposed their doings, or was disobedient to their will. He said that, from childhood, they had made him go on errands, and obtain information—serving them as a spy. When out as a spy, or on errands, they had forced him, by threats, to say nothing, but to act as though he was deaf and dumb.

The trial resulted in the conviction of Jew David,

and his sentence to be hanged by the neck, until he was dead. A dogged despair now took possession of his countenance ; but, before he left the court-room, he said to Dr. Willis, "I ish revenged on you, even if I ish to be hanged." Then, with a fiend-like grin at Dr. Willis, and pointing with his finger toward Nehemiah, he said: "I ish revenged on you — I ruined Nehemiah. Live, Dr. Willish, and look upon *your son*, whom I have poisoned! Take him home, now," chuckled he,—"ha! ha! ha! Ish he not a fine shentleman?"

"How?" exclaimed the doctor, in amazement. "Where, then, is my wife?—where my Florence? Tell me instantly," said the doctor.

The Jew mocked him, by his sneering look and laugh, but did not answer.

"Speak, if you know," said Mr. Brinsmade, observing the agony which was portrayed in every lineament of Dr. Willis' face.

The Jew still laughed, as he again fixed his eyes upon Dr. Willis.

"Answer him," said the judge, "if you know; you will be no loser." The judge had become excited by the bravado of the Jew, and by the anxiety which was manifested by Dr. Willis.

The Jew now turned his eyes in the direction where were congregated a class of men, whom, from their appearance, might have been taken for outlaws. He saw them, one after another, make their way from the room. He then said, with a fiendish look: "Your wife I saw sink, and de watersh close over her. Your daughter I givesh to de Frenchman on de vessel, who, if he wash not a fool, dropt her into the seas. And dat ish your son—your only son," said he, again pointing to Nehemiah.

The doctor now approached Nehemiah, and sought for a particular mark upon his body.

"It is! it is!" cried he. "Oh! my God, it is my only son, Horatio! The children were twins."

"He ish a murderer," said the Jew, "and he ish a robber; and he ish everyting dat I hash told him to be."

"You are a liar!" said Nehemiah, drawing near the Jew. "I am not wicked, though you have tried to make me so. But I have saved many from being murdered by you, when you sent me out as a spy, by warning them of their danger."

The Jew gnashed his teeth at the heroic man.

There was now great confusion in the court-room; while Dr. Willis turned and said, "Come with me, my son." Then Dr. Willis, Mr. Brinsmade, and Horatio departed.

CHAPTER XLIX.

SUICIDE OF MR. DEVONY.

"Did you comply with my request?" asked Dr. Willis one day of Emily, "and commit to paper the circumstances which came to your knowledge, in regard to Julia De Wolfe?"

"Certainly," said Emily. She left the room, and soon returned with two sealed papers, which she handed to Dr. Willis.

"It is well," replied he, after perusing them. "I am glad that Julia made such a disposal of her property. But I fear Devony is a ruined man, and that nothing can be obtained from him. However, the suit will show his villany; and I have employed Esquire Erving as counsel in this case."

When the time arrived for the trial, the defence was, that Julia De Wolfe died in the family of Mr. Devony; consequently, all that Emily pretended to know of her was false. Mr. Devony appeared unconcerned, but he turned away from the eye of Dr. Willis. There were also present in court Emily and Frank Le Rux. Mr. Devony swore, without any hesitation, that Julia De Wolfe died in his own family.

Frank Le Rux was placed upon the witness-stand. He gave a full account of his father's purchasing Julia De Wolfe of Mr. Devony, and of her death, and what she had said in regard to herself and the property.

The counsel for the defence demanded a bill of sale of the girl to Mr. Le Rux. This could not be produced.

Emily Le Rux was then called. She corroborated the testimony of Frank. She also delivered to the court the Bible given her by Julia, as well as the picture of Albert De Wolfe, her father. Devony trembled and turned pale, when Mr. Erving, the counsel, took the Bible, and read aloud from the blank leaf what had been written by Mrs. Devony.

But this was not all he had to meet. The counsel for the prosecution now requested that the court adjourn until farther testimony might be procured.

Emily's next step was to call upon Mr. Revey, who was the man to whom she had lent the money, given her by her grandfather when she left France, and who attended, as will be remembered, to the burial of Julia De Wolfe. He, with six men, chosen by Dr. Willis, proceeded to the place where had been deposited the remains of Julia De Wolfe.

The court-room was crowded to overflowing on the next day. Mr. Devony was there; but it was evident that he was troubled.

Emily Le Rux entered, attended by her able counsel. That gentleman submitted to the court, for inspection, the gold necklace of Julia De Wolfe, to which was attached the locket, with the initials of Julia's name, and the date of her birth. It also showed the date of her death, written by Emily's own hand.

"D—n the nigger! She was too well educated for a slave," said Mr. Devony, to the man who sat beside him, as he arose to leave the room. He had gone but a few steps, however, before a death-like pallor over-

spread his face, and he attempted to catch by something. A friend stepped forward and rendered him support.

"She's dead!" said Devony, in a murmur. "But, by God, she has come back again! Oh, she haunts me!" screamed he, with a shudder.

"Imagination!" whispered his friend; "be calm."

"No, by heavens!" said Devony; "don't you see her? Lead me out of the room, while I shut my eyes. Quick! quick!"

Dr. Willis was observing him narrowly. He turned to Frank and said, "A guilty conscience is goading him."

"Mr. Devony wishes your attendance at his house, immediately," said a messenger, as the doctor was seating himself at the dinner-table.

The doctor hesitated an instant, and then said, "I will attend him in a short time."

"I beg you not to delay," said the messenger, "for he is very bad, and they cannot hold him; and he is talking all the time about your taking somebody away."

The doctor complied with the summons.

Mr. Devony was lying upon the bed, with one hand pressed closely over his eyes. Beside him were two strong men, and, on a small table near, stood a tumbler and a bottle of brandy. The doctor stopped as he entered, and stood looking at the scene.

"Give me some brandy!" said Devony, as he removed his hand from his eyes. But he instantly uttered a wild scream, and nearly bounded from the bed. Then he fell back, and again covered his eyes.

"Do you wish my attendance?" said Dr. Willis, approaching the bed.

"Yes, yes!" said Devony; "take her away! You can do it—you are on her side. Do it—do it!"

"I do not understand you," said Dr. Willis. "Do you want my attendance as a physician?" and he attempted to feel his pulse.

Devony uncovered his eyes, looked at Dr. Willis, and said: "I am a perjured man; I swore to a lie; I confess it. Do your worst now with me. But take her away, for she haunts me!"

He turned his face to the wall, then bounded from the bed, gave one scream, and rushed, scarce half clothed, from the room, down the stairs into the street. The attendants quickly pursued him. Street after street was passed, while they kept their eyes upon him. But soon they came to a stop. They were looking this way, and that. The maniac was still upon a full run. When they espied him, he had gained the levee, but he did not stop. Giving a fearful scream, he plunged into the water. A man was near, who sprang to the rescue. But where is Mr. Devony? The water closed over him; he rose again, but the man could not reach him. He sank once more, and was drowned!

Next day, the papers announced the death of Mr. Devony, by drowning, during a sudden aberration of mind. Nothing was said of his having committed suicide, because of a guilty conscience. Nothing was said of God's having forsaken him, because he had "grieved the Spirit, by sinning against light." Nothing was said of the poor, downtrodden Julia De Wolfe, the daughter of his once loved Emma's brother, Albert De Wolfe.

The estate of Mr. Devony, after his death, was found so involved, that the suit to obtain Julia's property was abandoned.

CHAPTER L.

AN UNEXPECTED WEDDING.—FRANK AND EMILY LE RUX
GO NORTH TO JOIN EDWARD LE RUX.

“AND where is now the proud family of De Wolfe?” asked Emily of her aunt. “Where the rich, proud estate, earned by dealing in men, women, and children? Scattered to the winds of Heaven. And not only is that property gone, but also one hundred thousand francs, brought by Mr. De Wolfe from France; also, a similar amount which he received by his wife. She was once the pride of France, for she was the daughter of the Marquis M——, and she died a stricken one. Her heart had long been breaking.

“I tell you, aunt,” continued Emily, “that they were accursed of God, and that curse was entailed, in its dire consequences, to the last remnant of the race of De Wolfe. Not that God curses children vindictively for the deeds of their parents; but the legitimate consequences of crime are unavoidably entailed on others. Human slavery was only instituted in rapine, robbery, and murder; consequently the entailing of human slavery enforces upon those, who receive the inheritance, the unavoidable continuation of all its crimes and blighting influences. Thus it is with American slavery. There is a *natural and retributive curse* resting upon all its supporters, and it will crush them down to the lowest

hell ; unless, by deep repentance, and works meet for repentance, they ward off the penalty."

"Do you mean by that," said Mrs. Le Rux, "that we should turn our niggers loose? My niggers could not take care of themselves."

"How do you know, aunt?" replied Emily. "Have you tried them? In contradiction of your theory, I can cite an instance in point, which but recently occurred in your own family. Joe is loose; and does he not succeed in taking care of himself? Creating man with ability to take care of himself is the province of God; why should we endeavor to render ourselves ridiculous in the sight of God and man, by sitting in judgment upon His works?" Emily seemed to warm with the subject, and continued: "You seem to incline to the opinion, aunt, that the slaves, if set free, would be incapable of making an honorable use of their freedom. Were we placed in similar positions with the slaves—held in bondage for a series of years, without one ray of light to illumine our minds in the thick darkness which surrounds us—would we not be equally as incapable of taking care of ourselves? Should we not, in such a case, require, as much as you say they do, owners? Justice and reason prove incontrovertibly that such would be the result.

"But a truce to these arguments, aunt. If you have slaves now, act in a Christian spirit, look upon the matter in the light of humanity, and set them at liberty. Wash your hands of the guilt of holding them, and leave the rest with God. Such would be my remedy for so great an evil. I should set my slaves at liberty, if I inherited any by man's laws, if it made me a beggar! And I feel certain that would not be; for I should be

sustained and provided for by God, whose laws make no slaves. I would do it against man's laws; even though I knew that I should suffer imprisonment or *death* for it. For the Lord Jesus Christ said: 'Fear not him who hath power only to kill the body; but rather fear him who hath power to destroy both soul and body in hell.'

"Let me tell you, aunt," said she, "that the immediate emancipation of the slaves is what alone can save this nation from dissolution. Suppose the present generation do suffer something to redeem their children from this evil, and save them from the wrath and curse of an offended God, would there not be a holy patriotism in it? Did not our forefathers *suffer much* for us? Did they not endure hardship, cold, and hunger? Did they not sacrifice property, and even life, that we might be free? Let the slaveholders of America act on this principle, and save the next generation from degradation, crime, and shame, and the just curse of God! Then men and angels would rejoice; their children would rise up, and call them blessed; the nations of the earth would speak their praise; God would no longer hold them in derision; they would feel his approving smile resting upon them; their own consciences would not accuse them; they would lay themselves down on their pillows in peace; they would awake to rejoice over the act which they had done; and, when they died, they would enter a haven of peace and rest above, and Christ would say, 'Well done, good and faithful servants!'"

• Emily ceased speaking; and looked at her aunt. Oh, how she longed to hear her admit the truth! Oh,

how she longed to have her see and feel that she was guilty before God!

Frank entered. His countenance was troubled. He looked at his mother, and sighed. She raised her eyes and saw those of Frank looking upon her in pity. After endeavoring for a moment to hide his emotion, Frank seated himself by his mother, and said:

"Mother, it is as I have long suspected. There will be, says the administrator, nothing left for you, except barely what the law allows. In fact, the estate of my father is insolvent." He hesitated, and then continued: "Mother, within one week will be sold, to partly cover the debts incurred by my deceased father, all the men, women, and children on the plantation. They have souls, and Christ died for them; and how revolting does it seem that they should be sold with the cattle, hogs, and horses! I have just returned from the plantation, where I have shed many tears. O mother! mother! would that you had been there with me; and, if your heart had not been touched by what I saw, then would I have knelt beside you upon that spot, and prayed for you until my locks were wet with the dews of heaven!"

Mrs. Le Rux was agitated at the solemn earnestness of Frank; but, as was her rule in such cases, she did not speak.

Frank looked at her a minute, and then continued: "Mother, there is not a slave on that plantation for whom I did not pray; and, as I did so, you and my father seemed to stand before me, covered with guilt and shame. There is not a child there upon whom I have not laid my hand, and called down a blessing from Heaven; and, as I did it, I felt that there was an

inspiration in my soul. O mother! could you but have seen them, as they begged of me that they might not be separated from those they love! oh, could you have seen those slave-mothers, as they lifted their little ones up in their arms to me, and begged that 'young Mas'r Frank would see that they were sold together!' it could not have failed to touch your heart!"

Mrs. Le Rux made him no answer, but left the room. On her re-entrance into the room, Frank said:

"Do you remember Flora, mother — your house-servant — whom you felled to the floor soon after I returned from the North, and who was soon after sent to the plantation?"

"Certainly I do," said Mrs. Le Rux. "What of her?"

"She is about one half white, is she not?" said Frank.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Le Rux, "I suppose she is."

"Well, mother," said Frank, "I have resolved to tell you all. She has a child at the plantation — a sweet little girl, about eight months old; — and, as she put it in my arms, with tears in her eyes, said: 'Young Mas'r Frank, your father, Mas'r Le Rux, said he never would sell me and this child, 'cause it was his own child. He also promised me that I should never go off from this plantation; and that, when he died, we should be set free. Will good Mas'r Frank see to it?'"

Emily was in tears. Frank fixed his eyes searchingly upon his mother, yet she did not seem particularly troubled. She simply nodded her head, and said, "Flora was always making some fuss."

"Oh, how horrid!" said Emily. "Frank, cannot Flora and her child be saved?"

"I know of no way," said Frank. "They are advertised with the rest. I am much affected by the circumstance; but what can I do? Think, cousin, of my feelings, as I looked upon that little half-sister, and saw it raise its laughing eyes to mine, as if it loved to see me. I did ——" He stopped suddenly, glanced at his mother, and said: "There are thousands of others, probably, now in this country, in the same situation. Perhaps there is not an hour that passes, but some mother is torn from her child, husband from his wife, or brother from a sister. It is a fearful thing! It is even too horrid for me to contemplate."

"You are altogether too sensitive, Frank," said his mother. "If you do not give up such womanish feelings, you will never be good for anything. Do try and feel as I do, and not give them a second thought. Why cannot you be a man, Frank? Come and sit down by me, and I will tell you something which will make you happy; or, at least, something which I should think ought to. You are so strange, lately, that I hardly know whether you will laugh or cry."

Frank seated himself by her side, saying, "I wish you to understand, mother, that there are but few things which have power to make me laugh, or even smile."

"I did not mean," said his mother, "that I thought you must laugh right out. I only meant, that I would tell you something which ought to please you, and make you look as you used to do, before you went to the North, for then you was always happy."

"Well, mother," replied Frank, "you can tell me nothing which will make me feel as I used to do before I went North; for then I was wicked, and wild. I

knew nothing of God, or the holiness and purity of his character; I knew nothing of my duty to Him, or to my fellow beings. I would not be as I was then, if you would give me millions of this world's goods; and now, permit me to tell you what would make me happy."

Mrs. Le Rux was silent, and Frank said: "If I know my own heart, mother, the thing which I desire most is to do the will of my Father in heaven, and have him glorified in all things. Secondly, I desire that all men repent, and come to a knowledge of the truth, as it is in Jesus Christ; and become as one universal brotherhood, of whatever nation, tongue, or clime. Thirdly, I desire that this nation have a full sense of her guilt, and repent, and do away with slavery. Fourthly, I desire that my mother become convinced of the sin of slavery; go North, with me and Emily, and let me earn, as I feel that I can do, a competence for her support."

"O Frank, Frank!" said Mrs. Le Rux, "you are so strange! I have lost all hope of you. I do not know as I will tell you now anything about it." And she looked disconcerted.

"But you will go North with us," said Emily; "will you not, aunt? I am sure, we will do all in our power to make you happy."

"Yes, mother," said Frank, "you must go with us. I cannot think of leaving you here alone."

"That you will not be obliged to do," said Mrs. Le Rux, with much triumph in her tone, "for I have had an offer."

"Had an offer! — of what, aunt?" asked Emily.

"Why, an offer of marriage, of course!" said Mrs. Le Rux.

"An offer of *marriage*!" said Frank, while a deep color overspread his face.

"Yes, indeed!" said Mrs. Le Rux; "and the offer has been made by one of the richest planters up on Red River. Mr. Mitchell—who courted me before I married Mr. Le Rux. I had his heart then, and he has now offered me his hand. He is, as I said, rich; and has one of the largest plantations of niggers in that part of the country. He, as well as myself, would be very happy to have you and Emily take up your residence with us; at least, until you have learned how to manage well a plantation for yourself."

"O, horrible, mother!" said Frank, as he arose to leave the room. "Do not do it, I implore you!" He saw a determination in her face, and he withdrew.

"I had hoped," said he to Emily, after they had left the room, "that my mother might yet become convinced of the sin of slavery; but her mind is utterly dark, and I think it is of no use for me to say anything more to her. I shall leave the South with you. I think strongly of going to some new Territory, where, I trust, I may be able to do much good. I have a hope that I may yet see this country free from the sin of slavery. My hope is centered in the rising generation—in those who will soon become actors on the stage of life."

* * * * *

Mrs. Le Rux had forgot her sorrow, and was now in the best of spirits. Emily consented to be present, when Dr. Gregory should perform the ceremony which would unite her to the rich planter. The wedding, her

aunt informed her, would take place at the end of one week.

"You have never visited the plantation," said Frank to Emily, on the afternoon of the same day of which we have been speaking. "I desire you to do so."

Emily was not long in deciding that she would go, and they were soon on their way. The slaves were all aware that they must be sold to pay "ole mas'r's debts;" and they talked to Emily as they had done to Frank, and hoped they would not be separated from those they loved.

Emily had a long talk with Flora. Frank also conversed with her; and, before they left, Flora's countenance, which had been very sad, became more cheerful.

* * * * *

"You leave the city to-night?" said Frank to Mr. Irving, the able counsellor from the North.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Nehemiah also leaves to-night," said Dr. Willis to Emily.

"I am surprised," remarked Emily, "at Nehemiah's manliness, as well as his good looks. From the time I first saw him, I was struck with his resemblance to some one whom I had seen; but I could not call to mind who. I now see that he resembles you very much."

"Jew David is robbed of his revenge, so far as the ruin of my son is concerned," said the doctor. "He is a great comfort to me. I would sooner have him as he is, than to have him restored to me in all the pride and glory of many slaveholders, who have lived and moved in these circles, where the mind voluntarily becomes perverted.

There are those here who still seek his life, and he must leave. I shall soon follow him, in company with Mr. Brinsmade. Mr. Brinsmade remains to contest his right to some property left by his mother, which fell to her after the death of his father."

* * * * *

The wedding at length took place; and the next day Mrs. Mitchell, as we must now call Mrs. Le Rux, saw Frank and Emily depart for the North.



CHAPTER LI.

THE MEETING OF FRIENDS AT THE NORTH.

THE meeting of our friends at the house of Edward Le Rux, we shall not attempt to describe. We will leave the picture to be filled up by the imagination of the reader.

Ella found Emily, as she expected, a very noble and agreeable companion and friend.

Mr. Le Roy was consulting Emily, regarding her return to France with him, when she received a letter from no less a personage than the honorable counselor-at-law, Mr. Irving, who had been her attorney in Louisiana, offering her his hand. As she knew the man, she judged that she had already secured his heart.

This offer she immediately laid before her grandfather; but the old man — although he felt that he had no right to interfere in the case — was evidently much affected by it, as it would not harmonize with his wishes.

“Who is dead?” inquired Frank of Dr. Freeman, one day, on seeing a funeral procession. “There is not one mourner,” continued he.

“It is an aged lady,” replied the doctor, “the widow of our late clergyman, Mr. Brownson.”

“Has she no relatives?” inquired Frank.

“One son,” replied the doctor, “if he is still living. He went to Kentucky soon after the death of his father, and she has heard nothing from him for some time.”

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"And has not this neglect accelerated her death?" inquired Edward.

"I am sure that it has," replied the doctor. "The last letter she received from him was very unsatisfactory, as it informed her that he intended to leave Kentucky for Missouri in a few days; and he expressed much irritation that she had not sent him more money. It was out of her power to do so, as the estate was unsettled, and she had already deprived herself of many comforts, in order to make him the last remittance."

"But there is, of course, a large unencumbered property?" remarked Edward.

"So it was supposed," replied the doctor; "but claims against the estate to a large amount have turned up. They are for money which George borrowed without his father's knowledge, during his college course. Besides these, large store-bills are sent in, for purchases made in S——, while George was studying theology there."

"Is it possible," said Edward, "that, with all the father's liberality, the son acted in such a manner?"

"Yes," replied the doctor; "and he has only proved what I always suspected — that he is a worthless fellow; and in Missouri he would be fit for nothing but a border ruffian."

"I want you to call," said Mr. Erskine to Frank, "and hear my man James cry like a baby; and then I will tell you how he and Ella drove George Brownson from the place. It is likely that the story has followed him to Kentucky."

"Have I never told you the facts in regard to that,"

inquired the doctor, "as he stated them himself, in a letter to his mother?"

"No, indeed."

"Well, then, those slave-catchers, who were fooled by Ella, really believed that George Brownson led them into an 'ambush of abolitionists,' as they termed it; and it was through their influence that he was forced to leave Kentucky."

"I never could imagine," said Edward, "why he went to Kentucky."

"I suppose you have no need of your imagination to inform you why he left S——, and this part of the country; but he went to Kentucky to receive the patronage of a friend of his father—a lawyer, whose name I do not recollect; but I know that he is a slaveholder, and that he is in some way connected with the slave traffic in Missouri."

"I knew," said James, "that those slave-catchers were not much pleased with George Brownson's management that night; for they looked at him in a mighty suspicious way, as much as to say, 'I must keep my eye peeled.'"

Frank was not in very good spirits, for he was thinking of his home—of his mother—and of past scenes; but he did indulge in a hearty laugh when James cried, and at several scenes during Mr. Erskine's recital. But what astonished him most, were the facts in regard to Joe and his family.

"Did you hear anything from them," inquired Edward, "after they left Nathan's?"

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Erskine, "they got safe to Canada, and have done well since."

"I could have assured you they would," said Frank;

"for Joe was one of the most energetic, faithful fellows I ever saw; and he will always do his best."

"George Brownson's father," said Edward to Frank, "was one of the strongest pro-slavery preachers in all this region of country. His wife imbibed all his bitterness towards the abolitionists."

"I believe," said Mr. Erskine, "that, if she had given directions concerning her funeral, she would have sooner lain above ground, than have suffered the 'anti-slavery infidels,' as she called them, to bury her."

"Is it not strange," asked Frank, "that men and women can be so darkened, where they have so much light? Oh! how my mind revolts at the thought of a pro-slavery preacher! He must be utterly unacquainted with even the first principles of the religion of Jesus Christ."

Ella is arranging a beautiful bridal dress in the house of her father. She had spent much of her time with Emily since the arrival of the latter in C——.

Emily may be seen in Mr. Erskine's kitchen, with Mrs. Wise, who has volunteered to assist in preparations for the wedding.

"What are you going to do?" asked Emily of Mrs. Wise.

"I am going to put in these seasonings. I always save a part until the cake has raised; then I add them, and stir the cake a long time with my hand."

"Oh! that must be delightful!" said Emily. "I told my aunt at the South, that my hands were made to work; and now I am going to begin. May I do it?"

"It is pretty hard work," replied Mrs. Wise.

"Oh! never mind; I am strong." Emily was soon

patting and stirring the cake vigorously ; but it was not many moments before she stopped, and, drawing a long breath, said, " I shall learn not to tire after a while." She began again, with renewed energy. At last, she relinquished it to Mrs. Wise, saying, as she did so: " Perseverance will conquer all difficulties. I have had my hands in Ella's wedding-cake, and that is worth writing about to my aunt."

" Mr. Erskine said, that you made a linen shirt for Edward, and that it was most beautifully done," said Laura.

" Yes," replied Emily ; " but I could not have done it, if Mrs. Wise had not shown me. I can make one now without showing, as well as anybody else ; and I assure you that I am much pleased. And that is another thing which I will write to my aunt."

" Had you not better wait," said Mrs. Wise, " until you have finished your woollen stockings ? And then you will have quite a catalogue of things to tell, which you have learned."

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It was evening, and Edward Le Rux was seated with Mr. Le Roy in the room which he had called the " sanctuary of his mother."

On a sofa reclined Emily, while, now and then, Edward's voice was drowned by her sobs, as he related to them the events of his childhood, and spoke of the self-denying labors and noble spirit of his mother.

At length, Mr. Le Roy said : " No more to-night, my son. Spare, oh spare my Emily, until another time ! I have examined these papers, Emily," continued he, " and they will be open to your inspection at any time. But I beg of you to keep yourself sustained, whenever

you read, by the cheering thought, that your mother, who thus suffered and wrote, is now an angel in heaven. I have been comforted by the perusal of her writings, for it has given me an assurance, which nothing else could, that her heart was stayed upon God."

He now took the jewels which had belonged to Mrs. Le Clare, and, presenting them to Emily, said: "In doing this, I fulfil the wish of your mother. EDITH is what I desire you to be called in future, as that was the name your mother called you; and it proves, as do also her writings, that she had a faint remembrance of her home, and of her mother, whose name was Edith Annette, and whom I often addressed by the name of Edith."

Edward now took from his bosom the picture of his mother, which had been brought to the house by his father. It was the same that had dropped from the linen, in the chamber of Mr. Le Rux.

"It is, indeed," said Mr. Le Roy, "so like what her mother was!" And the old man wept again. "I had thought," murmured he, "that the fountain of my tears had long since dried; but America has power to call them forth afresh. Leave me, my children, until I recover strength."

"And here is where I always receive strength," said Edward, sinking upon his knees. "Here, too, is where my mother sought, and found it." The heart of each was lifted up, while Edward prayed.

CHAPTER LII.

THE WEDDING OF EDWARD AND ELLA.

THE day appointed for the wedding arrived, and Ella Erskine became the wife of Edward Le Rux. There were present many of the villagers, besides Nathan and Ruth. And the next day saw Ella installed mistress of the home of Edward.

"So you have paid Edward at last," said Dr. Freeman, as he called next day, in company with his wife, upon the bride.

"And with interest compounded," said Mr. Le Roy. But where was Edith—as we will now call her—while Edward was with his bride, engaged in household arrangements? She was perusing her mother's papers; and, when she made her appearance with the family, they saw traces of tears on her cheeks. But a smile again lighted up her face, when she met her friends.

"I must leave for a few days," said Frank, as he entered the sitting-room, hurriedly, one morning, where Edith was alone.

"Not until you have informed me why your countenance is so troubled," replied Edith.

"That is what I have come to do," said Frank; "for I want your advice. Nehemiah was to have been here with Flora, and her child, one week ago; but they have not come; and Mr. Erskine informs me that, about that time, there were two men in pursuit of a fugitive

woman and child at Nathan's; and I am much troubled about it."

"What do you purpose doing?" asked Edith.

"I will get upon their track and follow them, or at least learn whether they were from Louisiana. I have a letter from my mother, and she gives us both an urgent invitation to come to her, as soon as we have finished our visit here, and see what it is to have a plantation of negroes managed upon the right principle."

Edith could hardly forbear smiling, as she took the letter. "My aunt ought to go to the insane retreat," said Edith, "for I am sure she has lost her reason."

But Frank appeared exceedingly sorrowful, and it did not take long for Edith to become a participator of his feelings.

"May I answer my aunt's letter, Frank?" asked she.

"Yes, that is what I was going to request you to do. If I could have the least hope of benefiting her, I would write myself. But what more can I say to her?"

"There comes Nathan's dog," said Ella, as she opened the door; "and his master is not far behind. I am mistaken, if he does not bring us good news."

As Edith looked through the window, she saw not only Nathan, but Nehemiah—or, as we should now call him, Horatio.

Frank's face presented altogether a different appearance, when Nathan informed him that all was well. They had kept Flora secreted at the depot of the Underground Railroad, until her pursuers were completely baffled.

Frank and Edith visited at Nathan's the next day, and both took an affectionate leave of Flora, giving

her much good advice and instruction, as to her course in future, both as it regarded herself and her child.

The day set for another wedding in C—— arrived, and Edith Emily Le Rux became the wife of T. Irving, Esq. This wedding, at the earnest request of Dr. Willis, had been postponed for some weeks, he having a desire to be present at the ceremony.

"I feel," said Dr. Willis to Mr. Le Roy, as they were seated in the parlor, the evening before the wedding, "an interest in your grand-daughter's welfare, perhaps, in some respects, equal to your own. I have told you what I felt towards her mother; and my sentiments are the same for her. It is a sore trial for me to think of being separated from her, I can assure you."

Tears stood in the eyes of Mr. Le Roy; he did not attempt to conceal them. He said, however, "I need offer no apology to you for my weakness; and it is a comfort for me to be surrounded with sympathetic friends. I find my children — as I now call them — all that I could wish. I had desired, yea, I had felt confident, that I should take them back with me to France. But I see how it is. I have prayed that I might be directed by God; and I now feel that he needs them in America more than in France; nor dare I longer rebel against his will. To return without them, I cannot. In France, I had none to take an interest in my welfare. I am rich; but, before leaving, I placed my property in such a position, that, in case I should meet a watery grave, or death in any other way, there would be no difficulty in its settlement by any one. My agent there is prepared to pay over, in ready cash, all my funds, at any time, when a lawful demand is made.

The guests had retired. It was evening. Mr. and Mrs. Irving were in the parlor; also, Edward and Ella, Mr. Erskine, Dr. Willis, his son Horatio, and Frank Le Rux.

Mr. Le Roy was seated in the large arm-chair. Edith sat looking at him; again she saw tears in his eyes. She felt that he was thinking of other days. She arose, and gently said: "To you, my dear grandfather, am I indebted for all my happiness; for you taught me virtue—you taught me to love and obey God. And who can be truly happy without virtue? Who can be happy without a knowledge of themselves, and the love of God shed abroad in their hearts? Oh! had I a thousand lives to live, I would seek for those gifts which are of God."

"Amen," responded Edward. "Amen," exclaimed Frank.

Mr. Le Roy arose. "Sit you there, all of you," said he, as he pointed to Frank, and from him to Edward and Edith. Frank arose to comply. "Here," said Mr. Le Roy, as he stepped forward and placed his hand between Edward and Edith. They understood his meaning; they moved a little aside, and Frank seated himself between them. "And now," said the old man, "you are all mine. My children, whom God has given unto me in this time of my distress. You must all share alike in what He has given me of this world's goods. And, as Isaac blessed Jacob, so bless I you all. And I thank God that you have not sold your birth-right to this guilty nation!" He laid his hand on each of their heads, and said, "'Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.' Dedicate yourselves," continued he, "to the ser-

vice of freedom, and God grant that your labors be not in vain."

They all arose to their feet.

"Let us dedicate ourselves anew to the work," said Edward. They raised their hands while Edward said: "We do solemnly promise and pledge ourselves to work for the freedom of the downtrodden sons and daughters of America; and to this work we dedicate our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

"Now let us unite in a freedom prayer-meeting. Let us now pray for this nation," said Mr. Le Roy; "let us pray for its rulers—for its fathers and mothers, its sons and its daughters; let us pray for the slave."

And Mr. Le Roy addressed the throne of grace in the most fervent manner. He was followed by Dr. Willis. After which, each in their turn called upon God to bear witness to the resolve which they had made; and to aid and give them strength equal to their day.

CHAPTER LIII.

NEW DISCLOSURES.

It was some three months after the events mentioned in the last chapter, that the same persons met again in the parlor of Edward Le Rux. There was also another friend, Mr. Brinsmade, who was sitting upon one side of Mr. Le Roy, with Dr. Willis upon the other. Mr. Le Roy was in an easy-chair. Emily was standing near, as if to catch his words.

"It is well," said Mr. Le Roy, "it is well with me; and I am only waiting God's time to take me to himself. I experience no pangs for my past acts, except that I did not seek more wisdom in early life; for wisdom is a pearl of great price."

Since the friends met before in this parlor, Edith had visited Philadelphia, Washington, and various other places in the United States; and had returned at this time, solely on account of the illness of Mr. Le Roy.

Dr. Willis and Frank had also visited New Orleans, and Frank had spent a few days with his mother.

"God bless you all," said Mr. Le Roy, as Mr. Irving and Edith assisted him from the room.

"Do you think that my grandfather is dangerously ill, and that we shall soon miss his benignant countenance from amongst us?" asked Emily of Dr. Willis, on re-entering the room.

"He tells me," replied the doctor, "that he has been

troubled with a cough for some years. I regret to say that I think he has the consumption; but there is no danger of dissolution immediately. I have only waited for your approval to recommend him to travel."

Emily seemed troubled at the doctor's information; and thought, like him, that it would be best for Mr. Le Roy to travel.

"It is not until since my return, that I have learned from Horatio, that Fanny did not make good her escape at the time she left New Orleans," said Emily, seeming ever to make the welfare of the slave a subject of earnest consideration.

"I had not intended that you should ever learn it," said the doctor; "for I felt that it would pain you exceedingly. She was seized upon the oath of a kidnapper, under the Fugitive Law, and given up by the commissioner in the most dastardly manner, without even the mockery of a trial. Had she followed the directions given her by Horatio, she might perhaps have escaped. But she would go to the canal to find Minta, instead of keeping upon the track of the Underground Railroad, and she was taken."

"Oh, that I could know her fate!" said Edith.

Frank and Dr. Willis exchanged glances, and Frank, after walking the room a few moments, turned to leave it.

"You are agitated," said Edith to him. "You know something of Fanny's fate? Do as you used to do, and open your whole heart to me, for I am anxious about the matter."

Frank hesitated.

"Do you not know that anything is better than suspense?" said Edith. "Have you forgotten the scenes

through which we passed together? Fear not to tell me, Frank, for I am Emily yet; and I feel that I am safe in saying, that you are no less Frank than when you stood with me over the dying bed of Julia De Wolfe."

"You are right, cousin," said Frank, as he re-seated himself. "I had resolved, however, that if it were possible for me to do so without dissimulation, I would never reveal to you that I saw Fanny while I was on my visit to my mother. But you have a right to know the truth. With what you have seen and felt of slavery, you would always be led to think of Fanny as suffering under its evils. But she has escaped by death.

"I found my mother, as she had told us, the wife of one of the richest planters on Red River. I found, also, that her husband had no soul, and that he was cruel in the extreme to his slaves. I found my mother where there seemed to be no obstacle in the way of her exercising all her long-talked-of power over her unfortunate victims. There are degrees in cruelty towards the slaves in different States; and perhaps cruelty is carried to its utmost on Red River. You know that my mother often expressed a wish that we might witness slavery conducted upon the principle that her father had conducted it; and she evidently took much delight in bringing me in contact with scenes, which she thought would excite my admiration, as to the power which Mr. Mitchell held over his slaves. He always talked of his 'niggers' as he did of his hogs or cattle; but he did not *treat* them as well, and I do not believe he had as much feeling for them. I was not silent, and often attempted to throw out remarks respecting their souls, and the desire

.

I felt that they might be taught to read. My endeavors however met with little sympathy; granite will crumble in the lapse of ages, but hearts like his will never be touched.

“He had inflicted a severe punishment upon a small boy,” continued Frank, “for no other offence than that he had accidentally broken his pipe. The punishment was inflicted with a hot iron, by applying it to his arm, just above the elbow! I was indignant, and did not attempt to conceal it.”

“What could have tempted you to go there?” said Edith Emily, with a shudder.

“It was by my request,” said Dr. Willis. “I was myself in search of Fanny, and I suggested to Frank the propriety of his visiting his mother, and of tracing Fanny, as I had reason to believe that she was somewhere in that direction.”

“Mr. Mitchell,” said Frank, “informed me that a drove of slaves had just arrived from New Orleans, and that, as he had a desire to purchase some of them, he was going to attend the sale. This was, of course, what I desired to do myself, and I accompanied him to the place.

“The third victim placed upon the block was a girl. ‘This must be Fanny,’ thought I; and I was almost upon the point of bidding for her, for the doctor informed me that that was your wish, when I perceived that she leaned somewhat to one side, as if one leg was shorter than the other. I turned aside, opened the paper given me by Dr. Willis, containing an accurate description of her person, and found that, in this respect, she did not answer the description given. She stood upon the block, not even lifting her eyes, until she was ‘knocked

down,' when she cast one look upon the spectators. Our eyes met, and I fancied she recognized me, for her lips moved. She then brought her leg to its natural position. 'It is indeed Fanny,' thought I; 'but how can she recognize me, as I have never seen her but once, and then only for a few minutes? — at the time of your interview with her after your release. I determined, however, to follow her. She had feigned her lameness, in the hope, doubtless, that it would prevent her being sold, or for some other reason which I could not solve.

"The fellow who had purchased her had six in his gang. I followed the same road that he had taken, thinking that I might perhaps get an opportunity to speak to Fanny. I kept at a distance, until I saw the negroes enter a gate leading to a house, which proved to be the residence of their owner. I entered the house, telling the planter that I was the son of Mrs. Mitchell, that I was fatigued, and desired to remain with him during the night. This was readily granted, and, after supper, I was shown to my room, which was on the first floor.

"I was, as I have said, fatigued; but, with a firm resolution not to sleep, I cast myself upon the bed, without divesting myself of my clothes, pondering in my mind the ways and means by which I might release Fanny. Twelve o'clock came, and there was still opening and shutting of doors in the house.

"I was awakened from a partial sleep, just as the clock struck one, by a scream. I sprang from my bed, and, seizing my hat, left the house, and went to the quarters, where I had seen the slaves conducted. There was nothing to debar my entering it. There upon the

floor of the cabin lay the wretch, who had bought the girl, stabbed to the heart. I left the building ; and, as I turned around the corner of it, I saw some one fleeing across the lot. It appeared to be a woman. I now felt convinced that it was Fanny ; that she had defended herself, and was escaping. I pursued, while the object flew before me. I pronounced the name of Fanny, in as loud a voice as I dared. It was not heeded by the retreating form ; and, although I followed rapidly in the pursuit, still she distanced me.

“ Soon two bloodhounds were upon her track. As they passed me, I raised my pistol, fired, and one of the dogs fell ; but the other, I soon found, had caught her. As I was nearing them, I saw her make a pass at the dog with her knife ; but she missed him. I reached the spot just in time to take the hound from her throat. Her eyes were shut, and, as I attempted to raise her head, she murmured, ‘ O God ! receive my spirit,’ and plunged the knife into her heart ! Before I left, her death-struggle had ceased, and her grasp on the knife had loosened, which I brought home with me ; and thus another victim was sacrificed to the demon, slavery. I fled from the spot, for those in pursuit were now approaching. I returned to the house unobserved, and soon after went to the stable, obtained my horse, and, before my mother had arisen, I entered the house.

“ I related the circumstances to Mr. Mitchell and my mother ; the former of whom said that such things were not uncommon, while the latter expressed her regret that such losses should be incidental to the system.”

Frank left the room, and returned with the knife.

“ It is the identical knife,” said Emily, as she examined it ; “ for here is the letter N, which I scratched

upon the handle with a pin. It was given to her by Nehemiah, with the injunction to kill Moloch, if he attempted abuse upon her person. Oh, could she have known and escaped, I could have received her as a sister."

"And Fanny," said Dr. Willis, "was, no doubt, a free-born citizen of Ohio. She was kidnapped; and, after spending several years in a vile prison in slavery, made her escape; was seized again under the Fugitive Law; and, without a trial, sent back into slavery. Such is now my country! I have a record of crime, which, at some future time, I design to lay before the nation."

Emily was much affected. At length she said to Dr. Willis, "I desire to have you inform me what was the power which you held over Livingsworth."

"It was this," replied the doctor. "He had an only sister, at one time the belle of the place. I attended upon that sister, when she gave birth to a mulatto child. She afterwards married a Northern man, and he removed to the South. It is said that they do not live agreeably, although they move in the highest circles. Livingsworth has often spoken to me upon the subject, fearing that I would betray the secret."

"Oh, horrible!" said Emily.

"But this was not all," said the doctor. "The child was a healthy child. I left it well at night, and, the next morning, I found it dying. I was satisfied that laudanum caused its death."

* * * * *

It was evening again, and there was quite a social party assembled. Dr. Willis said: "I have here the dying confession of Jew David, which he dictated, and

I wrote with my own hand, the day before he was executed. It unfolds much iniquity. That you may know the whole of slavery and its many hydra-heads, I propose to read it aloud."

"Will you not wait," said Ella, "until my father and Dr. Freeman enter? They are now in Mr. Le Roy's room."

In a few minutes these gentlemen came in, and Dr. Willis read aloud

THE DYING CONFESSION OF JEW DAVID.

The Jew said: "To-morrow I must die. Dr. Willis says there is a God; if so, I must meet him before to-morrow night. I was an honest man, when I came to this city. I would not steal or murder. All I then did was to make good bargains, and get money. Some time after my arrival here, twelve men came to me—they were rich men, and more than half of them were members of churches—who offered me money, if I would join them in kidnapping children, and in stealing horses and other things. I did not like to do it, for Rachel, my mother, told me to be always honest; but they urged me so strongly, and offered so many inducements, that I consented. They then helped me to build the house where I was arrested.

"At first, we had a sort of plantation there. I soon found out that the men with whom I was associated were connected with the Murrell gang. They told me they wanted me to kidnap women and children; and I did so. Some of the gang would come and take those away who were kidnapped, and sell them. They would then meet at my house, as they called it, and we would divide the money.

"I finally wanted to go to the city to live, so that I could traffic in better things. I soon afterwards went back to my own country for my brother Moloch. We were returning on board the same ship with Dr. Willis and his two children. I was looking about, to see if I could see anything to steal, when, during a storm, I saw a lady have a small trunk of gold, and also some valuable gold bracelets. I got hold of the trunk and one bracelet, and secreted them. The storm had abated, and the captain said we should enter the harbor in safety. I then took an auger, went below, and bored some holes in the side of the ship. I waited until the water rose above the holes, and then I told Moloch to give the alarm, that 'the vessel was sinking.' The boat was lowered by a sailor, who understood my game; the women and children were placed into it, when Moloch and I instantly jumped in, and left the ship.

"There were in the boat three women, five children, and a boy. We had secured the trunk and bracelet which I had stolen, and brought them with us. When we had got a short distance from the ship, one of the women screamed, and I pushed her overboard, and she was lost. The other women and children, with the boy, we took directly to my house. The trunk I hid in a hole, dug for that purpose on the beach. I told the truth, when I said that Nehemiah was Dr. Willis' son, and that I gave his other child to a Frenchman, who was on board of a vessel, just leaving port.

"Mrs. Le Roy was the handsomest woman of the whole, and I made her my wife. She did all my work for a great while; and, when she would fret and cry about her child, I would pound and kick her; and, at last, in anger, I pushed her into the well, and then

threw quicklime over her. Her brother's name was Marsells De Wolfe. I dared not take either of them from the house; for they had a brother, Albert, in the city. Marsells became deranged, and I chained him to the floor. He used to yell so much, and talk about France so continually, that I got enraged, one day, and sprang upon him, got him by the throat, and choked him to death. I threw the body into the old well, where I put Mrs. Le Roy. After this I left, and lived in the city, while Moloch stayed in our prison, for such it was now.

"Mariana was a free woman. We murdered her husband, and got a large sum of money. Her children were sold; and her brother we got condemned for a murder that I committed. Fanny was free, and kidnapped from Ohio.

"There is a band of kidnappers organized in the South, who operate in the North. The men who first led me into this business are, some of them, still living, and are called respectable men; but they ought to be exposed and hung, as well as me; for they have been the means of my committing many crimes, and coming to this awful punishment. They promised to clear me, if ever I got into trouble; and now they dare not come near me. If there is a God, I hope he will forgive me!"

"This," said Mr. Erskine, as the doctor finished reading, "must never come to the knowledge of Mr. Le Roy."

"He has already seen it," said the doctor. "It was for the very purpose of showing it to him I visited him in his room yesterday. He had been looking forward to the execution of the Jew, hoping that I might in-

duce him to make a full confession, that thus he might learn particulars as to what was the true fate of his wife. This I could only obtain by pledging myself that I would not appear against Moloch, if he were indicted for murder. And, even then, he would not, until I could assure him that Moloch had left America. But slavery must fall. The crimes of slavery must meet the eye of the *nation*; yes, of *every nation*."

"Amen," said Edward, "for thus have I before said."

"That has been my prayer," responded Emily; "and let it be done quickly."

"Such is my earnest hope," said Frank, "and God grant that it may reach my mother's heart, while she has time for repentance."

"The house and lot of Mr. Brownson is to be sold to-morrow," said Mr. Erskine to Dr. Willis. "Will you attend?"

"Why is that? Has George determined to take up his residence at the South?" said Edward.

"George is in Missouri," replied Mr. Erskine, "but the place is under an attachment for debts, which he contracted while in college and in Kentucky. He represented himself as being very rich, made heavy loans, which he could not pay, and left in disgrace."

Dr. Willis did attend the sale, and returned home the owner of the place.

"You have told me nothing of Mariana," said Emily one day to the doctor; "and I have feared to inquire, lest I might hear that she met a fate like Fanny's."

"Mariana has herself gone to the Governor of——, in behalf of her brother. I saw her start; and she manifested the energy of her countryman, 'Sir Wil-

liam Wallace,' as we have it in Goldsmith's History of England. She declares she will spend her life in finding her children. She has written to her brother in Scotland of her wrongs; and she has no doubt but that he will come over to her assistance. She has promised to keep me advised, by letter, of her success. I wrote once to Scotland in her behalf, but have received no answer, and it is possible her brother is dead."

* * * * *

It was decided that Mr. Le Roy should travel with Edith, and the next day saw them depart.

CHAPTER LII.

THE DEATH OF MR. LE ROY.

It was some three months after the events narrated in our last chapter, that Mr. Le Roy returned to C——, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Irving.

"I have come," said he to Edward, "to lay my remains by the side of my child, your mother."

It was night, and Edith stood by the couch of her grandfather. He was sleeping; but he at length awoke, and said, "I am going now. Call them all."

Edith soon returned with them; and they stood by the dying bed of the old man. He reached out his hand, and each took it in turn, as he said, "God bless you!" There was scarce any indication that life was extinct—so free from pain had been his last moments.

It would be vain to endeavor to portray the grief of his sorrowing grandchildren and friends. There was a soothing consolation to their affliction, however, in the thought that he had only put off the mortal to array himself in that immortal garb, which brings to its wearer those priceless boons—a Saviour's blessing, and a habitation in that "mansion, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Edward and Ella still reside in C——, and are happy. Emily, or Edith, is the wife of a statesman.

Frank Le Rux has made the tour of Europe, in company with Mr. Brinsmade and Horatio Willis—

who is much improved by his travels. They visited France for the purpose of attending to the affairs of Mr. Le Roy.

"Now," said Frank to Edith, "I must away to the field of action."

"But will you not take a wife to that new Territory?" said Edith. "I cannot think of your having no one to sympathize with, and take care of you, when you are ill. How do you like Miss Olmstead?"

Frank hesitated a moment, and then said: "Very well indeed. She appears amiable, and is rather interesting; but she will not do for that country. She has not the self-denying spirit which would be needed by my wife. No, no, cousin, let me go alone. I must wait for a wife, until I lose my heart."

"It is strange that you have never done that," said Edith. "I should have thought you would have lost it during your stay in France; and that, when it was understood you were one of the heirs of Mr. Le Roy, you would have had no trouble in bringing a wife to America."

"Cousin," said Frank, while his countenance betrayed a look of melancholy, "had I been as Albert De Wolfe was when he fell in with Mary, and Julia De Wolfe been as Mary was at the time that Albert returned from Europe, I should doubtless have fallen as he did; *for I loved Julia De Wolfe!* But, being as I was, when I first saw her, there was no danger. I see how it was with Albert, and how it is with thousands who follow in the same train; and I tell you, that slavery entails a curse from generation to generation. It is this which I feel I must tell the nation. Could you blame me, cousin, for *loving* Julia De

Wolfe? Have you ever met one whose virtues stood out in bolder relief? Was she not handsome in person and feature?"

"Yes, indeed," said Edith; "but, although I saw all this, and felt my own heart drawn towards her, it never entered my mind that you could not see and feel for her as I did, without loving her."

"If I ever have my heart touched again, I will inform you at once," said Frank. "Let them talk of amalgamation: I will meet the whole world, and tell them what amalgamation is at the South. Let them point me to a family there, if they can, who have not the sin to answer for. And I will tell them, too, what kind of amalgamation goes on there. I will point them to the plantation; to the auction, where they sell human beings. I will point them to the slave-mother, when she lifts her white child in her arms, and says, 'Dis be mas'r's own child.' I will bid them listen to her screams, when it is torn from her, for the paltry price of a few dollars. I will point them to that mother, when she puts the knife to her throat, or plunges into the Mississippi, because her heart is broken, and she is in dark despair. And, when I have done this, I will remind them of the scenes that will occur, when they meet those mothers and children in eternity; and bid them wait until then to talk of amalgamation!"

Frank was exceedingly agitated, and Edith was in tears. It seemed to her, for a few moments, that she was again leaning over the bed of Julia. She seemed to see Dinah, and her uncle and aunt. Frank could scarcely allay his agitation; and, as he arose to leave the room, she heard him say, "O my mother!"

"I will write to her," thought Emily, as she sought her own chamber, where she wrote as follows:

"C——, ——, 18—.

"MY AUNT,— For such, at this moment, I feel that I must call you. I have just, as it were, been living over again a portion of the time I spent in your family in New Orleans. It was that part of the time when I stood by the deathbed of Julia. Frank was with me, and I have no doubt, from his manner, but that he too was living in imagination those scenes over again, for he was agitated while I wept.

"Frank leaves to-morrow for ——, to devote his life, and all the energies of his mind and spirit, to the cause of freedom. As he left the room where we had been conversing, I heard him say, 'My mother;' and I know what were his feelings. Shall I tell you, aunt, what were his thoughts? I cannot hear your answer; but I must tell you, for I feel that it is my duty. He was thinking of your lost and ruined condition—of what would be your situation after death, when you should appear before God in all the darkness which now rests upon your soul; for, believe me, as you live, so will you die. We were put into this rudimental sphere, to prepare for another sphere of existence, when our spirits leave the body. When that takes place with me, I trust I shall enter that abode, where it will be the delight of myself and spirit companions to exercise all our spiritual faculties in doing good. But you, aunt, must expect to enter that place where they delight only in cruelty.

"You cannot leave this world with your present load of sins upon your head—the sin of being a slaveholder,

and treating your fellow beings cruelly — under the expectation of going to any other place than where those dwell who possess the same mind and spirit as yourself. Let me tell you that there you will be awfully miserable. The God whom you must meet is a God of justice and of mercy. He is a holy God. You cannot dwell with him until you exercise some of the attributes of mercy and loving kindness upon earth.

“ This is, perhaps, the last time you will hear from me in this world ; and it is likely, if you continue in your present course, we will be separated in eternity. Farewell.

EDITH E. IRVING.”

CHAPTER LV.

THE CONCLUSION.

It was about two years after the events recorded in our last chapter, that Frank Le Rux and Dr. Willis were sitting in front of a building attached to one of the fashionable watering-places at the North. They were in earnest conversation, when they were led to observe an elderly lady, attended by a young lady and gentleman, who was just about to alight from a carriage. The ladies were in deep mourning, and it was evident that the elder one was ill.

The young man was soon out of the carriage, and was about helping the younger lady out, when a gentleman approached, and, without speaking, offered his hand to aid her in alighting. She evidently disliked the intrusion, for her face reddened, and she partially drew back; then, casting her eyes round to see if she was observed, she accepted his assistance. The elderly lady now alighted from the carriage, with the aid of the two gentlemen; and, leaning upon the arm of him who attended her from the carriage, she was moving off, when the young lady, feeling annoyed and evidently vexed at the presence of the intruder, stepped between him and the invalid lady, saying, as she did so, "Lean upon my arm, mother — I am quite strong."

It was evident that the old lady was not displeased at being liberated from the attendance of the other gen-

tleman, for her countenance expressed satisfaction. The intruder was disconcerted ; but he kept his ground, and walked by the side of the young lady. As the porter appeared at the door, the young man who was in attendance upon the ladies handed him a card. The porter said, as he glanced at it, " Yes, the rooms have been reserved, and are well fitted up." Our friends soon afterwards heard them ascending the stairs.

" It is Mrs. Livingsworth, and her son and daughter, from New Orleans," said Dr. Willis to Frank, as he heard the last sound upon the stairs. " They are in deep mourning — Livingsworth must be dead."

" I never knew much of the family," said Frank, " and did not recognize them. I thought I had before seen the face of the gentle man who joined them at the carriage, but I was not able to call to mind *where* I had seen him."

" It was Johnson, of New Orleans," said the doctor. " You certainly must recollect him."

" Certainly," replied Frank ; " yet I had not met him for more than two years before I left the city."

" He is evidently desirous of pleasing Miss Livingsworth, while she is much annoyed by his attentions ; and I tell you, Frank," said the doctor, as he laid his hand upon his arm, " if she is as she used to be, she is a treasure, and far too good for Johnson. I cannot tell what they have made of her since I last saw her, by training. Her mother was a New England woman, and married Livingsworth under the impression that he was a man of honor. She soon found out her mistake ; but she held a power over Minda, much to the discomfiture of her father."

Miss Livingsworth appeared at the dinner-table, at-

tended by her brother, evidently a man of fashion. She was seated by her brother's side, nearly opposite Frank and Dr. Willis. Johnson seated himself upon the other side of her, and attempted to be very polite. Miss Livingsworth did not raise her eyes; but she seemed ill at ease, and, after making a scanty dinner, she arose and returned to her own room. The eyes of her brother were turned after her in anger, and a frown gathered upon the face of Johnson.

Dr. Willis was in his room. It joined that of Mrs. Livingsworth. He heard harsh words. He listened.

"I cannot go out this afternoon, brother," he heard Minda say.

"It is only to avoid Johnson," said her brother; "and you will repent the indignity you offer him."

"It is only to avoid Johnson," replied the young girl, "I acknowledge. Have I not before told you that I would not receive his attentions? I have," continued Minda; "and is it not cruel in you, Alonzo, thus to press me?"

There was no reply. Alonzo left the room hurriedly, and it was evident to the doctor that he left in anger.

"Here is a card for the sick lady, Mrs. Livingsworth, in No. —," said Dr. Willis to the porter, after he had descended the stairs. "I will await a reply in the parlor."

The porter was not long in delivering the card; and, in a few minutes, Miss Minda Livingsworth entered the parlor.

"Nothing could give my mother more joy," said she, as the doctor arose to meet her. "I also feel a joy in meeting you, which I cannot express. My mother desires your attendance immediately in her room. She is

ill, and she desires to express to you her thanks for so kindly sending her your card." And Minda arose to conduct him to the room of her mother.

"But tell me," said the doctor, "have you lost your father?"

"I have," was the reply. "He died about six months since. He never recovered from the wound he received by a pistol-shot, in an affray with an assassin, some years ago."

The doctor was not disconcerted; for he had known such was the story that Livingsworth told his family, after he received the wound by the hand of Emily Le Rux, in the prison-house of Jew David.

There was a tear in the eye of Minda, as the doctor followed her from the room to the chamber of her mother. Mrs. Livingsworth was sitting up to receive the doctor. She took his hand with much warmth, and said:

"This is a surprise which I could not have anticipated, sir; but it is impossible for you to conceive of the satisfaction it gives me."

"It is also an unexpected meeting to me," said the doctor, "and let me assure you that it is, too, a satisfaction to me. I have always felt an interest in your welfare; and, at the time I visited in your family in New Orleans, I was also exceedingly interested in your children. But tell me," continued he, "have you been long ill?"

"I have been ill for more than one year," replied Mrs. Livingsworth; "and I find myself more unwell this morning. I have, I think, taken some cold since leaving New York, where we spent one week. I am also much fatigued."

The doctor felt her pulse. His countenance assumed a look of anxiety, as he said: "Your travelling has no doubt fatigued you; and I would advise rest for a few days."

"Have you observed Miss Livingsworth particularly?" said Dr. Willis to Frank, as they arose from the dinner-table the next day, and entered the street together.

"I have observed her narrowly," replied Frank; "and am much pleased with her appearance. But she looks unhappy."

"That she doubtless is," replied the doctor; "for she has lost her father, and her mother is now very ill. But there is another cause for her being unhappy. Her mother has intrusted me with the secret, and I am now going to tell it to you, for Minda must be delivered forthwith from the dilemma in which she is placed. You know the character of Livingsworth. Notwithstanding his heartlessness in other things, he prided himself on his children, particularly his daughter. Mrs. Livingsworth was, as I have already told you, a New England woman. She became acquainted with Livingsworth at the North, and married him within six months after their first interview, with the approbation of her parents, and went South. She soon saw," continued the doctor, "the guilt of slavery, and has led an unhappy life. Although Livingsworth was one of the sly ones, and she never fully understood his character, yet she found him lacking in honor, and it grieved her much.

"She informs me that her father had a large family, and that she is the last one — they all having died of consumption. Minda often visited at the North; and

her father said, she imbibed abolition principles there; but her mother told him that 'Minda was born an abolitionist.' Be that as it may, she is an abolitionist. Her father saw it, and it perplexed him much.

"Johnson visited at the house before Livingsworth's death, and asked the hand of Minda, in marriage, which she refused—her mother approving her decision. Her father died; and, upon opening the will, it was found that he had made no provision for Minda, except she married Johnson. This she refused to do. Johnson informed Mrs. Livingsworth that the whole estate was under a mortgage to him, and it depended entirely upon Minda's complying with his wishes, whether they had any longer a home. He had also the presumption to tell her, that the debts to himself were contracted by her husband in borrowing money to pay his gambling debts.

"Mrs. Livingsworth was at the time ill; and this information gave a shock to her nerves from which she has not recovered. Johnson then went to work to ingratiate himself into the favor of young Livingsworth, and has succeeded. This has added another pang to the heart of his sick mother. The last brother of Mrs. Livingsworth died in the Indies. He was a bachelor, and left all his property to Minda, who was his favorite. This she is to receive on her wedding-day, if she marries before she is twenty-one; and, if not, she is to come in possession of it at that time. This Mrs. Livingsworth thinks her son has communicated to Johnson. It was this, more than the visit here, which brought them North, as the deceased brother's agent resides in New York."

* * * * *

"O brother," said Minda, as she laid her hand upon his arm, "why do you look so angrily at me to-day?" A tear came in her eye as she spoke, and she raised her handkerchief, sank upon a seat, and sobbed aloud.

Alonzo was touched. He advanced, and putting his arm around her, said: "I do not wish to grieve you, sister; but what are we to do? Johnson left this morning, swearing that he would close the mortgage on the estate within twenty-four hours after arriving in New Orleans."

"Has he gone?" said Minda, as she lifted her eyes, while, for an instant, her countenance assumed its wonted expression. "Oh! how glad I am!" But her countenance again changed to that of sorrow, as she met her brother's eye. These had been the first kind words he had spoken to her for many days; and now his looks again betrayed anger.

"Do not look at me thus, brother," said Minda. "You are breaking my heart; besides, I must tell you something which will pain you. Our mother is worse than she was, and she is grieved at your absence."

"Does she think that I am to have no pleasure here? I only attended Johnson to ———, and was absent but forty-eight hours."

"Listen, brother," said Minda, "for I must tell you. Dr. Willis says that our mother cannot live long, and that she is dying of a broken heart!"

The young man seemed taken by surprise. He turned pale, and, for some moments, could not speak. At length he said:

"But you do not believe it, Minda?"

"My mother says that Dr. Willis makes no mistakes in cases of this kind," replied Minda.

"Oh, this is indeed dreadful news for me! I did not think her in the least danger. But tell me, Minda, how long does the doctor think she will live?"

"He says it is uncertain; perhaps three months or six, according to circumstances. He says, also, that she must be removed from this place, to one where she can have more quiet, as soon as possible."

The young man arose, and walked the room hurriedly. At length he said, "What does my mother say?"

"She is very calm, although she is distressed at the thought of leaving us thus friendless. She says that death is not a terror to her. But I am leaving her too long," said Minda, as she arose, saying, "Come, brother; she will be rejoiced at your return."

"I cannot meet her now; but tell her I have returned, and will soon attend her."

* * * * *

Alonzo sat by his mother. She took his hand in hers, and said, "Minda has informed you that we must leave this place?"

"Yes," replied the young man, sorrowfully; but his eyes were not raised to meet those of his mother, which were fixed searchingly upon him. She relinquished his hand, leaned her head back, and sighed. Alonzo arose to his feet, while the tears coursed down his cheeks. He walked the room for some minutes, in deep thought. At this instant, Dr. Willis entered the room. He bowed politely to Alonzo, and proffered his hand, which the young man took, appearing still more agitated.

"I am happy to meet you," said Dr. Willis, "as I have come to consult your mother about a subject of

much importance to herself; and she will, doubtless, need your counsel."

The doctor spoke in a kindly and respectful manner, and Alonzo soon recovered his composure, and seated himself near his mother.

"I have come," said Dr. Willis, addressing Mrs. Livingsworth, "to invite you, with your son and daughter, to go with me to my home, where you shall be well attended during your illness; and I promise you, in case of your death, I will act the part of adviser to your children."

Mrs. Livingsworth cast a look at Alonzo.

"Decide as your own judgment dictates, mother," said the young man. "I read your thoughts in your looks. But I am ready to attend you wherever you may decide it best that you should go."

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About three months after this, Frank Le Rux was sitting in the room of Mrs. Livingsworth. Beside him sat a beautiful lady, arrayed in a plain white dress. It was Minda Livingsworth. In her hair was a pure white rose, which had been placed there by the hand of her invalid mother but a few minutes before. The room was still and quiet. Raised in the bed, and supported by pillows, was Mrs. Livingsworth. Dr. Willis entered the room, accompanied by Edward Le Rux and his wife, who spoke a few words of congratulation, and then seated themselves, noiselessly. A short time after, Alonzo entered the chamber, accompanied by a clergyman, who advanced to the bed, and conversed for a short time with the invalid.

After a few moments' silence, Dr. Willis approached Mrs. Livingsworth, and inquired if she was ready.

Frank and Minda, at his request, stood on one side of the bed,—the clergyman on the other. The minister, in a solemn and impressive voice, then performed the marriage ceremony, pronouncing Frank and Minda husband and wife. Frank, Minda, and Alonzo, dropped upon their knees beside the bed, and the clergyman commended all to the care and guidance of God.

"God bless you all, my children," said the sick mother.

All now retired, save Frank, Minda, and Alonzo, who occupied themselves in pleasurable conversation, while their mother slept.

"Alonzo! My children!" said the mother, as she awoke.

Instantly the three were by her side.

"Alonzo," said she, "you will go with Frank and Minda?"

"I will," replied the young man.

"This is my last and dying request," said his mother.

"You may all now retire, and send Dr. Willis to me."

They obeyed, and Dr. Willis soon entered.

"You have my instructions to my children," said she; "give them to my son after my funeral."

The doctor bowed assent.

"I have one request more, Dr. Willis. It is that you watch over my son, after I am gone; for I yet fear Johnson's influence."

"Do not fear," said Dr. Willis. "I will watch him as I would my own son."

"All is well," said she. "I am now willing to depart."

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One week from the marriage of Frank Le Rux with

Minda Livingsworth, a funeral procession moved from the residence of Dr. Willis in C——.

Edward Le Rux and Ella, as also Esquire Irving and Emily, were with Frank and Minda. They deeply sympathized with the afflicted ones, as they conveyed the remains of their affectionate mother to the grave, which was beside those of Emily's mother, father, and grandfather.

* * * * *

Frank, Minda, and Alonzo, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Irving, went to visit with Edward and Ella, a day or two. This concluded, and each having taken an affectionate farewell of the others, they departed for their several destinations in life.

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THE END.













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